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A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

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World Peace and American Common Sense

An Editorial

by Ida Clyde Clarke

THIS is a season of loving and giving. As a nation we consecrate one day in each year as a national Thanksgiving day for the blessings Providence has bestowed upon us. As individuals at Christmas time we give tokens of love and friendship in commemoration of the birth of Him who was the most perfect Giver the world has ever known, for *He gave Himself.*

But hymns of praise and thanksgiving are empty and vain indeed unless they are inspired by a spirit of real gratitude, and gifts of love are as ashes from a dead hand unless he who gives is more blessed than he who receives.

What has America to be thankful for, and in what spirit do we give thanks? What is to be young America's gift at this Christmastide to an Old World physically depleted and spiritually pauperized through centuries of futile fighting for things that moths may eat and dust may corrupt?

The Old World is asking young America for bread. Shall we give it a stone? It is asking for the bread of faith leavened with love, and treaties and loans will be but stones unless they are made in a spirit of understanding and real helpfulness.

When we say "America" what do we mean? Do we mean the hills and the valleys and the smiling plains? Do we mean the gold in our banks or the piles of stone within which we live and transact our stupendous business enterprises?

No, *we* are America, you and I and our neighbors. Some of us are rich and some of us are poor. Some of us live in palaces and some in tenements. But America's gift to civilization at this time of greatest need depends on the quality of our individual giving. It matters not so much *what* we give, but it matters very materially *how* we give it.

The World Is Seeing Black

JUST now the world is seeing black. The air is still thick with the smoke of ceaseless battles. The horizon scowls with dark clouds of war, clouds that shift but never lift. The very breezes that blow waft mumblings and growlings of discontent. Have those lowering clouds a lining of silver, or is that old saying only a poet's pretty conceit?

America believes in that silver lining. We are far enough away to see it as it strikes a light across the dark sky. The world may be thinking black and seeing black, but America is seeing silver, and our job is to keep on seeing silver. That's faith, and faith leavened with love and expressed in works is the greatest Christmas message that America can send across to a discouraged world.

Now we can not deny that we need to sustain our own faith before we can hope to stimulate that of the world across the seas. A great many Americans are seeing black, too. Pessimism has written itself into our literature, expressed itself in our art, clouded with doubt and dismay our press, and demagnetized much of our religion. If we listen to the average preacher, teacher, or public speaker, if we read anything from the latest novel to the daily newspaper we turn sick with fear. Dark prophecies are being proclaimed from the housetops, and it seems impossible to escape them.

The language was not rich enough to express how deeply and how dramatically we feel about things, and so we have coined new words. We can pronounce six-syllable words like "rebarbarization" trippingly on the tongue. It was so easy to say with the lips that the world wasn't safe for democracy that we came to believe it, and it took us a long time to learn that it was democracy and not the world that needed attention. We believed we were fighting "the war to end war," because that phrase appealed to our imagination. As a matter of fact we now know that the World War settled nothing of permanent importance, and that *unless we find some other way out it will have to be fought again.*

Old-fashioned copy-book philosophy in tabloid form has been superseded by neatly compressed nuggets of pessimism which are painlessly administered to schoolchildren. People like Mr. Bernard Shaw, perhaps the greatest phrase-maker in the world, and Mr. H. G. Wells, also a famous juggler of words, made thinking black easy for us. Mr. Shaw captivates us with "Let's go back to savagery—it is better than civilization," and Mr. Wells's snappy reference to "the race between education and civilization" has become an old favorite in home and high school.

We must admit that the clouds *are* black. Blinding ourselves to facts will not help us, but we must not lose sight of the signs of hope. Since the Bible itself is filled with terrifying warnings and direst predictions it may be that our modern apostles of pessimism have their place in the scheme of things. Certainly Job would be joyful in comparison with some of our modern lamenters, and the world in which we live is full of prophets that make Jeremiah of old Jerusalem seem like an apostle of sunshine.

But let's begin seeing silver. What are the hopeful elements in the situation? What are the tangible evidences of that silver lining to the clouds?

In the view of this magazine the most promising sign of permanent world peace lies in the contribution America has already made toward helping Europe settle its differences. That contribution is in the Dawes plan for stabilizing the currency of the defeated nations. For the first time in history *business principles* have been applied to the *business side* of war. War is the greatest business the world has ever known, as hideous as it is gigantic, but until the Dawes Commission began its work *it was all left in the hands of militarists and politicians.*

Thus America has made the first gesture in the direction of a business settlement of the business affairs of the world.

If this policy is continued and developed it will go far toward establishing permanent world peace, because lying at the base of every war motive there is the money motive.

The history of the world is in the main a history of war, and the history of war is in the main a history of material conquest motivated by greed. The majority of all wars have been fought over boundaries, defining territory containing gold, coal, oil, or some other commodity that must be bought by nations that are without it. The victors fix the boundaries—to their own interests, of course. But nothing is settled so long as all nations concerned are not in agreement. Nearly all the nations of the Old World are interdependent. If they are to live and to prosper they must trade with their neighbors.

A series of wars in which certain powers of central Europe were victorious brought into being the Hapsburg Empire, which finally became so powerful as to threaten—what? A monopoly of trade. Such a monopoly was dangerous in the extreme to the trade of other nations. It threatened the very existence of these nations. The World War was fought to break the power of this gigantic commercial trust. Allied victory broke it.

And what happened next? Well, the victors made new boundaries, as victors have a right to do according to the accepted ethics of warfare. But the victors are neither happy nor satisfied, because they disagree as to their future policy toward the defeated nations. Naturally the defeated nations are bitter and resentful. So nothing is settled. In fact there are more causes for war in Europe to-day than there were in 1914. *The causes of war have not been removed: they have only been shifted.*

So long as these causes remain, the world is in imminent danger of war. It is within the power of any nation, by a single untoward incident, to start war. In all parts of the world there are stored up in the minds and souls of nations passionate hatreds more potent for destruction than dynamite, and incidents recorded in history as starting war are as matches applied in the flash of a moment to explosives. Every military expert in the world knows this. That is why there are more men under arms in Europe to-day than there were in 1914. That is why more war material is being manufactured to-day than was ever manufactured before.

War Material in Greater Demand

THERE was published recently an interview with Herr Beckers of a well-known German firm that is advertising war materials as its specialty. He stated that the demand for war material of every kind is greater than it has ever been and that it is hardly possible to satisfy it. He said that in comparison with the prewar period his business has had a remarkable expansion. The Balkan States, China, and South America are among his customers.

Can we blame Europe for thinking black and seeing black?

Having settled things by the Treaty of Versailles, were the victorious nations able to "get back to normalcy"? Not at all. They soon began to see that if the terms they had themselves made were fulfilled the defeated nations would not be able to buy their goods, and if they didn't buy their goods trade would be upset, and if trade were upset the whole fabric of international commerce would fall to pieces and everybody would suffer.

What was all of this but business? Yet no business man sat at that green table in Paris. America was first to see that militarists and politicians were not equal to the situation; that green-table diplomacy had failed. If we are going to get out of the woods we must requisition the master financial minds to work at these master financial problems.

The hope of world peace lies in the swift and whole hearted application of the principles involved in the Dawes plan, and in the adoption of some sort of plan by which non-military, non-political judges can decide as to whether or not a nation is justified in making war.

Let the politicians attend to their own business, which is to represent in national and international parliaments the best thought of the best people of their respective nations. Let the militarists attend to their own business, which is to organize, plan, and direct military activities when such shall be needed for defense, or for making war when such war shall be declared just by impartial judges. But leave the business of *judging* to *judicial* minds, and the business of *finance* to *financial* minds.

If we, as Americans, will pronounce these simple principles, believe in them, and support them America will thus make her greatest gift to humanity—a gift that is truly worthy of the greatest democracy in the world.

Pictorial Review's $5,000 Achievement Award

ON September 1st the period for recommendations in Pictorial Review's $5,000 Achievement Award closed. All recommendations are now in the hands of the judges, and we are waiting for the final verdict.

The list of judges comprises twenty-one men and women who have attained distinction in their respective fields. They have shown sincere interest in the award and are giving their utmost attention to the selection of the winner. Selecting the winner, however, is a difficult task in view of the fact that so many women have been recommended as being worthy of the award.

Pictorial Review, nevertheless, hopes that the decision will be made in time for the check to be mailed to the winner by Christmas and the announcement to appear in the January issue.

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Here's the delicious whole wheat breakfast dish!

Golden Wheatena is bringing the nation to health-giving whole-wheat through its irresistible flavor.

With its vital, body-building, easily-digested nutriment, each spoonful helps to add golden years to your life. The healthful vitamines; tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; *bran*, the natural regulator; *and even the little golden heart of the wheat*, with its energy-giving carbohydrates—all are retained from choicest winter wheat by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting.

Golden wheat fields! Golden Wheatena! Golden years added to the lives of the nation!

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious whole-wheat breakfast tomorrow.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Add golden years!

Try Wheatena Bread

1 cup Wheatena
3 cups boiling water
½ cup lukewarm water
1½ yeast cake
5 cups white flour
3 tablespoons light brown sugar
3 tablespoons melted lard
1 tablespoon salt

Pour boiling water over Wheatena, stir well and cool. Dissolve yeast in the ½ cup warm water, add to Wheatena, also 1 tablespoon of the sugar and 1 cup of the flour. Beat well and let rise one and one-half hours. Then add rest of the flour and sugar, lard and salt. Knead ten minutes after dough is on the board and let rise until double in bulk. Keep dough in kneading soft as possible. Greasing the hands will facilitate the work. Mold into loaves, fill pans ⅓ full and let rise until double in bulk. Brush melted butter over tops. Bake 45 minutes.

Wheatena

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

Free Sample Package

and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

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Never let silk garments lie damp and soiled in a hamper

THE delicate, filmy silk things that fashion requires today will soon become streaked and faded if treated like the cottons of the general wash.

Though worn but once and apparently unsoiled, silk blouses, undergarments, stockings, are sure to contain impurities which are ruinous to both colors and fabrics if allowed to remain even for a day.

Each garment should, therefore, be washed in gentle Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn.

No, this is not a heavy task. Ivory suds, instantly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, cleanses fine things quickly—in just a few moments of dipping and squeezing.

Stockings need no ironing. If you cannot iron at once the things that do need ironing, they should be laid away, fresh and clean, until ironing day comes. What a difference this treatment will make in their appearance and lasting qualities!

It is scarcely necessary to remind you that Ivory suds is safe for the finest things you own—harmless as pure water itself, for you already know that Ivory is the first choice of millions of women for the cleansing and protection of lovely complexions.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Let us send you a free sample of IVORY FLAKES

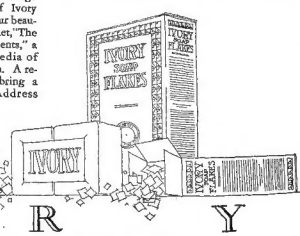
It will give us great pleasure to send you without charge a generous sample of Ivory Flakes, together with our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 10-LF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Helpful suggestions for the care of your lovely garments

To wash black silk, use salt in the suds, and tea or blue the last *rinse very dark*. Press first between thin black cloths, then again on wrong side of silk.

Woolen garments should be washed in *lukewarm* Ivory suds only, and rinsed in water of the same temperature. Extremes of heat or cold will shrink wool.

To wash lace, soak a few minutes in cold water, then drop into a two-quart Mason jar containing one-fourth package Ivory Flakes and one quart boiling water. Shake jar briskly until lace is clean, then put fresh suds in jar, place it on a block of wood in a kettle half full of hot water and boil for fifteen minutes.



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A Ballad of Christmas

By
Charles Hanson Towne

I

IN the old days, the bold days,
They raised the wassail high.
In many a room they scattered gloom
As golden hours sailed by.
"God rest you merry, gentlemen!"
Was sung beneath the sky.

In snow-banked towns, on moonlit downs
Young roistering maids and men
Looked long and far at one bright Star
That shone o'er glade and glen;
Then round the board the cup was poured—
For He was born again.

Decorations by John R. Neill

The greyhounds slept, but soon they leapt
From slumber at the word.
Outside, the snow fell in cascades,
And naked branches stirred,
Whilst cook and wench on kitchen bench
Planned, plotted, and conferred.

"Bring in the bowl! God rest my soul,"
Full many a squire declared.
"Fetch logs to burn; fill yonder urn,"
Whilst lackeys grinned and stared.
"The boar's head bring; let everything
Be bounteously prepared!"

High, high in ancient galleries,
With portraits round the wall,
The candles sparkled in a dream—
Candles both great and small.
Said many a squire, "Sing, sing, O choir!
And blessings on you all!"

"Sweets, sweets for Mistress Marjolaine!"
Cried some old haggard crone.
"Sing carols for our noble Earl!
Give every dog a bone!
Christ's festival hath come once more—
Hark to the wind's wild moan!"

Beggars were brought and beds were sought
For every wandering soul.
"Make light, make light, good friends, to-night!
Drink deeply of the bowl!
This is that time of lusty chime—
Mankind shall be made whole!"

Peasant and prince—ah! both long since
Have lit the Yuletide flame;
In palace halls or 'twixt rude walls
Each has extolled one Name.
And few forget Christ's amulet
Since that first hour he came.

For it is meet that life be sweet
On one white wintry day.
In the old days, the bold days,
They cast all care away,
And blood-red holly wreathed the doors
And minstrels 'gan to play.

The raftered ceilings rang and sang,
The mistletoe was bright,
As down the floor, by two and four,
In flickering candle-light
Danced ladies and fond lovers, lost
In joy on Christmas night.

II

What matter how we keep this feast
The long, dim centuries through?
The Star still glitters in the East,
Ancient, yet ever new;
And pauper, king, jester, and priest
The olden dream review.

In thundering cities by the sea,
Mid towering domes and spires,
The legend old is told, retold
As by our distant sires;
On lonely farms a feast is spread
By humble Winter fires.

In teeming towns, on unknown downs,
On rolling seas men pray.
A minstrel in the heart leaps up
To sing the ancient lay,
"God rest you merry, gentlemen!"
For it is Christmas day!

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A planet beyond her at the end of the path gleamed like a jewel, and in the dim light a woman stood, a child in her arms

The Miracle

A Story of the Greatest Love There Is

By Melville Davisson Post

Illustrations by Clark Fay

IT WAS not possible for the doctor to see the man's face. But he did not wish to see it again. It had profoundly depressed him. The ruin of a face that had once been fine and noble, now, at the end of life, marred with the vices of the world.

The man was speaking. He had been talking for a long time; an irrelevant, disjointed discourse; matters that seemed to have no relation to the vital matter. He now returned to it—in a sentence.

"I have known a miracle to happen," he said.

It was a reference to the doctor's decision when he had been searched out in this South-American port to visit an American on his yacht in the bay: a wealthy, dying American. The verdict was correct. The man was dying. Only a miracle could save him. The doctor had been frank about it. The man continued with his sentence.

"The miracle didn't happen to me, but it happened to another."

He paused, and looked up. The Southern Cross hung low down in the heavens, that wonder of the sky visible below the equator.

"Do you know what night this is?"

The doctor did not reply. One did not need to be reminded that this was the night before Christmas. All the emblems of the great Roman Church were lighted and displayed in this South-American city: to be seen dimly from the dark bay, like illuminated cells in the hive of some cliff-bees. The bay was dark as tho the night were packed into it; merely the outlines of the yacht were visible. The sick man in a long deck-chair was only a shadow. The doctor sat a little way beyond him, near the rail. He could neither see the man nor the sea clearly. The ripple of the water alone indicated the vicinity of the ocean. The deck of the yacht might have been the floor of a drawing-room; there was hardly any motion.

The sick man went on. The doctor thought he in-

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She flung herself down beside the child and gathered it up in her arms. Far off the bells of the village began to ring-

dicated the great constellation above him with a gesture, altho he could not see the gesture.

"Wonderful emblem, the Cross," he said. "Religions are a profound mystery."

He paused.

"I was speaking of a miracle that happened."

The voice was lower and on a softer note.

"Did you ever read the Gospel According to St. Luke? I want you to think about that Gospel. I mean the story of the Nativity as it is written in that Gospel; not the other stories of it. You wouldn't understand it yet."

He broke off suddenly in his discourse.

"Do you think it makes any difference about names or the places where things happen?"

The doctor replied to that.

"Yes," he said. "It sometimes makes a great deal of difference; a name is a symbol." It was an answer that the man did not expect, but he reflected upon it.

"That may be true," he said; "consequently I am not going to give a name or indicate the place where this thing happened."

He moved in the chair as tho he adjusted his big body to a more comfortable posture. The doctor was indifferent. He was accustomed to the confessions, the intimate stories of broken men. He knew the mental symptom, as he knew the quickened pulse and the falling temperature, at the end of life, and he respected it as something to be endured. He was silent.

The man began his narrative with a query; a query that was a statement rather than an interrogation.

"Have you forgotten what a December night is like in North America, or is everything hot and soft to you? Well, try to remember what such a night is like. Think of the sky hard and bright, full of stars; the earth crisp; the air sharp—a bit of wind carrying a light drift of snow—not heavy flakes that so quickly cover the world, but that thin mist of snow that drifts sometimes in the chill air. Think of a great country house on a hill, a gravel road passing out at a pillared gate into a paved highway, leading across a raw land to the sea. And think of this place—this house, these park-grounds, as the only thing of beauty in a crude country welled in by mountains. You know the sort of country east of the Appalachian range, running southwestward through America."

He paused.

"Now you have the place, with no name attached to it. Try to think about something else. I want you to see a woman in this house. I am going to tell you about her. She was the loveliest human creature that ever lived. You can't think of anything as lovely. Try it.

"I'll tell you how she was dressed; I know all about it; I know each detail about it, and I know what she was doing. I know everything she did."

There was a break in the narrative.

"You see, the miracle didn't happen to me; it happened to her, and one does not forget the details of a miracle."

He went on.

"You keep the details in your mind, and when I get through you will understand why I say she was the loveliest human creature that ever lived. I want you to think of her as she was that night—that Christmas eve—that night the miracle happened. She wore a house-gown of iris-blue, beautifully embroidered in Japanese designs; her yellow hair, soft, heavy, and delicate, hung in two wrist-thick plaits on either side of her face, extending themselves over the iris-blue to the knee. Her features were very nearly perfect, her eyes large, the mouth small, but the dominating beauty of the woman was her exquisite figure. One never could wish to change a contour of it.

"You see, she had been a beauty from the cradle; it was a sort of profession to her—a sort of genius in her. The will behind events had designed her for a life of pleasure—not for the sort of life she had gotten into. She was standing before the wood-fire in the drawing-room of this big house. I want you to start in with that so you will get the details of the miracle clear in your mind.

"She was alone. The last servant had gone on this night to the village. The house was silent. She thought there was a vague menace in this silence."

He paused.

"You see, Doctor, I know all about this. I know the very impressions she had, but it was not a sense of fear that impregnated this silence. This woman wasn't afraid. She was moving toward an irrevocable act, deliberately considered. She had the will to dismiss any peril in events, but tragic happenings can not be willed away. A lack of fear does not face them out of life. She knew the awful wreckage that might lie just beyond the door, as one knows vaguely how the liner under one's foot may be on the instant ripped up by the arctic ice, or the gleaming express piled up in the cañon under a washed-out bridge. These things might happen, but one took the risk."

He broke off suddenly.

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"Do you understand what I am endeavoring to tell you?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "go on."

He was only vaguely interested. He was wondering how soon this voice would close. It was the worst case of embolism he had ever seen. Already the man's legs were paralyzed. How soon would a detached fragment floating in the blood-stream stop his heart?

But in spite of that lack of interest he was beginning in his imagination to grasp the details of this picture. They were clear, accurate details, and in his mind the doctor saw the woman and the house.

The monotonous voice of the man held him, and he seemed to move up to the extraordinary scene as one advances to a window. He forgot about the dying man in the chair. He began to live in the tense drama of the story. The voice in the dark went on.

"The drawing-room was in a soft light. The windows were covered with heavy blue curtains, closely drawn; a great blue divan stood across the room before the fire; the lamp on the table beside it was screened by a shade; the logs in the fireplace smoldered.

"The woman did not move under this introspection, but her face hardened. This house—which she, herself, had insisted upon—was the only thing of beauty in this raw land. The town beyond was a Southern village, with an industrial development superimposed upon it, and over against it were the mountains and their simple people inconceivably primitive.

"The motives moving her husband seemed sentimental.

"Because the fortune he inherited had been built up here must he use that fortune and his own life to advance the civilization of this State, clean its government, and elevate its standards of life? Duty, obligation! She shrugged her shoulders at the words—and he wanted a *home* and a *family!* She smiled, the corners of her lovely mouth dimpling at this extreme absurdity. What she intended to have was the thing for which nature, with so much care, had so exquisitely formed her—a life of pleasure!

"It had become clear in the few months of her marriage, and now on this night the step should be irrevocably taken. She was no wavering coward weakly entering on some half-way measure. The man was already in the village; she was to call him on the telephone when she was ready. That was the signal. Fortunately the great national highway, hard-surfaced, smooth in Winter, passed before the gardens; the big enclosed car would race east. Everything was arranged—the assumed names, the false passports, and then the care-free, wild, lovely life at Mentone, at Como, at Paris; a life of beauty; a life of pleasure!

"But it had been necessary to move with care.

"She was not quite sure about her husband, for all her knowledge of him; these big, simple, kindly men were sometimes deadly persons in a tragic affair. Her face softened a little at the memories of him. All were affected in some degree by a devotion that never failed. And if one were ill, or tired, or old, or unhappy— She put the reflection resolutely aside. He had gone to a neighboring city on one of his plans for industrial schools in the mountain; he had missed a train connection and could not arrive to-night.

"Fortune favored those who seized her firmly.

"She had sent the servants off to a dance in the village, and laid out the plan. Every detail was complete. It all turned now on a mere word over a telephone.

"She got a cigaret out of an octagon cloisonné box on the table by the divan, lighted it, and returned to the fire. How strange that huge, clysmian events could be made to turn on an act so simple; at a word over the telephone in the butler's pantry a gate of bronze would swing heavily on its hinge, opening one avenue of life and closing with its noiseless bolts the way of another! And if she were silent life would go on as it was!

"She drew in the smoke and exhaled it in tiny blue threads. She glanced about the room. She loved it, and had taken an extreme care in bringing out the beauty of it. She realized how, even with the difficult Christmas decoration—the holly, the mistletoe, the inevitable green—her sure taste had, nevertheless, preserved the soft, vague charm of this room.

"And suddenly, as tho it were a new impression, the significance of the night appeared. It was Christmas eve! She smiled; the conventions had been kept; she had, even, a present for her husband! And she remembered how, with a man's clumsy finesse, he had hidden a bulky package behind the clothing in his wardrobe, imagining that he was concealing there the beautiful mink coat which she had so cleverly permitted him to divine she wished. Well, she would need it to-night! And it was time to get things on the way.

"She threw the cigaret into the fire, linked her fingers behind her back, and lifted her firm, lithe body, extending the muscles. She was incredibly lovely in that pose—a pagan doll! Her small, fine head crowned with its heavy, straw-colored hair and her body supple as a chetah's!

"She went out to the telephone in the butler's pantry. On her way through the dining-room a rug tripped her; she stumbled, and was startled by a cry. She sprang back and half turned.

"Somewhere a child wailed feebly.

"The woman remained on tiptoe, her hands clutched in an involuntary gesture against her breast. She thought the sound was just here, beside her, in the house. But it was not. It was outside. But it was not far away. It was somewhere in the close neighborhood of the house, and it continued. The low, wailing cry went on clearly audible. It appeared to fill the vast empty spaces of the house, to extend itself, to fill the world.

"And to the startled woman it seemed to possess a quality even more disturbing. It groped about in the silence, as tho it felt blindly for something it was seeking! It was a quality in the weak, feeble voice, helpless, dependent, in distress.

"She listened, and presently her composure returned.

"She went to a window of the drawing-room on the side of the house toward the direction from which the sounds seemed to emerge. It was clearly a very young child, and it was crying on this side of the house, very near, in the direction of the cow-barns.

"She had herself now completely in hand.

"She had been startled. In spite of her imagined composure she had been on some strain, and a play of fancy had thereby attended the arrival of this event. She was able now calmly to regard it, and to consider what should be done. There was, of course, one thing only to be done. She must find out who had arrived and get rid of them.

"Witnesses here of the events about to happen must be prevented at all cost. There was no one to send. She must go herself.

"But the child puzzled and disturbed her. There was no young child among the servants or among the tenants of the estate. Perhaps the cry had been simulated; was some sort of ruse. Not likely. The sound was, beyond question, the feeble wailing of a very young child.

"Nevertheless she would take a precaution.

"SHE went up to her husband's room and pulled out the drawer of the high-boy where he kept a pistol. The big automatic was not there. For a moment she was puzzled and considered it. He never took this weapon with him on any journey, and it was usually in this drawer. Doubtless he had placed it otherwhere about the room, and she thought of searching for it; but instead she returned to the hall below, got an electric flash, put on a pair of stout rubbers and a heavy coat, and went out. Persons attended by a baby could not present any element of danger.

"There was no wind now and the thin drift of snow had disappeared. The night was hard and clear; the earth crisp with frost; the sky, domed over, was sown with stars. There was no moon, but the world was filled with a clear white light. She went around the house, passed the long terrace on the south side and along a path among the oak-trees.

"How bright the stars were! A planet directly beyond her at the end of the path gleamed like an immense jewel.

"She went toward it.

"And she smiled at a vagrant fancy. If it were Venus, it was neat augury—she would be racing presently in a great motor toward the lure of that star. In the meantime it stood yonder above the cow-barn.

"The door was open when she arrived. She stepped up inside and took the electric flash out of her pocket. The battery was nearly expended, but in the dim light she could make out a woman standing before her, a child in her arms, and a man in a sheepskin coat fastening a mule in one of the empty cow-stalls."

The man stopped abruptly.

"Do you understand that, Doctor?"

The doctor was startled. He had forgotten about the narrator in the chair. He had entered into the scenes of the story; he had been following the woman, both in her physical environment and in her tragic emotional perplexity.

"Yes," he said, "I understand it. I understand it as a story, but I don't understand it as a miracle."

Again the man in the chair made some sort of a gesture which the doctor could not see.

"That's the reason I stopped just here," he said. "I wanted you to realize this, to understand everything about it right here. You see, I am coming to that part of the Gospel According to St. Luke that I was talking about a while ago."

He went on as tho there had been no break in the narrative; as tho he were reading a story from a book of romance.

"She knew who these people were; they were mountain people. The man did not speak, but the woman now addressed her. Her voice was soft and gentle, as are often the voices of these mountain women.

"'We got lost; an' the mule came in here. I reckon she knew there was a stable; animals know a lot.'

"'Lost!'

"The woman in the door echoed the word in astonishment.

"'How could you be lost? Where were you going?'

"'We were going home; we live in the mountain.'

"'And you lost your way? Impossible! Every one knows the roads about here.'

"'We don't. We never came to the town before.'

"The woman in the door seemed, all at once, to realize the situation before her.

"'You, with a young child, out on a night like this! You can't remain here. You must come with me, to the house, at once. I heard the child cry. It must be cold.'

"The other answered softly.

"'Yes, he did cry. I don't think he was cold. I don't know what made him cry.'

"Then she came forward out of the shadowy darkness that enveloped her.

"But at the threshold she paused and indicated the man beyond her in the cow-stall.

"'Can he feed the mule? We've had our supper, But the mule might be hungry.'

"'Certainly, feed the mule and come on to the house.'

"The man did not reply. The woman spoke for him.

"'No, he'd rather stay here. He's got a big sheepskin coat. He won't be cold; he can sleep in the hay.'

"Then she added, as tho the idea were a comfort to her:

"'Animals are friendly.'

"She came out into the light, and the mistress of the great house saw her clearly.

"She had the slender figure of the young mountain women; the dark hair and the olive skin. She wore a linsey dress woven in some loom of the hills and dyed with copperas; a narrow shawl, hand-woven of soft wool, also dyed with copperas, was around her head. The baby in her arms was covered with a white lambskin.

"The cows, scarcely visible in the line of stalls, disturbed doubtless by the man seeking food for the mule, uttered a low sound. The sound followed the woman and the child as they came out from the stable and entered on the path toward the house.

"Half-way up the hill, at the first fringe of oak-trees, the mistress of the house looked back.

"The path was a band of silver rising out of darkness, as over the rim of the world, and under the vague white light of the myriad stars clustered above her, the mountain woman, in her garments dyed with copperas, was a golden figure, that followed bearing a child in its arms.

"And suddenly as by some enchantment the scene, to the one who led, became unreal. She fled, and the other followed! The intent in things had changed. This was a figure from which she wished to escape. It must not overtake her. At any cost, at any hazard, she must evade it. The fancy seemed to extend itself; to overlie the duration and the vicissitudes of a life. To extend itself into every event of that life of pleasure upon which she was determined. Always that figure would follow; she could never escape. It would be there just behind her, inevitable and insistent like a shadow. And the woman, stimulated by the fancy, visualized in exquisite detail the exotic scenes of the life into which she was about to enter."

The man's voice ceased. He was silent for some time before the doctor in the dark by the rail of the yacht realized that the monotonous voice did not go on. It was a strange voice; there seemed to be no emotion in it; no feeling in it, and yet it evidently issued from the deepest feeling, from the most profoundly disturbed emotions. For a moment the doctor was alarmed. Had the dying man ceased to exist in the midst of this narrative? Finally he addressed him.

"Well," he said, "what happened?"

The voice went on then.

"I suppose you would call this a hallucination—some sort of a mental derangement. But it was real to this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

"Lost"—By A. F. A. Schenck

The Art Feature for January

EVERYBODY is talking about the wonderful reproductions in colors of famous paintings which are appearing regularly in Pictorial Review.

One of the many features of the January issue will be a reproduction in full color of the celebrated painting *"Lost"* by A. F. A. Schenck, which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

These art reproductions are scheduled to continue indefinitely. Why not make sure of the entire series by placing a regular order now with your news-dealer or subscribing for a year?

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COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

AMONG THE LOWLY
BY LÉON AUGUSTIN LHERMITTE

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bush in front. She saw where, between the two lovely maples that made a gateway for the yard, Silver Man was coming up. She called him Silver Man only when alone with him. When father was there she said, "Mr. Hallgrimsson," which didn't go with him at all. His white hair and beard waved in the sun, and he carried something in his arms, which Astrid instantly knew was for her. He would wait till she got there, so she sat still and rested. She guessed she couldn't live if it weren't for Silver Man, who knew everything, and who understood about her friends in the wood, and who never thought she—lied. She hesitated before even thinking that word—she hated it so. It had made all the trouble for her, always.

Below the house, in the distance, the river flowed, a rumpled sheet of many colors. Silver Man had told her of such marvelous happenings on that river when the traders came, and the Indians lived here, in the days before her parents. She wondered how Silver Man could know so much. His mind was like the wind that went all places, and the house around it must be bigger than his head, bigger than the sky, she guessed.

Her eyes came back to rest on the brown meadow, and suddenly she screamed right out, and bent forward from the stone, her hands unclasping in her surprise. The plowed meadow was plowed no longer, nor was it brown. It waved with long grasses, and there were trees on it here and there. How could this have happened when she had not listened to the hill folk? Just as if the cellars in the forest floor had opened to admit the dark ones, and they had thrown a magic chain about.

A whisper ran through the grass. Astrid trembled in anticipation. Her thin dress fluttered out and in where her heart beat. The grass parted in a line like a snake worming through. From this place a red, shiny face lifted. Bows of flaming colors curved over the brows. Astrid had never seen an Indian, but right away she knew it was one. A chief, from the way he held his head. His bare, gleaming shoulders came up, and she saw that in his arms he held a beautiful white woman, her head hanging down limp, and her yellow hair loose, like a shower of falling stars. The Indian looked around. From the distance came a shot. He bent swiftly, then limped toward the forest at Astrid's left, dragging the woman with him, and was lost.

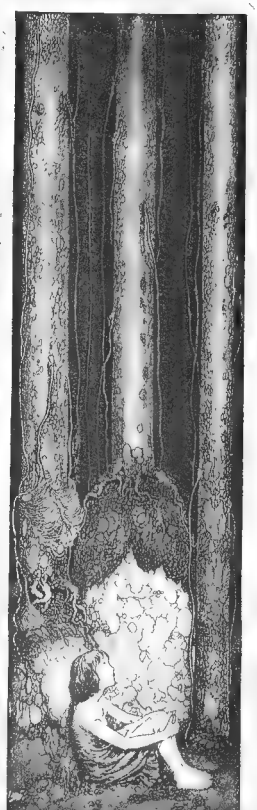
What happened came so quickly that Astrid got only an impression that was like a flashing picture. A tall white man appeared, followed by others; in a ring through the grass came the gleaming red forms, surrounding them. Then such a cry was let loose it seemed to Astrid that the sky must open and fall down on her in splinters. Indians and whites were all mixed together, locked in each other's arms, throttling each other, screaming. Tomahawks came high in air, and there were arrows flying, and shots. Bodies were falling and falling, and groans reached Astrid where she sat, so frightened that she clung to the stone, and was as still as it.

The noise grew less, until all was quiet. Some of the Indians skulked away; the rest lay sprawled on the trampled grass, with red running over them. The white leader stood talking anxiously to the few white men who were left. Their coats came down in fringes to their knees and they had funny pointed caps on their heads, like pictures Astrid had seen in her history book.

FROM the way they acted she could tell they were seeking the woman. She screamed out, "There, he went there!" and pointed to the woods where the chief had carried the woman. The men didn't seem to hear her, for they never looked in her direction, nor did they answer. But they must have heard, after all, for the leader started running toward the place she had motioned. A shot rang out, and he returned, carrying the woman. He held her up to his face, bending his head down to lay it on her cheek; her hair streamed over him like yellow rain. The other men began hurriedly motioning toward the river, where the boats lay dancing near the shore. In a moment they were gone. Only the Indians lay there, where the grass was trampled red, with their faces clutching the ground.

Astrid jumped to her feet. She must run home quickly and tell what she had seen! How excited they would all be! How excited and how astonished! Her legs cut the wind in halves as she flew down the slope, along the side of the meadow, straight home. Now she was in the yard, where the path was smooth and hard. Now she was at the door, brushing rudely past the lilac-bush as she leaped to the threshold.

She stood in the doorway. Looking into the room gave her a curious, unreal feeling. It was like looking into a dim, strange place she had never seen before. And yet they sat there, as she had seen them so many times, drinking afternoon coffee. The children were in a ring on the floor, eating *knäckebröd*. Mother was by the window, and baby was playing in the kitten corner. The sun fell over the rugs in dancing circles, then ran away in surprize at its own boldness. Silver Man quickly set down his cup, and his mild face was flushed. Her father was getting to his feet.



"SHE LOOKED UP AT THE SKY. FROM BEHIND A CLOUD THE SUN WINKED AT HER"

"On the meadow there was a fight!" cried Astrid, finding it hard to speak. She felt her eyes bulging out; she felt the lines of dampness running down her cheeks. "And Indians came, one with a white woman, and there was a battle, a most terrible battle!"

"Stop!" her father commanded, and his face grew like a stone. "Stop at once!"

She stared at him in amazement. He looked black against the whitewashed wall. He was big, and every time Astrid looked at him she was surprized. He was just like a stranger each time. A stranger she would never know, because he stayed that way.

"Where's the money-order?" His voice struck her like stinging flakes of snow.

"The—the—?" she stammered, trying hard to remember. He was coming closer; he was bigger than she had ever seen him; she shrank away.

"The money-order for the teacher," said her father, "where is it?"

She looked around the room. The children, her two brothers and two sisters, had stopped eating. Each face was turned to her. They were going to laugh in a minute; she could tell from the way their faces swelled outward. Suddenly she remembered. Her breath came in so fast it caught in her throat and hurt her. She looked down at her hand. Right here in this hand had been the order—she had held it tightly all the way. Where—where was it? Where had it gone? She clutched at her dress, tearing at the small pocket on the side, pulling it up until her brown scratched knees showed. She had it somewhere; she must find it. A sinking feeling came over her; the cobbles on the floor looked as if they were coming up to meet her; the floor itself was coming up; it would strike her head in a minute. She had lost the money-order.

"Oh!" she cried, putting her hands up to her mouth in terror.

THERE was deep stillness in the room. The checked sash-curtains at the window did not move. The sun had been completely frightened away. A whirlpool of black pain surrounded Astrid. Her eyes fixed themselves on the floor in guilt. Still nobody stirred or spoke. Finally she raised her eyes to Silver Man. He sat slumped on a bench, his long white beard covering him in front, by his side the ship he had worked on for days, and which now he had brought her. She could not tell if he were going to help her; his face looked blurred in a mist. She saw the rent in his coat that she had mended only two days ago, held together now with a thorn. She saw the broken toe of his shoe as he pulled it under the bench.

Her father spoke. "Last time, Christine," he addressed her mother, "I talked to her. It did no good, you see. This time——"

Her mother moved, arose. Astrid saw, where her skirts came up, as always, in front, and sloped down in the back, caked with mud. It made her mother angry to have any one step on them. She hit you sometimes with an iron spoon on the head when you did it. But she did not look as if she would hit any one. Her hair fell down in wisps about her temples and ears, as if it felt sorry for her face, which drooped and seemed to shrink away and get all lost-looking.

"But it wasn't the money-order, Aaron," said her mother in a voice that was afraid. The voice seemed to run away and hide in a corner in fright for a while. Astrid wondered if it would come back. She wished it wouldn't; it was such a sorry voice, and needed to be covered up, needed to have some one sing to it so that it would get over being so afraid. It came back, and spoke in short queer words. "So there's no harm done. You told Nels to give her just a slip of paper."

"It comes to the same thing," said her father icily. "I can't trust he.." He started for the wall where hung the leather strap.

"I didn't mean to lose it," cried Astrid in terror, shrinking back against the wall. Something inside

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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The Enchanted

THE CHARACTERS:

Grown-Ups: Josiah Benton, Ella Benton, an Expressman, another Expressman

Children: Fredericka, the Judge, the District Attorney, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Foreman of the Jury, Jurors, the First Witness, the Second Witness, the Third Witness, Spectators

By Percival Wilde

Illustrations by

Edna Cooke Shoemaker

IT IS Christmas eve in Washington and in New York and in Chicago and in Montreal and even in far-away San Francisco—so it must be Christmas eve here in the home of Josiah Benton and Ella, his wife. But nothing in the room which is the combined entrance-hall and living-room in a big, ungainly house on a rather nice street in a good-sized city somewhere in America—shows that this eve is one whit different from the three hundred and sixty-odd others in the year.

There is no holly at the windows; no wreaths are anywhere in sight; no mistletoe hangs from the chandelier; no decorations of any kind pay tribute to the approaching holiday. The room is as sober—and as somber—as it was yesterday, and as it will be to-morrow. It may be Christmas eve elsewhere; but Christmas eve itself must have stopped in fright at the sight of the fences and the "No Trespassing" signs with which the Bentons have hedged about their property.

The room which we see, and which has been furnished by Josiah, with the connivance of his wife, is a triumph of bad taste. The first thing that strikes us is that there is too much furniture in it; too many sofas, too many glass and gilt curio-cabinets, too many knickknacks of one kind or another.

The walls are covered with large engravings enclosed in huge, expensive frames. The French windows at the rear are made quite impossible by shades of unearthly magenta-hue, and curtains of the same ghastly color adorn the street door at the right. Bead portières deface the interior door at the left.

As the curtain rises, Fredericka, who is the Bentons' little maid of all work, is standing at the windows. With obvious pleasure she is listening to children on the lawn, outside the house, who are singing a Christmas carol:

Chorus

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring Winter fuel.

Tenor

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Treble

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain."

Tenor

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."

Chorus

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Treble

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."

Tenor

"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the Winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

Chorus

In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

As the song nears its end, Ella Benton, a thin, waspish, overdressed woman in her late sixties, enters at one side. With compressed lips and overflowing disapproval she watches. The song ends.

ELLA: Fredericka!

FREDERICKA [*starting violently*]: Yes, Mrs. Benton?

ELLA [*with venomous gentleness*]: Are the persons outside having a tete-a-teet with you?

FREDERICKA: A which, ma'am?

ELLA: That was French. Naturally, you didn't understand. Are the persons outside paying a social call on you?

FREDERICKA: On me? Good Lord, no, ma'am.

ELLA: I thought they were. If they are not, suppose you busy yourself with your duties. Find something to do—or I will find it for you. [*She goes to the window.*] Go away, little boys! Go away, little girls! Go away! Don't you know this is private property? Shoo! Shoo! [*Josiah Benton enters—a wizened, undersized, mean little man, swelled up with almost religious belief in his own importance.*]

JOSIAH: What is the matter? What is the matter?

ELLA: Trespassers, Josiah, dear. Nothing but trespassers.

JOSIAH: Confound their impudence!

ELLA: They were singing on our lawn! On our lawn, mind you! And without our permission!

JOSIAH [*proceeding toward the windows*]: Put them off! Put them off!

ELLA: Don't excite yourself, Josiah, dear. I have done so already.

JOSIAH [*returning*]: Cheek! Gall! Impertinence! [*He stops suddenly.*] That reminds me. [*He turns to Fredericka, who, hoping she is unnoticed, has been sidling timidly toward the door.*] Fredericka!

FREDERICKA: Yes, Mr. Benton?

JOSIAH: I am expecting an express package. A large express package.

FREDERICKA: Yes, sir.

JOSIAH: When it comes, bring it right in here.

FREDERICKA: Yes, sir.

JOSIAH: Into this room.

ELLA [*overlooking no opportunity to put in an oar*]: Do you understand what you are to do? Mr. Benton is expecting an express package—a large package. You are to bring it into this room—here—at once—immediately.

FREDERICKA: Yes, ma'am. Yes, sir.

ELLA: Servants are so stupid! [*She turns on Fredericka.*] Why are you standing there like a stick? Go! Go!

FREDERICKA: Yes, Mrs. Benton. [*She goes hurriedly.*]

ELLA: An express package coming? What is it, Josiah, dear?

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Christmas Tree

A Yuletide Play to Be Read by Grown-Ups and Acted by Children

JOSIAH [*rubbing his hands happily*]: Something I ordered when I was down-town last week. Guess what it is.

ELLA: I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea.

JOSIAH [*as if he were saying, "A present for you, my dear"*]: Some more "No Trespassing" signs!

ELLA [*pleased*]: Yes?

JOSIAH [*nodding*]: Fact! Six of them! Each six feet long! When I was down-town they showed me samples of a new kind—painted with extra large letters—black and gold—guaranteed to last ten years. They're shipping them from the factory. They promised they'd be here to-night.

ELLA: Won't that be lovely!

JOSIAH: We have needed something of the kind for a long time. It's all nonsense that a five-year-old child can't read plain English. "No Trespassing"—that isn't hard to understand. It isn't hard to spell. And the letters on the new signs will be so big that it won't be hard to read.

ELLA: Quite right, Josiah, dear.

JOSIAH [*seating himself*]: I have made up my mind that children are a necessary evil.

ELLA: Children should be seen and not heard.

JOSIAH: Children shouldn't be seen! They should be hidden away out of sight. They should be kept in pens until they are eighteen years old. They should be exercised at night—on leashes—and they should be muzzled.

ELLA: I have always thought so, Josiah, dear.

JOSIAH: Instead of that they allow them to play in the park! They allow them to run, and laugh, and shout where we can see them from our windows, and where they annoy Us! [*He pauses.*] Why must children play? I never want to play. Do you?

ELLA: Never, Josiah, dear.

JOSIAH: It should be stopped. If children do play, let them play somewhere out of our sight and hearing.

ELLA [*after a pause*]: I saw some of them sledding down our hill this afternoon.

JOSIAH: Ah, ha?

ELLA: They say we have the best hill in town.

JOSIAH: Of course we have. Everything we have is the best. What did you do?

ELLA: I ordered them off—and I told them if they did it again, I would have them arrested.

JOSIAH [*nodding ominously*]: They were beginning to be lawbreakers early.

ELLA: Just fancy: not one of them was over ten!

JOSIAH: The very worst age! [*He reconsiders.*] Tho I don't know—all ages are bad. I hope you were firm.

ELLA: I didn't mince matters. I laid down the law to them. Trust me! [*She pauses.*] If they had been mine, what I would have done to them!

JOSIAH: Fortunately, Ella, we have never had any children.

ELLA: Fortunately.

JOSIAH [*with heat*]: Do you know, this afternoon, when I was out walking, a man had the presumption to stop me, and push his business-card into my hand. I think I have it in my pocket. [*He searches; fails to find it.*] Funny: I know I put it here.

ELLA: What did he want?

JOSIAH: He represented some company—I don't remember the name—but they make a business of supplying ready-trimmed Christmas trees.

ELLA: Christmas trees! Fancy that!

JOSIAH: He wanted to sell me one—to sell *me!* As soon as I understood what he was about I said with dignity, "My man, clear out! Clear out! What do I want of a Christmas tree?" He said, "Maybe your children would like it." I said, "My children? Humph! I wouldn't have children!" Then I walked on—with dignity.

ELLA: What was he like—this man?

JOSIAH: He was just a person—just a person—nobody we would know. I didn't have to look at him closely to see that. I did turn around to frown at him after I had walked on a few steps, and he had vanished. He had disappeared. He was gone. Probably he had sneaked into some side street; I suppose he had gone into some house to try and sell Christmas trees to the neighbors. But it gave me quite a start: his popping out of sight so suddenly. [*He snorts; pauses; searches his pockets again.*] Funny I can't find that card. I never misplace anything.

[*Children's voices sing outside*]:

> God rest you merry, gentlemen;
> Let nothing you dismay;
> Remember Christ, our Savior,
> Was born on Christmas day,
> To save us all from Satan's pow'r
> When we were gone astray.
>
> O tidings of comfort and joy,
> Comfort and joy,
> O tidings of comfort and joy . . .

JOSIAH [*with consternation*]: Trespassers! Again!

ELLA: Again!

JOSIAH [*rising energetically*]: This must be stopped!

ELLA: Outrageous! Simply outrageous! Because it's Christmas eve may we have no privacy at all?

JOSIAH: I wish the "No Trespassing" signs had come. I'd put them out right now; and I'd paint them with luminous paint so that they could read them in the dark! [*He goes to the French windows.*] Come with me. This time I shall speak to them—I myself!

ELLA: Don't excite yourself, Josiah, dear.

JOSIAH: Come with me! [*The two go out at the windows. The carolers, who have continued into the second stanza, sing only a minute longer. Then they stop abruptly in the middle of a line. A bell rings. Fredericka enters timidly from the left; is relieved to find the room empty. She crosses it and opens the door at the right.*]

AN EXPRESSMAN [*very big, very gruff, with a hoarse voice that seems to come from some deep, subterranean cavern*]: This nummer Golla-walla Murra-wurra Street?

FREDERICKA [*uncertainly*]: Yes: I guess so.

THE EXPRESSMAN [*deciphering a*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

"ORDER IN THE COURT! THE JURY WILL TAKE THEIR SEATS"

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Rosie Fooled Them All and Made Dummy Santos a Good Wife Until—

The Thinker

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

THIS has been a terrible Winter for ice. Ice everywhere. What's a fisherman to do to make a living? Always this cursed ice.

Westering winds, ice on Truro shore. Southering winds, it crawls along and piles up on the flats at Beach Point. From the town, in the clear, cold weather, you can see it there across the bay, a gleaming ribbon, five miles long and a mile deep, waiting.

An east wind will do now. Any kind of a weather over the dunes from the ocean side is enough to push the creature adrift in the first tide, bring it snoring down and grinding down again, sweeping the moorings, raking the wharves, chock-a-block from the East End to the Cove. If you can't see it you can hear it; can't hear it, you can smell it.

These Cape Cod Portuguese fellows, these flounder-dredgers and dory-trawlers, they can smell it. So can their women. Can you figure a woman half awaking in the dead of night, turning her head on the pillow, trying to sleep again? No use. She sits up, paws for a match, blinks at the clock. Why? All the while she's sniffing, sniffing. Why? Oh! Of a sudden she shakes her husband by the shoulder.

"You, wake up, you! You hear me, Tony? Weather's went back to the east'rd. Git up! Git up!"

No time for coffee. Swig of gin, perhaps. Pants, shirt, boots, rustle and thump and yawn in the sour lamplight. Cuss the ice!

There are lights, all spontaneous, in half the kitchens in Portugee town. In one house it's: "Git out, Frankie!" in another: "Wake up, boys!" There's a fog in the lanes, and under it you'll hear men coming down, rattling their oilers, spitting in disgust. —— ice! You'll hear dories grating on the frozen beach and the plaint of thole-pins. Then you'll see lanterns out at the moorings, shrouded will-o'-the-wisps; you'll hear a clank of chains, a slap of cables, and presently, from everywhere, far and near, above the siren-moan of Wood End, the put-put-put of engines. All for the beach; all for the railways, the lee of a dock, jetty, bulkhead; all in a hurry and devil take the hindmost. Bump!

Bump and another bump! What's that astern? Block of ice. The advance guard, swift-cruising. Hark! Railroad Wharf down there; hear the piles groan. The devil's here, so quick.

Rotten, raw, mud-colored dawn. The storekeeps are up, the plumbers and teamsters, the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick-makers, all at their breakfasts, lucky men. These fishing-fellows don't go home to their breakfasts; they squat along the ridge of the beach like misanthropic crows and study the ice. The whole harbor chock-a-block to the Point. No knowing when the wind will haul now; no telling when the stuff will clear. A week maybe; maybe two weeks. Here it is mid-March; time everybody was getting away South for the Spring herring. What's a fisherman to do for a living? Let's all buy farms a thousand miles from salt. What a Winter! Some folks say there was a year a hundred years ago when there was no Summer at all.

Ice, ice, ice, ice, ice!

Two years ago Dummy Santos married a wife. Five years ago he left high school and went shares with another fellow in a power-ketch, dredging inshore Winters and going South for the netting every Spring. He used his head, kept his mouth shut (that's why he's called Dummy), and saved his money. Three years ago he bought a house in Saltdock Street, because the people had to sell, and two years ago he married Rosie Farquiera.

The fellows with whom Rosie used to run were amazed. Rosie Farquiera! and that shrimp! Rosie liked to dance and go for auto-rides; she wore her hair short and knew how to use her eyes and never wanted the word for a spade. An "animal," the minister called her; a "heller," Father Deutra called her, publicly, at mass. So when in his sober, long-nosed, tight-mouthed way Dummy Santos hired a closed car one day and took Rosie to Father Deutra's altar, everybody in Portugee town was mystified.

Till lately they've continued to be mystified. It's seemed as tho Dummy were the right kind of a husband for that girl after all. Tho he never says anything, you can see he's proud of her, and he dresses her well. On her part Rosie has fooled them all by making him a good wife. She was all right, anyway; the whole trouble with Rosie was that she "never give a hang what nobody thought." That's bad in a small town.

She has fooled them all, till lately. Till within a month. It was too good to last. This can be said for Rosie, tho: that fellow from the guano-factory has turned more than one woman insane.

Rosie's beaux used to call Dummy a shrimp. He's not a shrimp, but he is a small built man. He'd never get anywhere with his stature if he didn't keep his eyes open and his mouth shut and his head working. One thing about him is that he's a coward at heart. Offshore in any kind of a breeze he would shake in his boots to see the combers coming up like hills if he looked at them; in a real gale, even in a lee, the howl of the wind through the rigging, or in a Winter fog the growl of hidden ice-cakes, would put him in a panic if he once harkened. He's often seasick, too, and he doesn't know how to swim.

"'YOU GREAT BIG, OVER-GROWN, GOOD-LOOKIN' KID, YOU. I AIN'T THE SAME'S I WAS'"

WHY then does he go to sea for a living? That's a question. Why, when he could make a go of a store or a teaming business ashore, with his money and his head, does he want to put up with that kind of a life, having to keep his eyes glued on his engine and let Frank do the steering when the waves run high, stuffing cotton-waste in his ears when the rigging sings, and turning himself wrong side out over the gunwale almost every trip he makes? That's the question. If you know the answer you know more than I do, or any one else in Portugee town.

"Seems like he does it to spite himself. He'll go any weather."

"You theenk he go South these year?"

"Go *South?* Will a duck swim? You watch; he won't say nothing, but he'll get away South while the rest of 'em's still dreamin', if he has to cut a channel clean to —— 'n' gone; you watch the little shrimp."

"You theenk he *weel* go, tho? I wouldn't eef I'm heem, these year."

"Her, you mean? And Gurry Lorry?"

"I'd stay to home these year eef I'm heem; that's all I say."

"*He* won't. A woman's one thing, and fish is another."

"He take a good deal stock in her, all the same."

"Yes, but if every man in this town was to stay ashore to watch his woman——"

"Well, why don't he take a poke at these fella?"

"Look at their sizes."

"Well, why don't he take a gaff? Why don't he take a gun?"

"Ain't got the spunk. All the spunk Dummy's got is into his head. If it was something he could do by settin' down and thinkin', now."

"Thinkeen! Thinkeen!"

"Yes, you can't pity a man like that, even if he is undersized."

He looks undersized indeed to-night, swinging his tiny ax against the great ice in the moonlit frame. One side of the frame is the Bay State Freezer dock; the opposite side, just as long and spider-legged and black,

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"WHAT A MIRACLE! WHAT A COMFORT! WHAT A RELIEF! HOW GRAND NOT TO HAVE TO CLAIM YOU'RE A HERO—SEEING YOU *ARE*! WHAT A RUSH OF WARM STRENGTH! DUMMY'S WEIGHT IS NOTHING. POOR SHRIMP!"

is Railroad Wharf. One end is the beach, an arc-light showing through from the front street, the big yellow globe over the side-exit of the movies, and down lower on the beach the lantern-lit ports in the cuddy of the power-ketch, chocked up on its rollers, where Frank has just been in to see for the last time, at Dummy's behest, that nothing is forgotten. Groceries all right, gasoline all right, oil, grease, gnar, twine, kindling, coal, water, gloves, socks, oilers, plug-tobacco, castor-oil, new flare-wicks, old magazines—everything tallied and right for the South. The other end of the frame is black water beyond the wharf-ends.

From that black open water to the ketch imprisoned on the beach it is roundly a hundred yards. The ice is rotten, but it is thick. The breeze still holds as gentle as a zephyr in the West, but the old easterly signals still burn on the pole on Town Hill.

It's a race. There are folks sitting on the docks to watch it. The harbor-pack went out at sundown on this flaw of westering breeze, leaving only the ice that's stuck between the wharves, like mud in a rake. But it hasn't gone far. In this breathing-space of clarity and moonlight you can see it hanging around, of two minds, outside Long Point, a glimmering streak without visible end. No, it hasn't gone far, and on Town Hill Sam Works won't pull his easterly signals down.

"She'll be back before morning," says he. "We ain't shed of that ice yet, not by a dang sight. I'll give you fellows six hours at most before the wind backs up again."

Six hours. Give them four hours. Just four hours before the devil closes the channel around Long Point and comes piling in once more. No, the way the ten-foot cut is creeping beachward under the strokes of the three axes, give them but three good hours now. Three hours only, barring accident, and Dummy and Frank will be on their way to the fat fishing while the rest of the fleet is still dreaming ice-bound on the beach.

"Listen, tho," says Frank, holding his ax. "There's somebody else got wise up to the west'rd. Hear 'em choppin'. Daisy Avellar's gang, I wouldn't wonder. They got a gang, tho, ain't they?" Frank's mother was Irish; he has blue eyes, and tho he isn't much heavier than Dummy he's a man who likes to fight. He looks at the lane of black water behind them, clogged with gray débris of ice, then at the distant gleam of the floe, then at the three little yellow eyes in the waiting cuddy ahead, then at his partner, hunched over his work, tight-lipped, thinking, thinking. Then he glances at the broad, magnificent shoulders of Gurry Lorry, the volunteer, burying his ax-head with enormous, grunting, rhythmical blows in the punk on the further edge of the channel. Then he spits on his hands and says: "We should worry, tho."

"YOU should worry," says Gurry, "if you didn't have me to help you guys." Without missing a stroke Gurry glances across at the two with a curl of his handsome, beef-red lips.

It's true. Gurry, working alone on one side, crashing through with his iron and, from time to time, with his great boot, shoving the manageable cakes down and out of the way beneath the floe, keeps easy pace with the two fishermen working on the other.

He loves this. He loves to whirl his arms and sweat. There are many things to think of while he does it, simple things, apt to his simple mind. There's an elementary symbolism about this crashing through to the beached boat; had Gurry ever heard the tale of *Beauty* locked asleep in the wood of thorns he would be bound to think of that. Kisses at the end.

Then there are lots of eyes on the wharves watching him, seeing how easily he holds those two runts even, understanding with wise grins how he is making a fool of Rosie's shrimp of a husband every blow of his ax. They know what's up; they know, they know.

Gurry loves to be watched and admired. No man in town is so much admired. Percy White, the selectman, may think he is important, but who turns to watch him when he passes, as they do when Gurry goes down the street? Steve Small, the Bay State engineer, may imagine he is good-looking, that he dresses up to the notch and has a lot to do with even respectable women, but in truth he's no match for Gurry Lorry.

Gurry smells. He works in the guano-factory, where they turn spoiled fish into oil and fertilizer. The stench in that place is beyond belief, something so abominable that it cloys, an attar of putrefaction, a sediment in the air. You get used to it for yourself if you work there, but no matter how much you wash when you get home the smell stays on you for others. You can put perfumery all over your clothes; it makes no difference.

What's the odds? Gurry has made the discovery that a great many women actually like it. Some women it seems to draw. He has seen women he was hugging, close their eyes, part their lips, dilate their nostrils, and seem to drink.

He doesn't understand it himself, but there must be something strange and strong and nice to them in that smell, after the plain grease and gurry of their husbands. Like a caveman, perhaps, in the movies.

Thinking of the movies—when the movies are out there'll be more eyes on the docks to watch him swinging his ax like a toy in the epic moonlight and to wink with the knowledge of how, seeming so generous with his help, he is making a fool of that wise guy, that sawed-off smart Aleck, Rosie's husband, every yard nearer they get to the imprisoned boat.

Stroke by showering stroke. Yard by slippery yard.

No, but thinking of the movies, he must remember. When the movies are out there's something else he must do. He promised her.

So he thinks his large, smooth, fortunate thoughts.

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"Look at him," says Elmer Sparks, sitting on a salt-box in the lee of the shed on the Bay State. "He's got a gall."

"He sure has," says Brother Sam with a chuckle, "the big windbag. I was to Silva's store when Dummy and Frank come in this afternoon to buy a couple axes. 'Goin' to make a stab at it?' says Silva. Dummy says nothin'. 'Never no tellin' what *we*'ll do,' says Frank. Gurry's followed 'em in. 'If you're aimin' to make a break to get South,' says he to Dummy, 'I ain't got nothin' to do; I'll give you a hand.' What a nerve! Dummy says nothin' and stares at the floor, red's a beet. 'Gurry,' says Frank, 'I got half a mind to bust you one with this ax I got,' says he. Dummy's still starin' at the floor. 'Silva,' says he, 'give us another ax then, if Gurry's so kind to help.' (Elmer spits over the side of the dock.) And they call that a man, that'll take and eat dirt. Look at the shrimp."

In the downpour of the moon, girt by the empty water, the dirty ice, the gaunt, black wharves, the silhouette of the town sprawled against its own lights, the come and go of beacons, the pearly ribbon of fog making up so soon beyond High Land in the east—in this spaciousness of the night Dummy is less than a shrimp; he's an inch-worm.

He looks like an inch-worm when he humps his back and brings his ax down. He chops with all his might, too, but he doesn't love it. He thinks, too, but his thoughts are neither smooth nor fortunate.

If I was a man, he thinks, I'd bust him one with this ax I got.

People imagine that Dummy Santos can think more easily than most; they have somehow got the idea that his head works like a machine, taking in problems at one end and turning out answers at the other. No person would spend so much of his time thinking if it were at all hard for him. This is not true. Since he was a baby everything has been hard going for Dummy—marbles, hop-scotch, reading, thinking—work, all of them.

It's not that there aren't thoughts enough. There are too many.

I've got to hurry. That ice is coming back too quick for us, chock-a-block. Bang with the ax! Harder! Bang! Faster!

Why, tho? Name of goodness, what am I doing? Not faster—*slower! Slower*, you numb fool! You crazy! To go off South and leave Rosie alone! Rosie's not herself. Not since that fellow came around—swaggering around Saltdock Street—the hound! The woman-hound! Slower, you fool, you! No, better than that, take some ammonia, same as they do in the storages, and go back and freeze it up, every foot, every last fathom of the cut; seal and congeal it up again, tight, tighter'n a drum!

BANG, tho! Faster! There's Town Hall clock: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Faster, you weak fool! Crash! Splinter! Sweat and swing! Want to make a living? Sweat blood then! Bang!

I have to chop between my feet, he thinks; that's the only way to get leverage. One foot's on the ice that goes. When it goes my other boot slips. The black water sucks up in a spout. It scares me. If I went in and sideways and plunged down under the ice and came up with my head against it—bumping, suffocating—drowning like a caged rat in the blind cold! Every time that ice goes from under I slip. What if one of these times——

Why do I have to be so scared? That I won't make a living? Won't get ahead? Ahead of everybody else?

Why do I have to be scared of everything? Of leaving Rosie? My beautiful Rosie? I trust Rosie.

I do not. Not for a second I don't trust her; not with that big, strong, lusty, red-mouthed, fat-bosomed Gurry Lorry, that woman-grabber there. If I was a man now—half a man now—I'd—I'd—but then they'd all grab me. They'd hand me over to the sheriff. Send me to the electric chair up in Charlestown. I'm scared of that.

Look at him there. The big windbag! The big bull!

I wish I was like him. I wish I *was* him. I wish I was heavy in place of light, reckless in place of careful, admired and large-mannered in place of two-minded and mean. Why couldn't I have been born him? Then I shouldn't be going off South with a worry——

Am I, tho? No, I ain't. I ain't going! I won't! I won't!

Look, tho! The wind's gone slack. She's making up in the east already. Sam Work was right. Hurry! Bang! Faster! Bang!

"Think we'll make it, Frank?"

Frank weighs his ax and wipes a sleeve across his face. He estimates all the factors, as a man might read the figures of a problem on a blackboard—the measureless blackboard of the March night.

"We come fast," he says, glancing back along the cluttered canal. "Tho the breeze has rotted out and that means a shift pretty quick. Daisy's gang has quit; he's give up. I don't know, tho. Give us some luck, tho. We ain't got a great ways to go now. We'll make it, I guess."

"You'd make it in a pig's eye, tho," says Gurry from beyond, "if 'twa'n't for me helpin' you." His ax flashes bicolored between the arc and the moon; a chunk of ice gives under his foot; he strikes it with his heel and sends it plunging and splashing, and laughs, exhibiting his teeth. He sinks the iron in the line ahead. "In a pig's eye you would."

Frank studies him, hawks in his throat, spits on his hands. He raises his ax and lowers it again and studies Dummy. His eyes are narrow with the impatience of a manly soul.

"You goin' to see your woman again before you go, Dummy? Or have you?"

Dummy broods at the ice. "I don't know. Maybe if she comes down. She's to the movies."

Once more Frank flings up his ax, and once more arrests it. He can't fathom a man like Dummy, and it's too much for him to hold.

"Say, look-a-here! Are you goin' South on *my* account? Tell me."

Dummy says nothing. He broods at the water.

"But, say, look-a-here, for Heaven's sake, fellow!" Frank corners an eye at Gurry and drops his voice. "For Heaven's sake, fellow, what you aimin' to do about it? What you goin' to do?"

Dummy says nothing. He reddens, eats the insides of his lips, stares at the water. The black, black water, clogged with livid, livid chunks.

What am I going to do? His thoughts echo. What am I going to do?

The cold black water! The secret water running back under the floe, floored seven feet deep with tin cans and bottles and roofed over with ice, through which a man, if he were trapped down there, might see the dim blue fantom of the moonlight shining—while with his face against it he held his breath—till his eyes burst and his lips caved in! What am I going to do? What, what, what am I going to do?

"What are you going to do?" Frank persists in his ugly whisper.

"Take it easy, you guys," Gurry calls across. "Why don't you set down and have a smoke and leave me do it all? I don't cost you a cent, and I like it." Slice goes his ax. Crash! Grunt and swing and crash!

The movies are out. Under the yellow globe, between the side-exit and the bakery, there is a jostle of men, women, and children. Some of the men, even a few of the women, being of a fishing race, observing on the moonlit stage beneath them this drama as full of animation, suspense, and sardonic comedy as any film, trail out on the Bay State to mingle and exchange questions with those already there.

"How was the pi'tures?"

"Not too bad; least I liked it. Didn't you, Hen? Had me fooled, the way it turned out in the end—that Mexican. But, say, how these fellows comin', out here? They goin' to make it, you think?"

"If Gurry's got the say of it they will, all right, all right. Look at him work, will you? Look at him sweat? Neighborly, eh?"

"Huh-huh-huh!"

"Huh-huh-huh is right. Ho-ho-ho! Did you ever see the gall?"

"He's a magnificent creature," says the doctor's wife, a lady from away, to the new district nurse, also from away, both munching peanut-brittle.

"Say, what's this now? Gurry quittin' on 'em?"

Gurry Lorry, having left his ax stuck deep in the ice, is striding deliberately toward the Bay State. Frank and Dummy leave off chopping, mystified. After a moment Frank calls: "Where you goin'?"

Gurry keeps on.

"Gurry, where you bound for?"

Gurry wheels and wags his head vigorously, making a sign over his lips for discretion. He cups a hand: "Can't you see there's ladies, you fools?"

A titter runs along the height of the dock and is suppressed. Gurry pursues his course into the shadow among the piles beneath the wharf. He picks his way through the leafless forest, lengthwise of it, beachward, and, come to the rising, steps out on the further side. Here there's a nook formed by the flank of the freezer, the rear of a grocery, and a twine-shed.

"You here?" he demands at large.

ROSIE comes toward him, edging down along the lee of the concrete foundation of the freezer, a clandestine shade, an obscure, long plaid sports-coat, a nervous turban, plums and checkerberries, and a dim, pale face with lips that look black in the gloom.

"Was the pi'tures good, girlie?" Gurry lets an arm fall about her shoulders. "Enjoy yourself?"

Her shoulders crowd up against his arm with a greedy pressure.

"They goin' to get off, Albert? They goin' to make it? Tell me quick!"

Her words fall over each other; her dilated eyes search his. It is at moments like this that you will see Gurry Lorry at his best.

"Gentle, dearie! Keep your shirt on. You ain't told me yet was the pi'tures good."

"You devil, you imagine I *seen* the pi'tures? You devil, you! Tell me, Al! Oh, Al! For Heaven's sake, don't keep me waitin'. They goin' to make it? *Is* he goin' to get away?" Sliding one hand around his neck, under the collar of his mackinaw, she pinches the tendons together at the back with a sudden cruelty. "He *ain't!* I can tell. That's why you don't say nothin'. Now that shrimp's goin' to be hangin' round to home for another——"

Gurry yawns a grin. "You wouldn't mind that. You got along quite a spell with Dummy hangin' round the——"

"Not since I seen you, you devil, you; you great big, overgrown, good-lookin' kid, you. I ain't the same's I was. I never love a man before. I ain't—I can't—don't—can't you *see?*"

"Say! Dog! You ain't anxious or nothin', are you? Well, then, what if I was to tell you, no doubt of it, he'll get away all right to-night—inside an hour maybe? Hey, there! Dog! Well, all right, leave go me and I'll give you one kiss. You like that?"

Sometimes in his mind, which is like a Greek god's in its seamless simplicity, Gurry has moments of sober wonder how he ever came to be given this power of turning women insane. It's just that some men are born that way.

There goes Town Hall: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Beyond Truro shore, beyond the great curving sand-wall, the moonlit fog is no longer a ribbon, but a battlement with towers. Unhanded by the west wind, the towers topple inward on the dunes; High Land Light vanishes; the siren begins to moan. The easterly rallies its forces, under cover, on the ocean.

In the bay, outside the wide jaws of the harbor, the white wanderer is ill at ease. Now it swims north on the gradual slide of the tide. Now it hesitates, touched by a ripple of irresponsible air, a mouse of a breeze at play while the cats of the east and west are away. Now it whimpers and sighs through all its five or six square miles of nervous fabric; it complains with a million crystal clinks, a million tiny watery collisions. Rifts open like black wounds and heal again.

It has gone none to the east, none to the west; it is still of two minds, like the sky. In one quarter of the sky mount the silver pinnacles of the fog; in another the clear silver pinnacles of northern lights stream high, stream low.

Sam Works has come down from Town Hill. Standing by the chocked-up ketch, he says: "You boys've done well. You got a good hour clear yet before that ice is apt to close the Point." Sam knows weather.

Gurry leans on his ax-haft and wipes his face. He looks back admiringly over the finished channel.

"Thanks to me," he says.

"Do I leave her run?" Frank asks. Dummy nods. Frank swings at the master-chock, one, two, three heavy blows. The wedge goes flying.

"She moves, she starts," intones the doctor's wife to the new nurse, over on the wharf, "she seems to feel——"

The high-sided, forty-two-foot hull descends with a slipshod lurch, ungracefully, gouging sand and wallowing down

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

The Ten Commandments

The second picture in the remarkable series of drawings by M. Leone Bracker as applied to modern every-day life.

ON THE opposite page we reproduce Mr. Bracker's interpretation of the Second Commandment.

This picture again reminds us that the Biblical injunction, which Mr. Bracker so powerfully interprets into terms of modern life, still holds good. It is as inevitable in 1924 as it was when the Decalog was first received by mankind that those who act in defiance of the moral law will suffer the consequences, and in turn bring disgrace and misery on those dependent upon them.

Mr. Bracker's next picture, illustrating the Third Commandment, will appear in the January issue of Pictorial Review.

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Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image . . . for I, the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children
M. LEONE BRACKER 1924.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Thou Shalt Not Make Unto Thee Any Graven Image" Exodus 20:4

SECOND COMMANDMENT

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

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The Serial Sensation of the Year—Everybody's Talking About It

"ANNE SMILED. 'YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK OF IT YET, PLEASE—BUT THERE'S A CHANCE OF LILLA'S MARRYING'"

Complete in Five Parts

PART THREE

The Mother's Recompense

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

BY EDITH WHARTON

MRS. CLEPHANE held out her hand; for a fraction of a second it lay in his. "Well, good-by; I'm glad to know you've got a job that must be so interesting."

"Oh—interesting!" He dismissed it with a gesture. "But I'm glad to see you," he added; "just to *see* you," with a clever shifting of the emphasis. He paused a moment, and then risked a smile. "You don't look a day older, you know."

She threw her head back with an answering smile. "Why should I, when I feel years younger?"

Thank Heaven, an approaching group of people must have obstructed her daughter's view! Mrs. Clephane hurried on, wanting to put as much distance as she could between herself and Chris's retreating figure before she came up with her daughter. When she did she plunged straight into the girl's eyes, and saw that they were still turned on her inward vision. "Dearest," she cried gaily, "I can see by your look that you've been doing a good day's work."

Anne's soul rose slowly to the surface, shining out between deep lashes. "How do you know, I wonder? I suppose you must have been a great deal with somebody who painted. For a long time afterward one carries the thing about with one wherever one goes." She slipped her arm in Kate's, and turned unresistingly as the latter guided her back toward Fifth Avenue.

"It's dusty in the Park, and I feel as if I wanted a quick, straight walk home. I like Fifth Avenue when the lights are just coming out," Mrs. Clephane explained.

ALL night long she lay awake in the great bed of the Clephane spare room, and stared at Chris. While they still faced each other—and after her first confused impression of his having thickened and reddened—she had seen him only through the blur of her fears and tremors.

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Even after they had parted, and she was walking home with Anne, the shock of the encounter still tingling in her, he remained far off, almost imponderable, less close and importunate than her memories of him. It was as if his presence had exorcised his ghost. But now——

He had not vanished: he had only been waiting. Waiting till she was alone in her room in the sleeping house, in the unheeding city. How alone, she had never more acutely felt. Who on earth was there to intervene between them when there was not a soul to whom she could even breathe that she had met him? She lay in the darkness with terrified, staring eyes, and there he stood, his smile deriding her—a strange composite figure, made equally of the old Chris and the new.

It was of no use to shut her eyes: he was between lid and ball. It was of no use to murmur disjointed phrases to herself, conjure him with the language of her new life, with allusions and incantations unknown to him; he just stood there and waited. Well, then—she would face it out now, would deal with him! But how? What was he to her, and what did he want of her?

YES: it all came to the question of what he wanted; it always had. When had there ever been a question of what *she* wanted?

He took what he chose from life, gathered and let drop, and went on; it was the artist's way, he told her. But what could he possibly want of her now, and why did she imagine that he wanted anything, when by his own showing he was so busy and so provided for?

She pulled herself together, suddenly ashamed of her own thoughts. In pity for herself she would have liked to draw the old tattered glamour over him; but there must always have been rents and cracks in it, and now it couldn't by any tugging be made to cover him. No; she didn't love him any longer; she was sure of that. Like a traveler who has just skirted an abyss, she could lean over without dizziness and measure the depth into which she had not fallen. But if that were so, why was she so afraid of him? If it were a mere question of her own social safety, a mean dread of having her past suspected, why, she was more ashamed of that than of having loved him.

She would almost rather have endured the misery of still loving him than of seeing what he and she looked like, now that the tide had ebbed from them. She had been a coward: she had been stiff and frightened and conventional, when, from the vantage-ground of her new security, she could so easily have been friendly and generous; she felt like rushing out into the streets to find him, to speak to him as she ought to have spoken, to tell him that she was not in the least afraid of him.

And yet she *was!* She supposed it was the old incalculable element in him, that profound, fundamental difference in their natures, which used to make their closest nearness seem more like a spell than a reality. She understood now that if she had always been afraid of him it was just because she could never tell what she was afraid of.

If only there had been some one to whom she could confess herself, some one who would laugh away her terrors! Fred Landers? But she would frighten him more than he reassured her. And the others—the kindly approving family? What would they do but avert their eyes and beg her to be reasonable and remember her daughter? Well—and her daughter, then? And Anne? Was there any one on earth but Anne who would understand her?

The oppression of the night and the silence, and the rumor of her own fears were becoming intolerable. She could not endure them any longer. She jumped up, flung on her dressing-gown, and stole out of her room. The corridor was empty and obscure; only a faint light from the lower hall cast its reflection upward on the ceiling of the stairs. From below came the tick of a clock, as loud as a knocking in the silence.

She stole to her daughter's room, and, kneeling down, laid her ear against the crack. Presently, through the deep hush, she distinguished the soft, rhythmic breath of youthful sleep, and pictured Anne, slim and motionless, her dark hair in orderly braids along the pillow. The vision startled her back to sanity. She got up stiffly and stood looking about her with dazed eyes.

Suddenly the light on the stairs, the nocturnal ticking, had swept another vision through her mind. It was in just such a silence, before the first cold sounds of the Winter daylight, that she had crept down those very stairs, unchained the front door, slipped back one after another of John Clephane's patent bolts, and let herself out of his house for the last time. Ah, what business had she in it now, her hand on her daughter's door? She dragged herself wearily back to her own room, switched on the light, and sat hunched up in the great bed, mechanically turning over the pages of a fashion-paper she had picked up on her sitting room table. Skirts were certainly going to be narrower that Spring.

"Lilla—but of course he comes for Lilla!" she exclaimed.

She raised herself on her elbow, saw the bed-lamp still burning, and the magazine on the floor beside the bed.

"'THIS IS WHAT I RAN AWAY FROM,' SHE THOUGHT, AND FOUND MORE REASONS THAN EVER FOR HER FLIGHT"

The night was not yet over; there was no grayness between the curtains. She must have dropped into a short, uneasy sleep, from which Lilla's loitering, expectant figure, floating away from her down an alley of the Park, suddenly detached itself with such emphasis that the shock awoke her.

Lilla and Chris—but of course they had gone to the Park to meet each other! Why should he have happened to turn in at that particular gate, at that particular hour, unless to find some one who, a few yards off, careless and unconcerned, was so obviously lingering there to be found.

The discovery gave Kate Clephane a sensation of actual physical nausea. She sat up in bed, pushed her hair back from her damp forehead, and repeated the two names slowly, as if trying from those conjoined syllables to disentangle the clue to the mystery. For mystery there was; she was sure of it now! People like Lilla Gates and Chris did not wander aimlessly through Central Park at the secret hour when the Winter dusk begins to blur its paths. Every moment of such purposeless lives was portioned out, packed with its futilities. Kate had seen enough of her in her enforced association with the idlers of a dozen watering-places, her dreary participation in their idling.

And how the clue, now she held it, explained everything! Explained, first of all, why Chris, the ready, the resourceful, had been so tongue-tied and halting when they met! Why had she not been struck by that before? She saw now that, if she were afraid of him, he was a thousand times more afraid of her! And how could she have imagined that, to a man like Chris, the mere fact of running across a discarded mistress would be disconcerting, or even wholly unpleasant? Who better than he should know how to deal with such emergencies? His past must be strewn with precedents.

As her memory traveled back over their life together, she recalled their having met, one day at Hadrian's villa, a little woman, a Mrs. Guy So-and-so—she had even forgotten the name! She and Chris had been wandering, close-linked—for the tourist season was over, and besides, they cared so little who saw them—through the rich garlanded ruins, all perfume and enchantment; and there, in their path, had stood a solitary figure, the figure of a young woman, pretty, well dressed, with a hungry, melancholy face.

A little way behind her, a stout elderly gentleman in blue goggles and a heavy overcoat was having archeological explanations shouted into his deaf ear and curved hand by a guide with a rasping

The Story of Kate Clephane

BECAUSE Kate Clephane had left her husband and small daughter, Anne, for another man, her family and fashionable Manhattan ceased to recognize her existence. Like a brilliant butterfly she had flitted about Europe for many years, spending her happier moments in the company of Christopher Fenno, a young dilettante. Then the War took him away, leaving her nothing but a gnawing memory and casual intercourse with other questionable expatriates. A sudden summons from Anne to return home and supplant the irreconcilable grandmother, who had just died, finds Mrs. Clephane bereft of her own impetuous youth.

Eager to regain her daughter's love and confidence she substitutes for her bright gowns a more befitting middle-aged wardrobe and takes the first boat back to America. To her surprize she finds that the lapse of time has so involved her old circle in its own hectic whirlings that it calmly ignores her former trespasses and again includes her in its social activities. Her daughter, the modern young débutante, is joyful in their reunion.

Unimpressed by her own wealth, reticent yet positive in temperament, Anne is a puzzle to her mother, who realizes that her daughter is being romantically inspired. But who is the man that is feeding Anne's fancy? Walking through Central Park one Winter afternoon, Mrs. Clephane chances upon her old friend Christopher Fenno. In the midst of their conversation Kate recognizes Anne approaching in the distance. The thought that even a shadow of her own dead past might be cast over her daughter almost overwhelms the mother. She and Christopher hastily separate.

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German accent—and Chris, exclaiming: "By Jove, there are the So-and-sos!" had advanced with outstretched hands, introduced the two women, and poured out upon the melancholy newcomer a flood of laughing allusive talk, half chaff, half sentiment, and all as easily, as unconcernedly as if her great eyes had not, all the while, been pleading, pleading with him to remember.

And then, afterward, when Kate had said to him: "But wasn't that the woman you told me about once, who was so desperately unhappy, and wanted to run away with you?" he had merely answered: "Oh, not particularly with *me*, as far as I remember—" and she had hugged his arm closer, and thought how funny he was, and luxuriously pitied the other woman for half a minute.

Yes; that was the real Chris; always on the spot, easy-going and gay. The stammering, evasive apparition in the Park had no resemblance to that Chris; Kate knew instinctively that it was not the fact of meeting her that had

"AND, AFTER ALL, I HAVE ANNE BACK,' SHE MURMURED BLISSFULLY—FOR THAT STILL JUSTIFIED THE REST"

so disturbed him, but the fact that, for some reason, the meeting might interfere with his plans. But what plans? Why, his plans with Lilla—which would necessarily bring him in contact with the clan, since they so resolutely backed Lilla up, and thus expose him to—to what? To Kate's betraying him? For a moment she half laughed at the idea.

For what could she do to injure him, after all? And, whatever his plans were, how could he ever imagine her interfering with them, when to do so would be to betray her secret?

She lay there in the creeping dawn and tried to work her way through the labyrinth. And then, suddenly, it came to her: What if he wanted to marry Lilla? And what more probable than that he did? It was evident that living with his people and administering Mr. Maclew's philanthropies was not a life that he would have called "fit for a dog."

He liked money, she knew, for all his careless way; he wanted to have it, but he hated to earn it. And if he married Lilla there would be plenty of money. The Drovers would see to that—Kate could imagine nothing more likely to unloose their purse-strings than the possibility of "settling" Lilla, and getting rid of the menace that her roving fancies so perpetually hung over her mother's neatly waved head.

Chris, of course, was far too clever not to have seen that, and worked out the consequences in his own mind. If Lilla had been plain and dowdy he wouldn't even have considered it—Kate did him that justice. If he liked money he liked it in a large, lordly way, and only as one among several things that it was convenient but not essential to have. He would never do a base thing for money; but, after all, there was nothing base in marrying Lilla if he liked her looks and was amused by her talk, as he probably was. There was one side of Chris, the side Kate Clephane had least explored, and was least capable of understanding, which might very well find its complement in Lilla.

Kate's aching eyes continued to strain into the future. If that were really his plan, of course he would be afraid of her! For he knew her too, knew her ever so much better than she did him, and would be sure to guess that, much as she would want to cover up their past, she would not hesitate a moment between revealing it and doing what she called her duty. Her duty—how he used to laugh at the phrase! He told her she had run away from her real duties only for the pleasure of inventing new ones, and that to her they were none the less duties because she imagined them to be defiances. It was one of the paradoxes that most amused him; the picture of her flying from her conscience and always meeting it again in her path, barely disguised by the audacities she had dressed it up in.

Yes; evidently he had asked himself, on the instant, what she would do about Lilla; and the mere fact made her feel, with a fierce desperation, that she must do something. Not that she cared a straw about Lilla, or felt the least "call" to save her—but to have Chris in the family, in the group; to have to smile at him across the Clephane dinner-table, the Drover dinner-table, all the family dinner-tables: to have to keep it up, for all the rest of her life, the double pretense of never having liked him too much, and of now liking him enough to gratify the pride and allay the suspicions of the family—no, she could not imagine herself doing it! She was right to be afraid of him; he was right to be afraid of her.

The return to daylight made her nocturnal logic seem absurd; but several days passed before her agitation subsided. It was only when she found life continuing undisturbed about her, Anne painting for long rapturous hours, Lilla following her same bored round of pleasure, the others placidly engaged in their usual pursuits, and no one mentioning Chris's name, or apparently aware of his existence, that the shadow of her midnight imaginings was lifted.

Once or twice, as the sense of security returned, she thought of letting Chris's name fall, ever so casually, in Fred Landers's hearing. She never got as far as that; but one day she contrived, in speaking of some famous collection of books just coming into the market, to mention Horace Maclew.

Landers's eyes kindled. "Ah, what books! His fourteenth-century antiphonals are probably the best in the world."

"You know him, then? How—is it long since you last saw his library?" she stammered.

He considered. "Oh years; not since before the War."

Her heart rose on the mounting hope. "Oh, not since then? I suppose he must have a very good librarian?"

"Used to have; the poor chap was killed in the War, I believe. That reminds me that I heard the other day he was looking for some one."

"Looking for a librarian?" She heard her voice shake. "Not for a private secretary?"

She thought he looked surprised. "I don't think so; but I really don't remember. I know he always has a lot of scribes about him; naturally, with so many irons in the fire. Did you happen to hear of any one who was looking for that sort of job? It might be a kindness to let Maclew know."

She drew her brows together, affecting to consider. "Where did I hear of some one? I can't remember, either. One is always hearing nowadays of people looking for employment."

"Yes; but of few who are fit for it. And Maclew wouldn't put up with incompetence. You must come and see him with me. He's not an easy customer, but he and I are old members of the Grolier Club, and he lets me bring a friend to see his library occasionally. I've always promised to take Anne, some day when she's going on to Washington."

KATE'S heart gave a sharp downward plunge. That "take Anne" reverberated in her like a knell. What a fool she had been to bring the subject up! If she had not mentioned Horace Maclew's name Landers might never have thought of his library again; certainly not of the promise to take Anne there. Well, it was a lesson to hold her tongue, to let things follow their course without fearing or interfering. Happily Anne, more and more absorbed in her painting, seemed to have no idea of a visit to Washington; at least she had never mentioned such a plan, beyond once casually saying: "Oh, the Washington magnolias—some Spring I must go there and paint them!"

Some Spring—well, that was pleasantly indefinite. For Chris was not likely to remain long with Horace Maclew. Where had Chris ever remained long? Kate Clephane did not know, now, whether to tremble at that impermanence or be glad of it. She did not know what to think about anything, now that the thought of Chris had suddenly reintroduced itself into the smooth-running wheels of her existence.

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Then, as the days passed, her reassurance returned again, and it was with a stupefied start that one afternoon, crossing the Park on her way to the studio, she once more caught sight of Lilla Gates. This time the person for whom she had presumably been waiting was with her, and they stood in close communion. The man's back was turned, but his figure, his attitude, were so familiar to Kate that she stopped short, trembling lest she should see his face.

She did not see it. He and Mrs. Gates were in the act of leave-taking. Their hands met, they lingered for a last word, and then separated, each hastening away in a direction other than Kate's. She continued to stand motionless after they had vanished, uncertain, yet certain. It was Chris—but of course it was Chris! He came often to New York, then, in spite of what he had said about the difficulty of getting away. If he had said that, it was probably just because he wanted to keep his cominga and goings from her knowledge. And that again would tally with what she suspected as to his motives. She turned sick, and stood with compressed lips and lowered head, as if to close her aenses against what was coming. Then she roused herself and walked on.

Lilla! Lilla! Chris and Lilla!

SHE kept on her way northward, following the less frequented by-waysof the Park. It was early yet, and she wanted to walk off her agitation before joining Anneat the studio.

Lilla! Lilla! Chris and Lilla!

Something must be done about it, something must be said -it was impossible that this affair, whatever it was, should go on unchecked. But had she, Kate Clephane, any power to prevent it? Probably not—her intervention might serve only to precipitate events. Well, at least she must know what was coming—must find out what the others knew. Her excitement increased instead of subsiding; as she walked she felt the tears running down her face. Life had seemed, at last, so merciful, so soothing; and here were all the old mysteries and duplicities pressing on her again. She stopped, out of breath, and finding herself at the extreme northern end of the Park, with the first street-lights beginning to gem the bare trees.

The need to be with Anne suddenly seized her. Perhaps, by dropping a careless word or two, she might learn something from her daughter—learn at least if the baleful Lilla were using the girl as a confidant, as the brief scene near the studio had once suggested. On that point, at any rate, it was the mother's right, her duty even, to be informed. She had made no appointment to meet Anne that afternoon; and she hastened her pace, fearing to find that her daughter had already left the studio.

A light through the transom reassured her. She put her key in the lock, threw off her cloak in the little entrance-hall, and pushed open the door beyond. The studio was unlit except by the city's constellated lamps, hung like a golden vintage from an invisible trellising of towers and poles, and by the rosy gleam of the hearth. Anne's easel had been pushed aside, and Anne and another person were sitting near each other in low chairs, duskily outlined against the fire. As Mrs. Clephane crossed the threshold a man's voice was saying gaily: "What I want is a rhyme for *astrolabe*. I must have it! And apparently there is none; at least none except *babe*. And so there won't be any poem. That's always my luck. I find something—or somebody—who's just what I want, and then —"

Kate Clephane stood still, enveloped by the voice. It was the first time she had heard those laughing, confiding inflexions addressed to any ear but hers. Southern sunshine scorched her; the air seemed full of flowers. She hung there for a moment, netted in tightening memories; then she loosed her hold on the door-handle and advanced a few steps into the room. Her heels clicked on the bare floor, and the two by the fire rose and turned to her. She fancied her daughter's glance conveyed a faint surprize was it even a faint annoyance at her intrusion?

"Mother, this is Major Fenno. I think you know him," the girl said.

Chris came forward, simple, natural, unembarrassed. There was no trace of constraint in his glance or tone; he looked at Mrs. Clephane almost fraternally.

"Dear Mrs. Clephane a rhyme for *astrolabe!*" he entreated, with that half-humorous way he had of flinging the lasso of his own thought over anybody who happened to stray within range; and then, with one of his usual quick transitions: "I got a chance to run over to New York unexpectedly, and I heard you were in town, and went to see you. At your house they told me you might be here, so I came on the chance, and Miss Clephane was kind enough to let me wait."

"I was afraid you weren't coming," the girl added, looking at her mother.

In spite of the blood drumming in her head, and the way his airy fib about having heard she was in town had drawn her again into the old net of their complicities, Kate was steadied by his composure. She looked from him to Anne; and Anne's face was also composed.

"I had the luck," Chris added, "to meet Miss Clephane after I was invalided home. She took pity on me when I was in the hospital on Long Island; and I've wanted to thank her ever since. But my boss keeps me on a pretty short chain and I can't often get away."

"It's wonderful," said the girl, with her quiet smile, "how you've got over your lameness."

"Oh, well—" he had one of his easy gestures—"lameness isn't the hardest thing in the world to get over. Especially not with the care I had."

Silence fell. Kate struggled to break it, feeling that she was expected to speak, to say something, anything; but there was an obstruction in her throat, as if her voice were a ghost vainly struggling to raise its own gravestone.

Their visitor made the automatic motion of consulting his wrist-watch. "Jove! I didn't know it was so late. I've got barely time to dash to the station!" He stood looking in his easy way from mother to daughter, then he turned once more to Kate.

"Aren't you coming over to see the great Maclew library one of these days? I was just telling Miss Clephane—"

"Uncle Fred has always promised to take me," the girl threw in.

"Well, that settles it; doesn't it, Mrs. Clephane?" This time he wavered a second before the "Mrs.," and then carried it off triumphantly. "As soon as you can make a date, will you wire me? Good!" He was holding out his hand. Kate put hers in it; she did not mind. It was as if she laid a stone in his palm.

"It's a go, then?" he repeated gaily as he shook hands with Anne; and the door closed on him.

"Major Fenno—" Kate repeated the name slowly as she turned back toward the fire. She had never heard of his military rank. "Was he wounded?" she asked her daughter suddenly.

"At Bois Belleau —didn't you know? I thought you might have—he was mentioned in dispatches. He has the Legion of Honor and the D. S. M." Anne's voice had an unwonted vibration. "But he never talks of all that; all he cares about is his writing," she added

She was gathering up her brushes, rubbing her palet with a rag, going through all the habitual last gestures with her usual somewhat pedantic precision. She found something wrong with one of the brushes, and bent over the lamp with it, her black brows jutting. At that moment she reminded her mother of old Mrs. Clephane; somehow, there was an odd solace in the likeness.

"If he comes for anybody it's for Lilla," the mother thought as her eyes rested on her daughter's stern young profile; and again she felt the necessity of clearing up the mystery. On the whole, it might be easier to question Anne now that the name had been pronounced between them.

Major Fenno—and he had been wounded. And all he cared about was his writing.

AFTER all, she was not going to be able to question Anne about Lilla. As she faced the situation the next day—as she faced the new Chris in her path—Kate Clephane saw the impossibility of using him as a key to her daughter's confidence. There was one thing much closer to her now than any conceivable act of Chris's could ever be, and that was her own relation to Anne. She simply could not talk to Anne about Chris—not yet. It was not that she regarded that episode in her life as a thing to be in itself ashamed of. She was not going, even now, to deny or disown it; she wanted only to deny and disown Chris.

Quite conceivably, she might have said to her daughter: "Yes, I loved once—and the man I loved was not your father." But to say it about Chris! To see the slow look

"MACLEW, LIKE MOST HEAVY, SOLEMN MEN OF HIS TYPE, HAD BEEN BOWLED OVER BY THE SIGHT OF THIS BOLD HUNTRESS, WHO DAMNED UP AND DOWN THE BIRDS SHE MISSED"

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of wonder in those inscrutable depths of Anne's eyes: a look that said, not "I blame you," or even "I disapprove you," but, so much more scathingly, just: "You, Mother —and *Chris?*"

Yes; that was it. It was necessary for her pride and dignity, for her moral safety almost, that what people like Enid Drover would have called her "past" should remain unidentified, unembodied—or at least not embodied in Chris Fenno. Yet to know—to know!

There were, of course, other sources of enlightenment; if there was anything in her theory of a love-affair between Lilla and Chris, the family were probably not unaware of it. Kate had the sense that they never had their eyes off Lilla for long. But it was all very well to plan to talk to them—the question remained, how to begin? Before trying to find out about Lilla she would first have to find out about them. What did she know of any one of them? Nothing more, she now understood, than their glazed and impenetrable surfaces.

SHE was still a guest among them; she was a guest even in her daughter's house. It was the character she had herself chosen; in her dread of seeming to assert rights she had forfeited, to thrust herself into a place she had deserted, she had perhaps erred in the other sense, held back too much, been too readily content with the easy part of the week-end visitor.

Well—it had all grown out of the other choice she had made when, years ago, she had said: "Thy gods shall *not* be my gods." And now she but dimly guessed who their gods were! At the moment when her very life depended on her knowing their passwords, holding the clue to their labyrinth, she stood outside the mysterious circle and vainly groped for a way in.

Nollie Tressellon, of course, could have put the clue in her hand; but to speak to Nollie was too nearly like speaking to Anne. Not that Nollie would betray a confidence, but to be divined and judged by her would be almost as searing an experience as being divined and judged by Anne. And so Kate Clephane continued to sit there between them, hugging her new self in her anxious arms, turning its smooth face toward them, and furtively regulating its non-committal gestures and the sounds that issued from its lips.

Only the long nights of dreamless sleep were gone; and her heart stood still each time she slipped the key into the studio door.

"Mother, Uncle Fred wants to take us to Baltimore next week to see the Maclew library; you and Lilla and me."

Anne threw it over her shoulder as she stood before her easel, frowning and narrowing her lips over the difficulty of a branch of red pyrus japonica in a brass pot, haloed with the light of the sunlit window.

Kate, behind her, leaned back indolently in a deep wicker armchair. She started, and echoed in a blank voice: "Next week?"

"Well, you see, I've promised to spend a few days in Washington with Madge Glenver, who has taken a house at Rock Creek for the Spring. This is just the moment for the magnolias; and I thought we might stop at Baltimore on the way, and Uncle Fred could bring you and Lilla back from there."

It sounded perfectly simple and sensible; Anne spoke of it in her usual matter-of-course tone. Her mother tried for the same intonation in answering, with a faint touch of surprize: "Lilla too?"

Anne turned around completely and smiled. "Oh, Lilla particularly! You mustn't speak of it yet, please—not even to Aunt Enid—but there's a chance—a chance of Lilla's marrying."

Kate's heart gave a great bound of relief or resentment —which? Why, relief, she instantly assured herself. She had been right then—that was the key to the mystery! And why not? What did it matter to her? Had she, Kate, ever imagined that Chris's love-affairs would cease when she passed from his life? Wasn't it most probably in pursuit of a new one that he had left her? To think so had been, at any rate, in spite of the torturing images evoked, more bearable than believing he had gone because he was tired of her. For years, as she now saw, she had been sustained by her belief in the "other woman"; only that she should take shape in Lilla was for the moment disconcerting.

Anne continued to smile softly down on her mother. In her smile there was something veiled and tender, as faint as sunlight refracted from water—a radiance striking up from those mysterious depths that Kate had never yet reached. "We should all be so glad if it happened," the girl continued; and Kate said to herself: "What she's really thinking of when she has that look is her own marriage—" She remembered the cryptic allusion of the football-faced youth at the opera, and the way those vigilant lids of Anne's had shut down on her vision.

"Of course—poor Lilla!" Mrs. Clephane absently assented. Inwardly she was saying to herself that it would be impossible for her to go to Baltimore on that particular errand. Chris and Lilla—Chris and Lilla! The coupled names began again to jangle maddeningly through her brain. She stood up and moved away to the window. No, she couldn't, she couldn't, she couldn't!

"Next week, dear? It doesn't matter—but I think you'll have to go without me." She spoke from the window, without turning her head toward her daughter, who had gone back to the easel.

"Oh—" There was distinct disappointment in Anne's voice.

"I've made two or three dinner engagements; I don't think I can very well break them, do you? People have been so awfully kind—all my old friends," Kate stammered, while the "couldn't, couldn't" kept booming on in her ears. "Besides," she added, "why not take Nollie? A young party will be more amusing for Mr. Maclew."

Anne laughed. "Oh, I don't believe he'll notice Nollie and me," she said with a gay significance; but added at once. "Of course you must do exactly as you please. That's the foundation of our agreement, isn't it?"

"Our agreement?"

"To be the most perfect pals that ever were."

Mrs. Clephane sprang up impulsively and moved toward her daughter. "We *are* that already, aren't we, Anne?"

Anne's lids dropped; she nodded, screwed her mouth up, and opened her other eyes—her painter's eyes—on the branch of pyrus with its coral-like studding of red cups. "From the very first," she agreed.

The young party went, Fred Landers beaming in attendance. Every one thought it "a pity" that Mrs. Clephane should miss such a chance, for Horace Maclew was chary of exhibiting his books. But there was something absent-minded and perfunctory in the nature of these regrets; Kate could see that the family interest was passionately centered in Lilla. And she felt, more and more, that in the circumstances she herself was better out of the way. For, at the last moment, the party had been invited to stay at Horace Maclew's; and to have assisted, in an almost official capacity, at the betrothal of Chris and Lilla, with all the solemnity and champagne likely to ensue in such a setting, was more than her barely cicatrized nerves could have endured. It was easier to sit at home and wait, and try to prepare herself for this new and unbelievable situation. Chris and Lilla——!

It was on the third day that Aline, bringing in the breakfast-tray with a bunch of violets (Anne's daily attention since she had been gone), produced also a telegram; as on that far-off morning, four months ago, when her first message had come to her mother under the same flowers.

Kate held the envelop for a moment before opening it, as she had done on that other occasion—but not because she wanted to prolong her illusion. This time there was no illusion in the thin envelop between her fingers; she could feel through it the hard knife-edge of reality. If she delayed she did so from cowardice. Chris and Lilla——

She tore open the envelop and read: "Engaged to Horace Maclew madly happy Lilla."

The telegram fluttered from Kate's hand, and she leaned back on her pillows, feeling a little light-headed.

"Is madam not well?" Aline sharply questioned.

"Oh, yes; perfectly well. Perfectly well!" Kate repeated joyously. But she continued to lean back, staring vacantly ahead of her, till Aline admonished her, as she had done when the other message came, that the chocolate would be quite cold.

A respite—a respite. Oh, yes, it was at least a respite!

THERE was something so established and reassuring in the mere look of Enid Drover's drawing-room that Kate Clephane, waiting there that afternoon for her sister-in-law to come in, felt a distinct renewal of confidence.

The house was old Mrs. Clephane's wedding-gift to her daughter, and everything in it had obviously been selected by some one whose first thought concerning any work of art was to ask if it would chip or fade. Nothing in the solid and costly drawing-room had chipped or faded; it had retained something of Enid's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

"OH YES I'VE RUN ACROSS HIM NOW AND THEN I RATHER FANCY HE'S BEEN MIXED UP IN THIS TOO"

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An Intimate and Authentic Life-Story of Edward, Seventeenth Prince of Wales

A King *in the* Making

By Genevieve Parkhurst

PART THREE—Young Manhood. Adjusting himself to the demands of duty, the Prince goes to Oxford and then to war. And so the boy becomes a man.

Photo by Bevan Bros.

IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE—THE PRINCE IN FULL FIELD EQUIPMENT OF A LIEUTENANT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This series was written with the sanction of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Chief Secretary to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and has been approved by him.*

THERE are those—and I know a few—who do not see the pathos nor the struggle in the frustration of the young Prince's desire to follow the sea. "It was his duty and his destiny; they can not be sidestepped," they have said. Perhaps. But to those of imagination and strong purpose, of alert and independent will, the character of the sacrifice must be understood.

Men whose lives have been entirely given over to the sea—men who have felt its urge early and who have fought a vain fight to keep away from it—have told me that its beguilement is as merciless as its anger. They whom it compels can not easily turn their backs toward it. And if democracy has determined anything, it has determined the right of every man to work toward success in the way of his soul's choosing. To mark one's own spot on the high horizon, to work toward it under the lash of contrary elements, to stand at last a victor within the portals of life's promise, is the only true adventure—the adventure which is the spur of all achievement.

To the modern boy, alive, alert, and active, it has become a birthright. He chooses his goal and makes for it. But to this modern boy, who had been let loose from his tradition-bound environment to mingle with other boys and to become one with them in ways of thought and activity, the birthright was denied. A stern finger pointed to another purpose. And he followed it—reluctantly, regretfully—but with a strong sense of doing a duty that he would not shirk.

The Prince of Wales was not happy in France. He tried hard to forget the sea and to adjust himself to fortune's demands, but it was a slow, uphill fight. A conscientious student, he acquired facility in the language and assimilated a fine knowledge of French history and tradition. He did his best to enjoy himself—and he assumed a ready cheerfulness—but all of the time the churn of the sea was in his ears.

There was one aspect of his visit which was, however, to his liking. He was let alone to do pretty much as he pleased. The trip was not official, and he went semi-incognito as Earl of Chester, and not as the Prince of Wales. He made his home with the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, old friends of the King and Queen and also of King Edward. The Marquise was an American—a Miss Gaener of New York, and it was through her that the Prince gained his first knowledge of and formed his first affection for Americans.

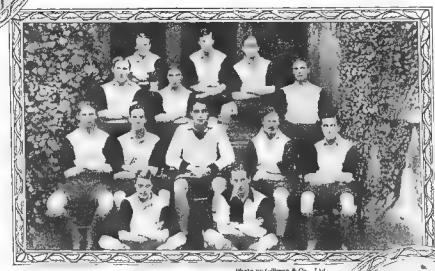

Photo by Gellman & Co., Ltd.

HERE WE SEE HIM AS A MEMBER OF THE SECOND ELEVEN OF THE MAGDALEN COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

Altho King George had declared that there was no official significance in the visit of his son, French politicians took it as a great compliment, and the papers ran editorials begging the people to appreciate the honor by respecting his incognito and not crowding down upon him. To a certain extent this was done. He was not always unperceived and uncheered, the *midinettes*, especially, gathering in groups to wave their handkerchiefs as he passed and to shout "*Petit Prince de Galles!*" Except for a call upon the President, the day after his arrival in Paris, he performed no official duties. His French tutor was M. Escoffier, a brilliant young scholar, who, with Mr. Hansell, went about with the Prince, taking him to every interesting corner of Paris, where he was given insight into the manners and customs of the people. These walks, with frequent sets at tennis, constituted his exercise while there.

The home life of the de Breteuils was delightfully simple, and the Prince found salve for his disappointment in the good times he had with the two young sons of the house, one of whom was about "Édouard's" age. He liked meeting the other boys who came there, and best of all he liked meeting them on common ground—without formality or distinction.

An American boy who was a frequent guest at the de Breteuils' tells of his first call there. His chum, also an American, said to him one day, "Come on! I want to take you to a house where there are nice boys. You'll have a lot of fun." The boy had no idea whom he was to meet, and when he was introduced to a boy called "Édouard" he shook hands and said, "Awfully glad to meet you!"

"I'm jolly glad to meet you!" said "Édouard." "Come along into the garden." They went into the garden and were there for an hour, talking as boys do talk, and the boy did not know until afterward that "Édouard," with whom he had become so friendly and who had taken to him so informally, was the Prince of Wales.

In May, 1912, with permission of his father, Edward was the guest on the flagship *Danton*, of Vice-Admiral Boué de Lapeyrere, commandant of the French fleet, for the naval maneuvers. These, it goes without saying, were a treat, as they brought him into his own again. During this visit he made his first submarine trip.

It was a great event, and he would have liked to stay down a long time, but the presence of the heir to the British throne on a submarine in action was too great a responsibility for even an Admiral to take with ease, and in less than ten minutes the ship was afloat again. He also went to Le Creusot, the Woolwich of France, for several days, where he made a tour of the munition-plants and watched the tests of field-guns which were later to prove themselves in the Great War.

Photo by Bevan Bros.

SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT GAME CLAIMED HIM AT AN EARLY AGE

By Courtesy of Lord Claud Hamilton

ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE TRENCHES IN THE FRENCH SECTOR

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On June 22, 1912, the day before his eighteenth birthday, he returned to England to spend a few days with his parents and brothers and sister at Windsor. This birthday was for him a "contingent coming of-age." While he remained a minor and under obedience to his father until he was twenty-one, the passing of his eighteenth birthday qualified him, in case of his father's death, to reign without a Regent. The day was celebrated by religious services and a concert by bands from the Life and Grenadier Guards on the east terrace of Windsor.

Queen Alexandra motored from Marlborough House to spend the afternoon with him, and in the evening the King and Queen gave a large dinner, the other honor guest being the Khedive of Egypt. Messages of congratulation were wired to him by the Government heads and royalties of the entire earth. Alfonso of Spain made him a Knight of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece—an order founded in January, 1429, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in celebration of his marriage with Isabella of Portugal. By the marriage of Mary, the daughter of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, the Grand Mastership of the order came to the House of Hapsburg, and to Spain in 1504 on the accession of Philip, their son, to Castile.

History, as it seems to be in these matters, is vague as to the origin. Some attribute it as a memorial to the myth of the Argonauts, some to the Scriptural tale of Gideon, some to the Flanders wool trade, which kept filled the royal coffers of Belgium, and others, which seems most likely to those who knew the temper of the time, to the beautiful hair of Marie de Rambrugge, who was a court favorite. A Knight of the Golden Fleece must be "a gentleman of name and of arms and without reproach." It is the first time, I believe, that Spain conferred the order on so young a knight of foreign birth.

The following week the Prince of Wales returned to France, where he was again the guest of the de Breteuils. Before bidding France good-by toward the last of July, M. Fallières, the President of France, decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. Hansell, the Prince's tutor, told me that altho the visit in France was fruitful in its intellectual results and that it did, in a way, help to take the boy's mind from the sea, it did not make him forget it entirely.

He did not want to go

THE PRINCE AND GENERAL PERSHING REVIEWING BRITISH TROOPS

ROYALTY IN ITS SHIRT-SLEEVES—AN INFORMAL PICTURE TAKEN ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

to Oxford. But he knew he had to go and, altho he studied and prepared for his entrance with seeming out ward grace, for he is a sportsman and knows how to lose, inwardly he was full of discontent. In October, 1912, shortly after Michaelmas, the Prince of Wales matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford. The choice of Magdalen was somewhat in the nature of a paradox, for Magdalen, by no means the largest nor the richest of Oxford's colleges, was, according to its charter, "ordained, instituted, founded, and established, by apostolic and royal authority, a perpetual college of poor and needy scholars, clerks, to study and advance in the School of the University of Oxford in divers sciences and faculties. . . ."

Curiously enough, it was just because it was this sort of college, without snobbery and without clique, that the King and Queen selected it as the seat of the Prince's higher education. King George had been educated exclusively for the navy. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, studied at Christ Church College, Oxford, familiarly known as "The House." But with the English throne coming closer and closer to the people, it was thought better for the present heir to attend a college where he would have the opportunity to walk more widely among the youth of his generation without respect to caste or wealth. Magdalen College has always taken high rank in scholarship and athletics. And then, too, Mr. Hansell, no doubt, being a fellow of Magdalen, had something to do with weighing the balance in its favor.

The contrast between the pattern of the present Prince of Wales's life at Oxford and that of his grandfather, when holding the title, marks the difference between the two most engaging personalities of modern times, with a tilt, it will be admitted, in favor of the present prince. While King Edward, both as heir apparent and as England's sovereign, wished always to come close to the people and was a genial and democratic soul, he loved the pomp and pageantry that went with his kingly power. He insisted always upon his royal prerogatives and never for a moment permitted any one to forget that he was the Prince of Wales or King of England. With the Prince of to-day it is different. He would like to have the populace forget who he is, even for a short hour, and to be able to be just a human being, away from the universal palaver and curiosity and clamor which hedge him in almost from dawn to midnight. Different he would always be, whether he wanted it so or not, for he has a way which would make him stand out from the crowd, were he a Prince or a pauper. But he does not care a whit for regalia and ceremonial and prerogative.

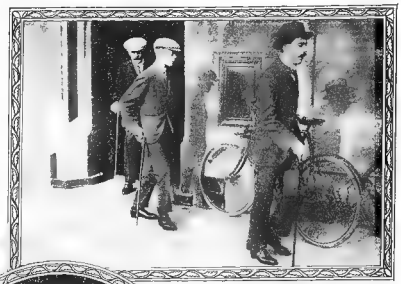

Photo by Central News

THE PRINCE AND MR. HANSELL PASSING DOWN THE WALK AT MAGDALEN

Photo by Gilsman & Co., Ltd.

AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE ENTERED OXFORD

When at Christ Church College, Oxford, King Edward had a house, Frewen Hall, outside of the college grounds, with a princely entourage of aides and servants. He wore an especial gown, and at all classes and lectures he was given a seat of distinction. While he was gracious to all, his chosen companions were not "commoners."

With his grandson it was quite the opposite. His one aim and desire was, in so far as it was possible, not to be different from the other boys. His rooms were in The Cloisters, one of the oldest of Magdalen College buildings, one whose walls have echoed, through many centuries, with the voices of those who have helped to make and to fortify English letters and statesmanship.

Joseph Addison, Cardinal Wolsey, John Foxe, Edward Gibbon, John Lyly, Cardinal Reginald Pole had all in their student days at Magdalen found lodgings in The Cloisters.

In fact, as far as may be reckoned, the very room in which Addison lived was the living-room of the Prince of Wales's three-room suite. For that is all the space the young Prince took to himself. He had a fair-sized living room, a smaller room which was used as a sort of outer reception-room, and a medium-sized bedroom.

None of these was elaborate in furnishing or decoration. The walls and ceilings were white, the woodwork and doors of dark oak. The furniture, too, was of old oak—Queen Anne period. The hangings were of the same simple design. A few good prints and his books completed rooms in good taste, but not nearly so lavish as one would expect the rooms of a Prince to be. He had but one servant—a valet. His attendants were two—his tutor, Mr. Hansell, and his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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THE PRINCE AND HIS TUTOR, MR. HANSELL, SEEING THE SIGHTS AT AUTEUIL

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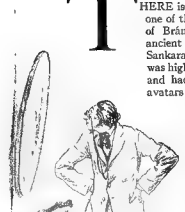
We *Are* Four

By David Freedman

The Creator of "Mendel Marantz" Tells a New Story in a New Way



THERE is a legend in the Veda, one of the four sacred pillars of Brâhmâ, that tells of an ancient and revered Yogi, Sankara-Sutra of Iran. He was high priest of the Wahabi and had mastered thirty-six avatars beyond the basic ten of Vishnu. He possessed the cabalistic power of freeing the spirit from his frame and recalling it at will as it made its divine flight through the eight enchanted circles of the heavenly cosmogony.

But even this supreme approach to Om, the vision of infinite glory, did not satisfy the Magi, and he sought subtler processes of the supernal to increase the powers of his soul. And a learned Arab with an abacus revealed to him the mystery of number. "One, two, three, four," said the Arab as he strung the beads on his counting-board. And the Yogi cried, "Let my soul be like two beads, for two beads are greater than one!"

The prayer was heard by Brâhmâ, and in the next avatar Sankara-Sutra of Iran achieved the twofold miracle. The flame of his spirit parted like two petals of a sapphire bud, and the soul of the mighty Yogi felt that it had attained at last to the throne of the Trimurti, the triple godhead of the Hindu faith! But then something unforeseen occurred. The two souls slit of their own accord into four, and of these four separate flames the original one of the Yogi could never be restored.

Thus it is said, "The rule of beads is not the rule of souls. One is greater than two, and four can be less than one. For that which is the source is greater than its shoots."

Without presuming to decide between the Arabian book of arithmetic and the Hindu book of faith, whether one is more or less than two and two are more or less than four, I shall tell you the story upon which these problems are based, and have you solve the arithmetic yourself.

I Am One

I AM a young man, and, when thoroughly detached from everything about me, form a linear one, with my large feet a flat pedestal and my long nose a sharp peak, as good a Number 1 as nature ever printed. I am alone, single, free. I eat, I sleep, I work betimes. I live in a room on West Twenty-second Street, far west, west of Ninth Avenue, where artists, college men, teachers, and musicians live, for most part, individual, single units on the social counting-board.

My pleasures are books, sports, girls. I dance with girls, swirl in the vortex of jazz with them; for a moment it feels as if the girl and I are quite attached, cemented, but the music stops. We detach and I am still one.

I slip home to my room—it is my den, my study, my promontory jutting out upon the world, the conning-tower from which I reconnoiter for the day when I shall charge down upon the sleeping, unsuspecting world and conquer it. That world of millions, sheep, horses, cows, men, herded in barns, tenements, office-buildings, millions upon millions of them, and who will conquer them all? I! How many am I? One! Yet how huge, how much more is that one than all the powdered dust that crawls in and out of those ant-hills! I look out from my promontory. The tenant overhead flicks down a burning cigaret that singes my hair and tints it red in the dying sun. I am a crowned Machiavelli, a steel-jacketed torpedo set for the charge of destruction and conquest. And my rent is so small!

Philomel and Claribel and Estherelda come to my room. Slender dandelions and pudgy buttercups, their stems curled in nooses. But my neck has a prickly collar of steel spikes that cut the rope they loop around it. We may kiss, we may play, we may frisk like butterflies in poppy-fields, but when the sun peeps through the cracks of morning I am back to my work, and Philomel and Claribel and Estherelda are fluttering through space like faded Autumn leaves.

It is true, I have a friend. He is Acabardi, the Italian sculptor. But he is one and I am one, and we have never attempted division, subtraction, or addition with our egos. He will ever remain Acabardi, and I Judson—Emanuel Judson, about the worst name in the world for a musician. But Acabardi says that in art it is the purest masterpieces that have the poorest titles. He says Velasquez's greatest work is the ugly "Æsop," and Rembrandt's loftiest lights and shadows bear the colorless title like a crown of thorns, "A Lady with Scissors"! And look, he says, at nature! Surely it has some rare masterpieces, and yet they bear no titles at all. It is only man in his bookworn spirit and index-grubbing habit like a blind mole honeycombing mud-holes who seeks to classify the evanescent silk flutterings of the air as the *genus Lepidoptera* and the great violinist of transcendent tone as Emanuel Judson! Fie!

So Acabardi and I spend spacious nights standing on our

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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Even if you could buy them yourself how much would these fine vegetables cost you?

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper

"If you start you never will stop,"
Shouts this ruddy-faced Campbell's cop,
"For now I invite you
To food to delight you—
The pick of the country's crop!"

There are fifteen of the choicest selected vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. We search the United States to get them. We have devoted fortunes to raising fine vegetables and to improving their quality, on our own great farms. Other growers also profit from our experience and so the vegetables that come to the Campbell's kitchens are the best that money can buy.

21 kinds

If you were to put your market basket on your arm and make the most tireless search you would find it next to impossible to get such splendid vegetables. But if you could, think of the price you would have to pay! Yet every day you can enjoy exactly this quality of vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

12 cents a can

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promontories, each in contemplative mastery of his world. He is one and I am one. We shall not go forth in fight together; that would only weaken us. It would make us *two*, each an assistant to the other! What could he do? Chink marble to my tunes? Or should I mold his figures into my bow? Yet we gathered much from each other. Acabardi liked to hear me play, and I would often watch him work, and felt I could transpose the music of his mallet to my key and play the rhythm of his lines on the violin.

But aside from this healthy commerce between us, like two nations where one trades marble, the other music, there were no regal intermarriages of state, and the two remained sovereign powers, each with its imperial policy, each with its friendly eye upon a future control of the universe, neither dreaming that the day might come when I would say to Acabardi, "Either you or I must go. This earth won't hold us both."

But that day never came. Acabardi and I—the apart just now—are still together on the balcony of the old Twenty-second Street artist colony, each on his promontory gazing out upon the worlds we are to conquer. A piece of indestructible sculpture that vision is—his figure and mine, he with his chisel and hammer, I with my fiddle and bow—and beneath us that vast rolling sea of upturned faces that surges across continents.

So Emanuel Judson struggled through his early hectic years, digging tunnels into the hidden recesses of his gold-mine, sampling the vein of genius and receiving the favorable appraisal of high experts. "One day you will be ready," said my teacher, Professor Bauer. "You will shed the caterpillar name of Emanuel Judson, and there on the bill-boards of the world's most exclusive concert palaces will appear the exotic, winged symbol 'Misha Judsini, Premier Violinist of the World!'" And my professor added, "But it's a long way to Nineveh!"

As for me, I stood with my violin under my arm, all ready, wondering what kept the curtain from rolling back and unfolding the panorama. And I thought how my friend Acabardi would on that auspicious day carve a bust of "E. Manuel Judsinius" to take its marble place in the niche of gloomy posterity allotted to it by the Board of Appraisers of the Hall of Fame; and as a token of fraternal appreciation I would dedicate my "Symphony Prodigiose" to the great Raoul Acabardi, in memory of old and new conquests on the plains of art; and then the two artists would clink tumblers and survey their respective realms, and then?

Emanuel Judson would continue to dodge the landlady and Acabardi would continue to carouse with models, and one night Emanuel would sleep in Raoul's studio, and the next day they would both sleep in the park. But the dream was a glittering reality, a wonder-work of priceless art—the etched vision of young genius in the gilt frame of the inevitable. The landlady was a nightmare, a bad effect of too much drink. But the dreams! Ah, they were the harmonics on fate's silver-toned violin!

In those days Raoul and Emanuel did not trouble about funds. The first principle of youth's economy is to be short. If you have twenty you need forty and increase the need by the square of the income. I do not remember how long I was young and one and alone, but I do remember that it was all very short, and the change, tho undoubtedly sharp, did not have the obvious edge of a knife or the keen, defining line of a hair.

Arabian numbers are clear and concise—one is one and two are two. Hindu magic is mystic and vague—one is many and two are one. But however the units merge or diverge, I found myself a split entity between the G string of basic reason and the high E of hysteric emotion. I could hear the two chords in my being in discord, the rumble of a warning storm and the shrill defiance of it. Then a contagious vibration that made all the strings tremble in a cacophony of individual wranglings, and then the strings, as under a magnetic affection, blended into a simple harmony of sound, from the deliriu m of a rhapsody to the solemnity of a psalm, and the process had been consummated. My entity had halved; my spirit parted like two petals of a sapphire bud—I had become Misha Judsini, crowned Emperor of Tone, and Simple Emanuel Judson, page-boy to a queen.

There was a soul in my violin and a soul beyond it. The ancient Yogi of the Brahmans had brought forth two distinct personalities from my being, and it is of these two less than the one that I shall now tell you. Yet in the Arabian version of numbers these two may be more.

We Are Two

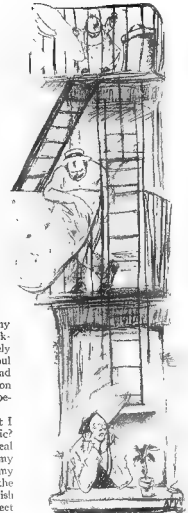
PHILOMEL, Claribel, and Estherelda no longer visited my studio. They would scatter on the marble stools in Acabardi's room and wink and toss their heads slyly in the direction of mine. "So, sweet boy, he's caught at last!" they sneered. And Raoul shrugged his shoulders, "Love is like the ocean. It's the best swimmers who get drowned."

I could have gone in and split a Dante bust over his head for the defense he set up, and yet I could not blame him. Of late I had decided that Raoul was taking too much of my time. And instead of frittering away the sparks that flew from the grindstone of my energy on him and those three beplumed jackdaws, I had planned to devote myself exclusively to my art. For at last I had found the true soul of my violin, the vague spirit that haunted it and lay within its coffin-box had risen like a vision of light and stood in the embodiment of life before me. She was the soul of my violin.

Do you think that after I had realized that I would be interested in anything save my music? I made way for this wonder-image of my ideal that had suddenly entered the harmony of my life and stood like a mute upon the bridge of my fiddle and softened the riotous resonance of the bow. I had been a wild young lad. The swish of a bow and the rustle of a skirt had made sweet song to my flippant ear. The tones had sparkled and frothed through my blood, and a woman had been but a popular tune to be played while it lasted. There were no deeper tones in my bow-wrist, and the G string had always a girlish sound.

But now, with the soul of my violin not an occult abstraction, but a living, breathing reality beside me, I would be master of a music sublime to the art, a maturer power of harmonic emotion where every tone had overtones like the widening ripples on a lake where a pebble is cast and its echoes spread out to the sea. She too was a violinist. We played at the same Institute of Musical Art, and tho I was more advanced she was as promising. In names we were equally unfortunate. Such empty-shelled poppy-cocks as Philomel and Claribel and Estherelda had names like soft Oriental perfume, and she whose musical power had the languishing fragrance of Turkish hashish was called Johanna Tinkersmith of Duttonsville, Alabama.

So you understand why Philomel and Claribel and Estherelda thought themselves quite superior to a mere Johanna Tinkersmith of mere Duttonsville of unmerited Alabama! She could play the violin—perhaps, they snarled, but she was only a plain, exasperatingly plain, little woman, pretty in her plainness, plain in her prettiness—a woman who, unencumbered with a violin, would most probably be seen gripping a rolling-pin!



The I may sound brutal now and you wonder how I dare this irreverent depiction, I assure you that when Johanna stood with her fiddle and her bow she always reminded me of a cook with a leaf and a bread-knife, and every time the bow swept on those strings I could see a slice come off. Whether she was cutting slices of my soul with her music or just slicing the music to pieces I can not interpret now from the hazy traces of that early symbolism. But one thing was certain. I loved her, loved her with all the inflamed and aberrated frenzy that a man can muster under the guise of conceited self-mastery and artistic kinship. I loved her, I think, primarily because I was jealous of her playing, because I despised her playing. I felt that if I looked as she did, a very plain, cubby little thing standing over a French loaf with a baker's knife, violins should be cremated from the earth and virtuosi sent to work.

But on the other hand when I shut my eyes and let the creamy slices of her music fall, they melted in my mouth like angel-cake, and her melodies had the drugging efficacy of a golden feast. Her music was nourishment to me, and this odd cook with her violin and bow fed the hunger in my empty soul.

There was a time when I had been all-sufficient, an island to myself, with full supplies within my borders to withstand the endless onslaughts of the Philistines. I needed none of their art, none of their food, none of their ideas. I made my own music; I fed on the luxuriant reserves of my own imagination and ideas. I could start a canning-factory and supply the world. But now an illicit commerce had smuggled its insidious prongs into my very heart and anchored there. I sold my thoughts to get returns; I gave a kiss, not as a monarch to a republican, but as a thief who gives a penny-piece to belie a grander larceny. There are elephants that will trade their half-ton meal of roughage, straw, and bamboo sticks for a peanut, and there are artists who will trample down a world of fame and bury continents of wealth for a thin little woman's smile.

Johanna and I—we were two. She as great a master of the violin as I, as great an embryonic power in the incubators of the art. We had not sacrificed our ideals for each other; we had only interlocked them, as two great dailies might combine their strengths, growing smaller than either one or larger than the two. I have so much greatness and she has so much greatness—how much greatness have we together? Ha—ha—ha! They did not teach us simple arithmetic like that when we went to school.

But do not misunderstand. Do not imagine that Johanna upon making my acquaintance abandoned the violin forthwith nor at any time thereafter for that matter, and set to making plans for a cozy home, subscribing for love-nest magazines and crocheting table-cloths. Nor did I put my fiddle in its case and become a traveling salesman for some music-supply house. Ah, no! We would love as artists, of, by, and for our art, and stick unto our task unto the last. I would stand on my promontory—she on hers. I would look out upon my world to conquer—she on hers. But somehow as I took my stand and gazed upon the infinite folds of space, I saw it all as background to Johanna, and she from her promontory had blocked her view of revolving solar systems with a half-tone photograph of me.

In life, as in love, as in war, the present is always blocking the future, and a cinder in your eye shuts out the stars. In other words, you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

"'OH, THAT ISN'T HIS FATHER!' RETURNS THE MOTHER WITH RUFFLED DIGNITY 'THAT'S AN ETCHING OF FALSTAFF!'"

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Give them Health

WE are told that three wise men followed the Star and journeyed to Bethlehem that first Christmas night, carrying gorgeous gifts—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

And so the beautiful custom of Christmas gift-giving began. But as time went on many people made drudgery of this lovely practice. Making up Christmas lists became almost as perfunctory as making laundry lists. Tom, Dick and Harry received the usual neckties, handkerchiefs and socks. Betty was put on Mary's list and Mary on Betty's because both hesitated to break a social custom.

Would it not be a sensible thing this Christmas to give more as our hearts may prompt?

* * * *

Twenty-one years ago on Christmas Eve, a young man stood at his work in a post-office in far-away Denmark. Thousands of Christmas letters were pouring through his hands. And as he worked he thought how wonderful it would be if all the happy people who were sending glad Yuletide messages would add a special Christmas stamp to their letters and cards. That extra money would build a hospital in his town for the children sick with tuberculosis!

The young man took his big idea to the King and Queen of Denmark. His plan was enthusiastically greeted. The first Christmas Seals appeared in Denmark in 1904—and the little children got their hospital.

From this simple beginning grew the widespread custom of selling Christmas Seals to fight the Great White Plague.

* * * *

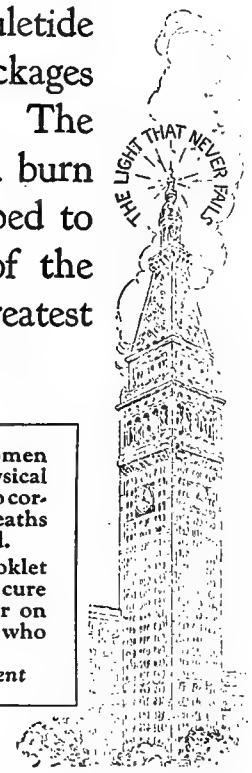
Tuberculosis can be cured—can be prevented and eventually wiped from the face of the earth. But the great battle against it cannot be left solely to those who support our welfare institutions.

Vast amounts of money are needed to bring back to health those who have been stricken with this most cruel of all diseases. Money for open-air camps out in the woods or on sunny mountain slopes—money for long, restful vacations free from worry—money for proper food and care. Still *more* money is needed for the great work of prevention. And this money will be raised through the sale of the little Christmas Seals.

* * * *

Plaintive voices are calling to you for help. Will you help them? Let's *all* get together to help rid the world of this dread disease that shows no mercy for rich or poor.

Buy Christmas Seals as you never bought before. Buy till it makes you happy. Place a voluntary "health tax" on all your cheerful Yuletide letters and thus brighten your gift packages with these gay little symbols of hope. The Christmas candles in your heart will burn more brightly because you have helped to smooth away some of the troubles of the world. This Christmas give the greatest gift of all—the gift of health!



In spite of the splendid work already accomplished in the way of prevention and cure, there are still in the United States a million sufferers from Tuberculosis. A majority of these lives can be saved if right steps are taken immediately.

In twenty years, the tuberculosis death rate in the United States has been cut one-half. In some places, the improvement has been even greater. For example, for seven years, the Metropolitan has assisted in a demonstration of health work in an industrial city, and there the deaths from tuberculosis showed a decline of 69 per cent. The Metropolitan has also been able to obtain most excellent results in its Mount McGregor sanatorium for employees. About 70 per cent of the 1,354 sufferers from tuberculosis discharged from the institution during the last nine years are still at work.

Tuberculosis can be detected in its early stages and can be checked. If men, women and children were given a thorough physical examination every year and took steps to correct physical impairments, 4 out of 5 deaths from Tuberculosis would be prevented.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet telling how to prevent and how to cure Tuberculosis. A free copy of "A War on Consumption" will be mailed to all who ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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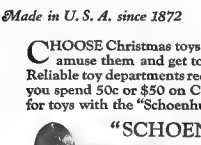
Schoenhut Toys

Made in U. S. A. since 1872 • *American ingenuity and invention*

CHOOSE Christmas toys that educate the children as well as amuse them and get toys that are staunchly made to last. Reliable toy departments recommend Schoenhut toys. Whether you spend 50c or $50 on Christmas toys it will pay you to look for toys with the "Schoenhut" name.

"SCHOENHUT" TOY PIANOS



Many parents or even grandparents will remember the happy days of their childhood when they had a "Schoenhut" Toy Piano.

Start now to train your child to love music — you will be giving a priceless heritage. Music creates joy and happiness throughout life, and real music lovers began their education in infancy. "Schoenhut" Toy Pianos are correctly tuned and cannot get out of tune — the keys in the keyboard are spaced the same as on a large piano, so that the smallest child immediately becomes accustomed to correct fingering.

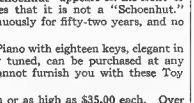
The "Schoenhut" Toy Piano is an American invention, and has never been made anywhere else except in Philadelphia, where it was first produced and put on the market in 1872.

When buying a Toy Piano be sure the name "Schoenhut" appears on the front of the Piano; any other name appearing designates that it is not a "Schoenhut." "Schoenhut" Toy Pianos have been made continuously for fifty-two years, and no other name has ever been used but "Schoenhut."

A very handsome Upright or Baby Grand Toy Piano with eighteen keys, elegant in appearance, strongly constructed and accurately tuned, can be purchased at any leading Toy Dealer for $5.00. If your dealer cannot furnish you with these Toy Pianos, write direct to us.

They can also be purchased as low as 50c each or as high as $35.00 each. Over forty different sizes and styles ranging from a five-key to a thirty-seven key Piano with half notes.

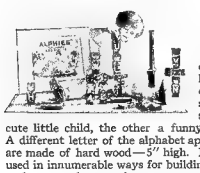
HUMPTY-DUMPTY CIRCUS



The circus always has been and will be the real thrill of a youngster's life — and Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys are designed and made to give a thrill day in and day out, right on the nursery floor. The clowns and animals do real tricks. They are made to balance in unbelievable positions, and most important of all the child makes them perform himself. There is a world of unconscious education for the small mind, the natural instinct to create something new and different is developed while the clowns and animals are being put through their pranks. You can buy Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys at most toy stores — sets cost from $1 to $35 depending on the number of pieces. If your store doesn't sell them, send for a price list and we will send you the toy direct.

ALPHIE BLOCKS

New A. B. C. Blocks



The "Schoenhut" Alphie Blocks are cute, chubby, attractive little creatures, each of which has a separate personality to endear itself to the childish mind. In shape, the blocks present the semblance of human figures. They are handsomely lithographed on both sides; one side a cute little child, the other a funny little animal; each block a different design. A different letter of the alphabet appears on the front and back of each block. They are made of hard wood — 5" high. Flat on the tops, bottoms and sides, they can be used in innumerable ways for building, spelling, etc. Several rubber balls come with each set, to play ten pins.

"SCHOENHUT" DOLLS

"SCHOENHUT" All-Wood Dolls are practically unbreakable — they are the world's only educational doll. They are painted with enamel oil colors that do not come off. Finest quality mohair wigs, or hair carved and painted on the wooden heads. Eyes movable or fixed. We also make 'Mama' dolls, with stuffed soft bodies and hollow wooden heads — durable fine dolls. Ask your dealer for "Schoenhut" Dolls — if he does not have them, write us for illustrated price list; we will ship direct to you.

Look for the name "SCHOENHUT"

With "Schoenhut" Toys in all good stores, no mother need put in the hands of her child carelessly conceived or cheaply constructed toys that break a few days after Christmas. Every "Schoenhut" Toy means education cleverly interwoven with amusement. Look for the name "Schoenhut" which appears on every toy or package.

The A. Schoenhut Company

2297 EAST HAGERT STREET • PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Thinker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

amongst the floating chunks. The water fountains out on either side and drains back again, leaving two large scallops of shine on the floe. That's done.

There's Dummy staring at it. He looks like a dummy for certain. His eyes are big, his mouth is little, pinched, and dry.

What am I going to do?

He sees Frank jump, catch the gunwale, and with a monkey-wriggle get aboard.

What *am* I going to do?

The time has come to think. No, the time to think was a month ago. At the very last it was hours ago, before that boat came there.

How did that boat come there, stocked for the South, riding in that crack in the blue-white floor? How did that crack come there, straight as a ruler from the wharf-ends? Well, this is how it came there. All the distance from the wharf-ends it ate its own way with a ravenous, irresistible speed, pushing before it across the treacherous ice Dummy and Gurry and Frank — herding them willy-nilly — giving them no time to think — driving them like helpless blind ones, stride by stride, chop by chop, before its blind, worming, greedy snout.

DUMMY feels like an actor come to the first night without yet once looking at his lines. In the cold air, from his bloodless face, sweat oozes. He stands there like a stick and opens his mouth.

"Hand me out them boat-hooks from under the rail, Frank."

His mouth falls open again. "You take one of those boat-hooks, Gurry, and while Frank limbers the engine you and me'll go clean out some of them extra chunks, further end."

"That's right," Gurry agrees with contented malice. "My labor don't cost you nothin', does it, Dummy?"

Dummy looks at his boots, his face going red. "Not a cent," says he.

So they go, leaving the shore, the boat, and the people behind them, walking one on either bank, their boat-hooks over their shoulders like the pikes of medieval men-at-arms. Not unmurderous arms, either, these implements, shod at the ends of their ten-foot stocks with twin iron barbs, one coming, one going. So they march, the little man and the big one.

In place of a hundred yards it's a hundred miles. Plod, plod, plod.

Yet it's not far enough to give a man time to think.

The irony of it. Dummy Santos, the thinker! The fellow notorious for being so handy with his brain! Plod, plod. The brain is as dead as the feet.

The whole thing is that your brain works hardest unbeknownst: you'll never realize that you've been thinking a thing out till the business is done and the answer jumps at you. The fearful answer, sometimes.

That water. Look at it, inky black and numb cold. Look at the ice floating in it and the ice-lips along the sides, to let the moon through but no breath. Look, you fool!

Oh, Rosie! If I was a man! If I was half a man! If I had anything against the pitiless world except my head!

Rosie would be all right if this fellow would leave her be. This big windbag. Rosie's not herself, that's all. Dear, beautiful, good Rosie!

Look back at the shore, tho, so far; look up at the wharves, so high; look down again at the water in this madcap cut, inky black between the cakes and paralyzing cold.

"Here's one should go," says Dummy, halting abreast of a cake the size of a dining-table. "Here's one should go," he repeats, staring down at the floater, his face as pale as the dead, his tongue moistening his lip. "Here's one should—should—g-go."

"Well," says Gurry, fetched up at picturesque ease on the further rim, "it's on your side, ain't it?" His voice is full of gusty sarcasm. "You want I should swim over?"

Dummy takes his hook and jabs at the cake. There is something comically fumbling about the way he goes at it. He picks at the thing; the pole seems too heavy for him; a man could do more damage with a table-fork.

"What's ailin' you, Dummy?" Gurry puts his head to one side, as a cock might study the wavings of some newfangled green-blue grub. "That's no way. Put your heft onto it. Heave one corner down in under the ice and give it a shove in back. That's the eye."

Dummy gingers his toes nearer to the brink, heaves his pole perpendicular, and jabs down at a corner of the water-logged cake. He puts his weight on it. He makes a big effort, sucking in breath to swell his cheeks.

Bungling. Inept and luckless. The rotten corner gives way. His boots claw at the ice, but rubber boots aren't claws. His fingers grab at air, but fingers aren't wings. Wharves swoop; the moon whirls up the sky. The water comes up in a black fountain, washes the lip of the floe where he stood but now, subsides, leaving a scallop of shine, and all the little ice fragments bob and clink.

It is amazing how much can happen in twenty seconds.

The wharves screech, the shore yells. "Was it Gurry?"

"Naw, that's Gurry there; ain't you got no eyes?"

"He can't swim, Dummy can't!"

"Can't swim!"

"I think he hit his head, goin' down!"

"He's gone! Gone!"

"Jump, you! Git out o' my way, then; leave me jump off this dock!"

"There goes Frank runnin'!"

Frank yells as he runs: "Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!"

The doctor's wife sits down and clamps her hands to her cheeks.

"Gurry!" everybody's screeching. "What the —!"

"Gurry! Gurry! For Heaven sake!"

Jump from the wharves: go on! Leap from the shore! Run! Sprint!

Frank's voice sounds falsetto: "Gurry! Gurry!"

CALL it twenty seconds. Twenty minutes it seems to Gurry Lorry. He feels as big and hollow as a house, left suddenly all alone out there in the cruel, brilliant, public moonlight on the ice.

He can't think. But, then, Gurry never could think. He's hypnotized. The gulf at his feet is full of too many moons: every little floating ice-splinter has a moon in it, and all weaving different ways on the water-rings, pirouetting, colliding, so many fire-threads. He's hypnotized. A bubble appears over at the other edge with a moon of its own in its crystal chamber. Two ice-slivers pounce upon it and it's gone.

Just as Dummy is gone.

Where's Dummy gone?

Gurry gives a gasp. Squatting down on his hams, he grabs his boat-hook in both hands near the end and begins to probe the deep water. With powerful wild sweeps, knocking the débris about in dissolving arabesques of foam, he lunges. He sweeps east, sweeps west, wringing his wrist-tendons, stirring in submarine circles. Stirring. Stirring. Sweating big cold beads and stirring.

Now the Acadian soul of Gurry rebels. Indignation, self-pity, overwhelms him. To have to squat here, stirring.

Why did fortune have to play its darling a trick like this? Why did worthless Dummy have to choose this public instant for his silly, awkward doom? It's an outrage.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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The lovely Vicomtesse de Frise *discusses her method of caring for her skin*

"Charm and loveliness, which depend so largely upon an exquisite complexion, add immeasurably to a woman's social influence. Fortunately, every woman may possess a lovely skin. But she must give it the right care, a delicate cleansing and a soft protection. These, in my judgment, can best be had by the use of Pond's Two Creams. I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

Vicomtesse de Frise

THE Vicomtesse de Frise was a fascinating American girl. Then she married a titled Parisian.

Today she is one of the most delightful hostesses in Society's younger married set. A piquant intellect, wit and natural tact, plus social experience in the exclusive circles of London, Paris and New York. That's why.

A cosmopolitan atmosphere pervades her "afternoons at home," where titled persons from every country in Europe sip their tea beside interesting Americans of many pursuits.

Realizing that "charm and loveliness depend largely upon an exquisite complexion," the Vicomtesse de Frise did not wait for her taxing social life to write fine lines upon her face before beginning to care for her skin.

Learning of Pond's Method she tried the Two Famous Creams which Pond's laboratories have for years been perfecting. They precisely met her needs as they are meeting the needs of beautiful society women everywhere. And now the Vicomtesse declares: "I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

How the Vicomtesse does it

The first step in this famous method of skin care is a Rejuvenating Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Always after exposure and every night, spread it liberally over your face and neck, letting the pure oil sink deep into the pores to rid them of dirt, dust, powder and rouge. With a soft cloth, wipe it all off. Never mind if you are horrified at the dirt; *just do it again.* And now feel your face! Deliciously relaxed and softened—fresh and recreated, too.

VICOMTESSE DE FRISE

Girlishness, simplicity and unusual social poise give this young vicomtesse a fascinating personality. She attributes the freshness of her camellia-pale skin to the daily care she gives it with Pond's Two Creams

POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY SOCIETY WOMEN TO KEEP YOUNG AND LOVELY

If your skin is very dry, smooth in a little more cream, letting it stay all night on the places where fine lines are forming. You will waken to find them almost gone.

And now the second step—always before you powder, always before going out, smooth on a feathery film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. See what a lovely finished tone it gives your skin. And now watch how well your powder goes on, with a smoothness that makes your skin just rose-leaves. It stays, too. For hours you'll hold that lovely finished look.

Moreover, this delicate greaseless cream smoothed on under your powder before you go out, shields you from the coarsening effects of wind, dust and cold. It gives your skin that "soft protection" the Vicomtesse deems so essential.

Keep your youth and loveliness. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. See how youthful they will keep you. You'll soon find them as "indispensable to the freshness of your complexion" as the Vicomtesse de Frise has found them to her own. The Pond's Extract Company.

THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU — MRS. CONDÉ NAST
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI — MRS. JULIA HOYT
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are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and full instructions for following Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

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Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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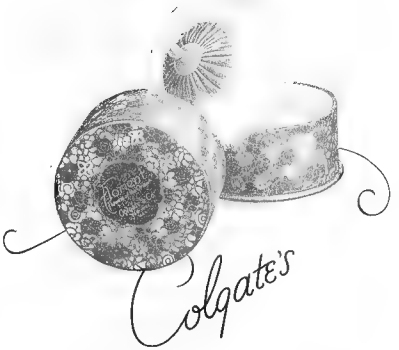

Colgate's

FACE POWDER

Dull complexions become fair, and fair complexions dazzling under the flattering touch of Florient Face Powder

Price 50 cents
Puff not included

The Thinker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

To have to squat here on his hams in the spotlight of the moon, in the eye of the town, his name whistling on a hundred lips—squat here like an old woman, stirring, stirring!

"Gurry!" "Gurry!" "Gurry!"

Like an old woman stirring mush!

What a note!

"Lorry!" Their voices louden in his ears. They'll never forget this.

Thud, thud, thud! Their footfalls make the ice shiver, nearer, nearer. They'll never forget this, never. Like an old woman stirring mush!

Hold, tho! Wait a second! Glory be! The boat-hook catches. The hidden barbs grasp something. Away over there. At farthest arm's length. Over there under the lip of the further side. Twist it, man! Haul! Haul!

Swish! Sag! The devil! It's come loose, the hook!

Grab again, man! Reach further, man; grapple and grab! Look out for your balance, tho, or in you'll go yourself. Into that icy, inky water.

Gurry is scared. A sudden terror dams his windpipe. Water is so awful with the moon on it. Grab! Prod about! Poke and prod!

"Gurry, for Lord sake!" They'll never forget the sight of him, squatting here and poking like an old woman with a broom-straw trying a cake.

Gurry is scared to death. Twenty seconds are gone. That awful water! Once more the water makes a fountain and Gurry's gone beneath it.

Oh, he's scared, no doubt of that. When they haul him out, with his fist clamped in Dummy's hair, you can see his eyes turned up, all whites, from the terror that's under the ice.

They sprawl on the floe, he and Dummy, dragged back from the brink.

"Stand back!" cries some one.

"Gurry!" cries another. "Look up! Get your bearin's. Take a swig of this, old man!"

The gin burns down into his stomach, burns up into his brain.

All over. I've done it. I pulled it off. And I'm all safe, all right!

Gurry's on his feet, at his height, streaming puddles, tossing the wet mane off his brow with a fling of his great glistening head. He looks down at the sodden sprawl of Dummy. Frank's going to pick him up; so is Sam Works; without a word Gurry brushes them both aside and heaves the little fellow up in his big sopping arms and sets off striding shoreward.

That's a picture for you.

"I bet they give him a metal."

"Give him the Carn'gy metal, I bet."

"Dummy drownded, you think?"

AT THE rise of the beach Sam Works takes a hand. He used to be captain at the coast-guard.

"Roll him over a barrel. Roll the water out of him."

They pry him out of Gurry's arms and roll him over a barrel from the freezer. Gurry stands there in a shiver.

"Another swig, Gurry! All you want this time, boy!"

"There's no water into him," Sam announces. "Must've held his breath good. Heart's beatin'. Scared fainted, that's all. Get him home."

Gurry pushes them away. He saved the lad; he'll carry him.

Out in the street, under the drug-store light, the doctor's wife insists on holding him up and wagging one of his burdened hands, saying: "That was a truly valiant act, Mr. Lorry. Thank you." The new nurse with her gives him a nod and a serious smile, looking straight into his eyes. "To-night I have seen a hero."

She's not a bad-looker, this new nurse. Not bad, not bad. Dog!

Gurry thought he knew all the women and girls in town, but there are lots out to-night, some in wrappers or rain-coats with their ankles showing, that he never saw before. And some that would never look at him look at him now, marching through the crisscross lights, with startled, admiring eyes. Who said there weren't fish in the sea? And that new nurse! Dog!

Tramp, tramp, tramp. A multitude of feet. A multitude of murmurs.

"They'll give him a metal."

"Dove right in—never mind the Ice!"

"I never had the hunch 'twas in him. If it come to a pinch——"

Gurry himself, down in the dark bottom of his heart, used to have the same shadowy hunch. If it came to a pinch—What a miracle! What a comfort! What a relief! How grand not to have to claim you're a hero—seeing you *are!* What a rush of warm strength! Dummy's weight is nothing. Poor shrimp!

"Gurry carries him same's a baby."

"Sure. But, say! Say, did I see Dummy's eye open then?"

"You did not. How could you when he's scared fainted, the poor shrimp?"

"Lot o' good thinkin' done him that time, inunder the ice!"

"If it wasn't for Gurry Lorry——"

Tramp, tramp, tramp to the westward; turn up Saltdock; tramp, tramp.

"There's his woman in the door."

"There's Rosie. Somebody must've told her. Say, tho, listen; huh-huh! 'Tain't much like what him and her expected——"

"Hush up, you dirty-mouth fool! As if this was any time——"

GURRY marches through the gate and up the steps. He and his loppy freight fill the lamplit doorway. Rosie retreats before them, her fists to her cheeks, looking faint. Frank trails in. Sam Works guards the gate.

March into the kitchen, smelling of oil cloth, blue flame, and onion-fat. March into the bedroom, smelling of slops and sleep. Lay him down on the bed. No, tho; lay him on the floor till you get his wet things off.

"I'm going to faint," cries Rosie from the kitchen. "I feel so queer."

"Dang the woman! Here, Frank, you get his clo'es off him. Look-a-here, Rosie, don't faint."

"Close the door," says Dummy in a whisper when Gurry is gone.

Frank almost falls over backward from his knees. He doubts his ears.

"Close the door, Frank." Dummy has an eye open, an eye that has looked into hell. If a man figures to make a living and keep a home in this world, tho, he's got to look into some queer places. "Shut the door," he says, for the third time.

When Frank has obeyed and come back to haul at his boots, Dummy says in the same low tone: "Leave me be. You run down and get the engine limbered."

"Well, I'll be!" says Frank. Finally he steps out to the kitchen, where Gurry is propping Rosie up and looking queer.

"He'll come around all right," says Frank. He says the same to Sam and the people outside. "Might's well all go home."

Dummy lies there, toes up, eyes wide. He shakes and shivers. It seems as if he can never get up. He listens. It's the clock ticking. Tick, tick, tick, tick, counting off the precious seconds, the fatal minutes; ticking the wind up, ticking the ice in, ticking the Point shut, ticking the South away. Still he listens toward the kitchen door.

"Oh, Al! Oh, Al!"

"*You* ain't faint. Shucks! Tell yourself you ain't faint, that's all. Now stand up, will you?"

"Oh, Al! Ain't this ——! Oh, Al, look at me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Incredibly simple! yet - thousands are finding their health again in just this way

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"Practically all my life has been spent in Alaska. I had a good appetite but was losing strength and was told that I was troubled with malnutrition. My daughter read the Yeast advertisements and induced me to try yeast. It seems to be that the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables gradually affected my system, and that yeast supplied some needed element. Anyway it rejuvenated me!"

(Extract from a letter from Mr. Theodore A. Church of Berkeley California)

"I believe I tried every kind of salts advertised in America, and the same thing with pills. I ran, played tennis, rode horseback, took abdominal massages—still constipation stuck with me. . . . After about eight weeks of Fleischmann's Yeast I was able to do without pills or salts of any sort. It is now eight months since I have found it necessary to use a cathartic of any kind—and this, understand, is after a condition of *chronic constipation that had lasted for seventeen years.*"

(A letter from Mr. Wilson Lones of Louisville, Kentucky)

"Being a physician I realized that I had Chronic Gastritis. After eating, I always experienced a feeling of distress and depression, which led to pain. Life was a battle and an agony. When Yeast was suggested, it seemed to hold no prospect of final restoration to health, but good logic prompted me to take it. I began by eating one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast after each meal. I triumphed: for, in two months my sufferings ended, and since then I have felt no pain or discomfort."

(A letter from Captain Joseph Finberg, Medical Corps, Chicago)

"My body has frequently been unable to keep the pace my energetic mind has set. In college I received the honor of Phi Beta Kappa, but with an enforced year's rest before my senior year.

"One day while turning the pages of a magazine I read a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. It gave me resolution. I began eating yeast regularly. Very gradually at first I improved then with leaps and bounds physical vigor came flooding back to me."

(A letter from Miss Stellita Treadwell of Memphis, Tenn.)

"I am a regular walking, talking advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast. All my life I have been practically an invalid, due to constipation. When Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me, I ate three cakes a day. And after six weeks' treatment was cured.

"The cure has been permanent. I don't think there is a greater example than myself of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for one, suffering as I was for *37 years with chronic constipation* and all the ills that follow."

(A letter from Mrs. W. C. Matheus of New Orleans, La.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of wate (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form.

All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address. Health Research Dept. A-11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

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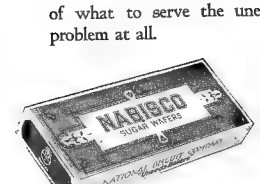
When you don't expect them

IT'S A WISE HOSTESS who keeps a generous supply of "Uneeda Bakers" sugar wafers on the pantry shelves. To such a discerning woman the problem of what to serve the unexpected guest is no problem at all.



Take NABISCO, for instance; the lightness of its two wafers and the tasty flavor of its creamy filling make it a favorite with everyone.

There's HARLEQUIN, too, another well-liked sugar wafer, with triple layers of delicious cake and alternate layers of creamy filling.

And FESTINO, the crisp and delectable wafer that looks and tastes like an almond.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

The Thinker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"Why for? Say, Rosie, now look-a-here, you don't seem to ——"

"Oh, Al!"

"You don't realize. You come awful near not havin' no husband to-night. If I didn't get him that second—if I didn't dive in under the ice that second, I never'd've been able to save your husband's life. Same's I did."

"Oh, Al!"

"I never think much about it at the time, but now it seem like folks are carryin' on like I was some sort of a big hero——"

"Al-Albert! What's come over you? Al!"

"Yes, but—but—here's a chair; you best set down."

"Oh, Al!"

The bedroom door opens, and there's her husband in his drowned clothes.

"What's happened?" he asks in a thick, weak voice, staring at Gurry. "How'd I come here? I was inunder the ice, drowndin'. Who got me?"

Gurry hangs his head, and his face suffuses. That's something new under the sun.

"Your clo'es is wet, Gurry. 'Twa'n't *you* got me!"

"'Twas too him," says Rosie.

Gurry pouts his lips. "'Twa'n't nothin'," he grumbles.

"Nothin', eh? Nothin'? I *guess* not." Dummy gazes at the simple fellow with a look of awe. "Guess they won't think it's nothin' when they get round to givin' you one of these metals for heroes. Nothin', eh?"

"Huh!" Gurry wrings out a coat-sleeve on the oilcloth. "I'd look great in a metal, I would. Won't catch me wearin' no metal around."

"Well," says Dummy, "I got to thank you for my life, that's all, and so has Rosie. From now on anything I got in the world is yourn for the askin', that's all. I got to beat it now, or I won't get South. Good-by, Rosie, old girl. Good-by——"

"Good-by, Rosie," Gurry chimes in, edging toward the door.

"You ought to get dry," Rosie cries at him, half wail, half rage.

"Yeh, you ought to get dry," says Dummy, looking back agreeably from half-way out of the door.

Gurry bites his lip and grins uneasily, edging out all the while.

"Guess we ain't neither of us so wet now as we was, inunder the ice there, eh, Dummy? Well, Rosie, good-by."

Side by side they tramp down Saltdock, their boots going squash, squash, squash, with the water in them.

"I got to get a move on," says Dummy. "What if that ice has shut in, after all," says he, and he begins to run.

"I'm froze," says Gurry, running too. Squash, squash, they get along, Dummy at his knotty calculations, Gurry at his large, smooth, fortunate ones.

"Gurry," says Dummy, cornering an eye up at the big trotter, "if you wouldn't mind, while I'm gone South, droppin' round now and then to see that Rosie's all safe, all right. Tho her and me owe you so much already——"

"A man worries too much," says Gurry, swallowing his Adam's apple, his eyes rapt ahead. "Dummy, you don't happen to know where this new visitin' nurse is puttin' up, do you?"

"Never seen her," says Dummy. "Portugee woman?"

"Portugee? Guess *not!* Guess you *ain't* seen this girl! *Dog!*"

Well, that's over. That's done. There goes Town Hall: one, two, three . . . eleven. Eleven! And you can smell the weather making in from the east.

Dummy is sitting on the cuddy-roof, a big coat over his shoulders, elbow on knee, chin on fist, as the ketch comes clear of the last scattering cakes beyond the Point and swings her head to the south.

"What you thinkin' of?" asks Frank from the wheel.

Thinking! Thinking! How Dummy hates and despises thinking! If he could only get along in the world some other way, with some splendor, some heroism, some grace!

"I'm tryin' to think would we be more apt to run onto 'em off Jersey," he says, with a line up his forehead, "or down off the Virginia capes."

The Miracle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

woman; it was just as real as the deck of this yacht, as this hot night, as that great flaming Cross up yonder. She said that she saw the Lake of Como.

"Ever been to Como, Doctor? It's God's heaven on this hell of an earth! She said she saw it as clearly as she had ever seen it in life. A white villa dreamy in the sun; a path leading from the green-tiled terrace to the water; a narrow path descending through the flowering shrubs. The lake below it looked like a sapphire; it looked like a molten sapphire poured into the cup of the hills. She saw a man ascending on this path whose features and whose figure were vitalized with expectancy. He advanced among the flowering shrubs, like some errant god at adventure in the morning of the world."

He paused.

"I didn't make up that sentence, Doctor. That's the way she thought about it. In a moment she would be in his arms; and there to the left of the path, where his hand, if he should extend it, would touch her golden garment, was this woman! It was a persisting obsession. It was in some strange manner a part of herself. That's how she felt about it. It was like a defect in the eye, that no strain, no trick of vision would eliminate; yes, that was it. It was something etched forever on the lens of the eye. She could no longer see without it. Let her try. She returned from a garden, heavy with odor, through a casement door into a great room of masked dancers, her mouth thrilling with a kiss; a saturnalia of sound and color; every fairy costume, swinging in the vast maze of the dance, and there in an island, surrounded by this riot, but never overrun by it, as tho excluded by a wall invisible but adamant, was this radiant thing.

"Anger, resentment seized her.

"Why should her joy in life be negatived by a thing like this? Its very immobility was appalling. It neither caused nor menaced. It remained always the same, a part of her, projected eternally through the lens of the eye—a sight defect.

"The resentment moved her. She would assert her will. She would be rid of this intruder. And with her hand extended toward the latch of the door, she turned. And at once the disturbing fancy fell away like the unsubstantial fabric of a nightmare. There were only a mountain woman and her child meekly beside her. The woman spoke. There was friendly sympathy in the soft voice.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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Shopping for Meat

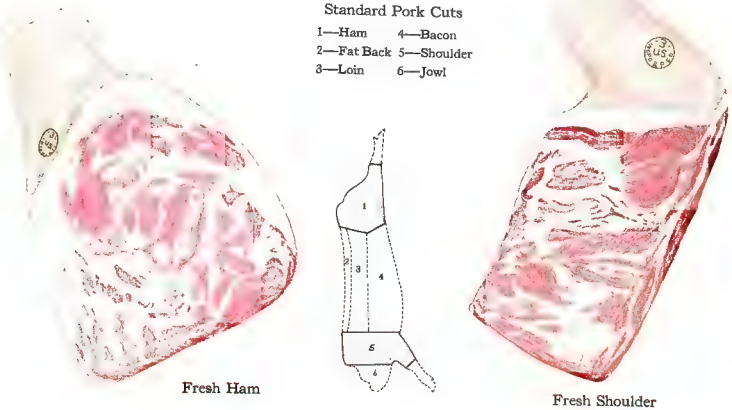
Unusual steaks and roasts from fresh pork

Hams and shoulders of pork are not always cured and smoked. They are also available in the retail markets as fresh meats.

The chart below shows some of the unusual delicacies that fresh hams and shoulders provide—tender, sweet steaks, juicy roasts, and economical cuts for enriching boiled dinners. Use this chart in buying, and write today for recipes that tell how best to prepare these cuts.

Our refrigerator cars and selling facilities get fresh pork through to your retailer in the best of condition.

This is only a part of the service Swift & Company performs at a profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound.



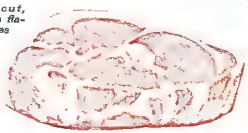
Fresh Ham

Fresh Shoulder

Fresh Ham Shank
An economical cut, imparts delicious flavor to vegetables

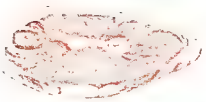
When you buy meats look for the legend "U. S. Government Inspected and Passed" on the wholesale cut

Fresh Shoulder Hock
This cut is particularly good boiled with cabbage or seasonal greens



Fresh Ham Roast
A choice pork roast, practically all meat, may be had from a thick slice of fresh ham

Fresh Shoulder Roast
A meat bargain in a tender square-cut roast



Fresh Ham Steak
A fresh ham steak is just the thing for a quick meal

Write for recipes on filing cards

A new set of recipes, on cards, designed especially for the preparation of fresh hams and shoulders, also additional copies of this chart, will be sent free upon request to Home Economics Dept., Swift & Company, Chicago

Fresh Shoulder Chop
Makes a large chop or a small steak, at a very considerable saving

Swift & Company

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© 1924 by The Jell-O Company, Inc.

America's most famous dessert

JELL-O

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THE HOME BUREAU

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Value of Play and Playthings in the Development of Children

I HAVE a large circle of little relatives and friends to whom I make Christmas presents every year. Can you give me any hints about gifts that will be worth while? The ages of the children range from a brand-new or expected baby up to children of eleven and twelve years.
—MRS. J——.

Play and playthings exert a large influence in the development of both the mental and physical sides of a child's nature. Children should be taught to value their possessions and take care of them. From the time a baby can walk alone he should at least "help mother" pick up his own toys. A toy-box or low shelves should always be provided for a child's toys. He should have some one place where he can keep all his own things together. He should be taught to take out only one or two toys at a time and put these back in place before taking others. Valuable lessons in neatness and order can be taught even a baby of one to two years of age.

ONE OF PICTORIAL REVIEW'S BABIES

No child should be allowed to sit down and deliberately destroy a toy or book; if he attempts this, the article should be taken away from him until he learns not to be destructive. In selecting toys for children the following points should be kept in mind: have them washable for the younger children at least; do not select articles that have small parts which may become detached and swallowed; if the toy is painted, be sure it is the kind of paint that will not come off.

Toys covered with hair, wool, or other dust-catching materials are not advisable in a nursery of young children. Bits of the hair or wool are often picked off and eaten by children; germs and dust of all kinds collect in the beloved animal's fur, and after the child has become really attached to it ordinary cleanliness often makes it necessary to destroy the toy. The shops are full of well-made, sanitary toys, and with a little thought as to the foregoing points it should not be difficult to make a wise selection.

Children have a vivid imagination and should be given articles that will allow them to use this gift. A set of blocks is much better than a more elaborate toy which is already made up into some special form. From the blocks the child may construct many different things; houses, trains, bridges, etc., may be made by the little hands, while the busy little brain is at work pretending. Constructive toys are useful for children of all ages; the big brothers and sisters often greatly enjoy making toys for the younger children if they are given special sets of constructive material to work with.

Kindergarten "gifts" and "busy work" of all sorts make splendid gifts for children. Color-schemes, designing, sewing, drawing, clay- and sand-modeling, weaving, and many other forms of handicraft work are taught with much pleasure and profit by such presents.

Toys to be used out-of-doors are great aids in developing the young bones and muscles. Roller- and ice-skates, "skooters," tricycles, velocipedes, hoops, balls, and jump-ropes, all help to keep a child active and happy out-of-doors. Children need happy play as much as they need rest and food if they are to develop into the best types of men and women.

Books are a very valuable present to children of all ages. The very young child one year of age or a little older will enjoy a linen book or brightly colored animals; he will soon learn the names of the different animals and birds and tell what they "say."

Good old "Mother Goose," Stevenson's beautiful books, and some of the old fairy-tales generally come next. In selecting books for the older children try to get something of lasting value. Teach these children the fun of forming a little library all their own, and on Christmas and birthdays give them one or two good volumes to add to the collection. This forms a taste for good reading and is not a waste of time for the child, as it is when he is allowed to read anything that happens to come along. Worth-while books can be just as interesting as trashy ones.

For the brand-new or expected baby it is usually wiser to give some useful article rather than a toy. It is a good plan to combine a present for mother and baby.

We have a leaflet on "Essentials for the New Baby" that we shall be glad to send any one interested, provided the self-addressed, United States stamped envelop is enclosed.

Enroll Your Baby

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with your self-addressed United States stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, the self-addressed, United States stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

57

HEINZ holiday desserts

The goodness of Mince Meat depends upon the goodness of what goes into it.

Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Fig Pudding

Spices, currants, raisins, apples, beef, citron, cider—all gathered from the lands where each grows best and made into a delicious food by skilled chefs in kitchens of spotless cleanliness—

That is Heinz Mince Meat—ready at your grocer's in glass jars and tins—a delicious, wholesome filling for your holiday dessert.

Heinz Plum Pudding

Made from the choicest materials after a perfect recipe by skilled cooks in the Heinz spotless kitchens. A delicious, wholesome dessert, worthy of an honored place in your holiday menu.

Heinz Fig Pudding

Rich with figs, but light and digestible. No matter how heavy the meal there is always room for this tempting Heinz dessert. Serve it with the special sauce, the recipe for which is on the can.

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"Say Merry Christmas" with a Waterman's

Whether you say "Merry Christmas" with a letter or a present, *say it with a Waterman's*—a pen that writes a perfect letter and makes a perfect gift.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

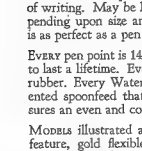
WHEN you give a Waterman's there is no doubt about the value or acceptability of the gift. For forty years Waterman's has been recognized as the pen of all pens.

DIFFERENT sized holders for different sized hands; different pen points for different styles of writing. May be had from $2.50 to $50, depending upon size and decoration. Every pen is as perfect as a pen can be made.

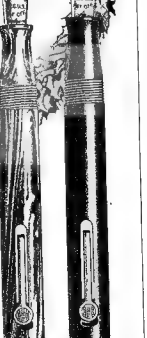
EVERY pen point is 14-carat gold, iridium-tipped, to last a lifetime. Every holder is made of pure rubber. Every Waterman's is made with a patented spoonfeed that controls the ink and insures an even and constant flow.

MODELS illustrated are made with our special feature, gold flexible lip-band. Holders red, mottled and black. Sell for $4.00, $5.50 and $6.50, according to size.

ASK your merchant to show you a Waterman's.



Look for this show-card and Waterman's pens on display in merchants' windows. 50,000 reliable merchants sell them.



$5.50 Pens Actual Size

L. E. Waterman Company

191 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Rock-A-Bye High Chair No. 5.

Makes any chair a high chair. Made of gray enameled steel, rubber covered. Seat is white washable duck. Folds to fit suit-case. Fine for use in hotels, restaurants and homes. At dealers or by mail. Send for catalog of nursery accessories.

PERFECTION MFG. CO., 1670 N. Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Complete $2.50

Baby's Christmas Present

Nothing finer than De Lux Hand-Made Baby Wear can be bought for the money. Made by real French needle-workers.

Write For Illustrated Xmas Folder with gift suggestions for babies and young children. Holiday assortments; best materials; satisfaction guaranteed.

Also Ask For free fall and winter catalogue with paper doll cut-outs of "Boband Betty" for the children. Illustrates everything for Baby and up to 10 years. Novelties and nursery furniture.

DEPTS. Boys, P-12, New Orleans, La.

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THE HOME BUREAU

Fill Up the Candy-Boxes

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones

CHRISTMAS time is candy time for young and old, big and little, and your own home kitchen can be turned into a shop for making the most fascinating sweets to delight your family and your friends, if you should decide to use some of your "output" as gifts.

If you do not already own a thermometer, by all means purchase one immediately, for a thermometer will give a certainty to your candy-making that can be gained in no other way. But if you find yourself without one you can use the "cold-water test" to decide when your candy is ready to remove from the stove; but be sure to use really cold water for testing.

We will send you a small chart giving the temperatures and cold-water tests for the different kinds of candies.

The creamy candies—fondant, fudge, and penuchi—seem to be the stumbling-blocks in the candy family, but at the same time they offer the greatest possibilities for variation. You may not like plain fondant with a nut perched on top, but fondant can be used as a foundation for many candies. There are the drop-patties, flavored and colored according to fancy; fondant-covered nuts, centers for chocolate-dipping; and fondant-loaves. These are just a few of the possibilities of a basic recipe. Do not always make a plain vanilla fondant, but try a chocolate fondant, or one made with caramel-sirup; or, by way of variety, maple, coffee, lemon, or orange.

Fudge also lends itself to many changes and may be varied by adding dried fruits, nuts, marshmallows, peanut butter, or coconut.

Chocolate-dipping is a very highly specialized phase of candy-making, and it is far better to buy your chocolates, unless you have the patience to keep on trying until you have acquired skill enough to turn out a creditable product.

We want our fondants and fudges smooth and creamy and just the right melting quality when we eat them. The question is, how to turn out a creamy candy with all these characteristics. Rule No. 1 is to cook to the correct temperature, and then cool until lukewarm (110 degrees F.) before beating, in order to avoid large sugar crystals. Many recipes for fondant, fudge, and the operas call for corn-sirup as an added precaution against grainy candy, but cream of tartar, lemon-juice, vinegar, or acetic acid can be used in its place. There is real chemistry back of this.

The cane- or beet-sugar which is used in the majority of our candies is in crystalline form, and it is these crystals that we want to avoid in order to have a smooth, delightful product. We want to change some of this cane-sugar into another form which is in smaller crystals. Just boiling will help; some of the acids may be used; or corn-sirup (glucose) may be added to prevent crystals from forming. In our own candies we prefer to use corn-sirup, but if we haven't it on hand we use cream of tartar as its flavor is not detected and it is easy to handle.

But even the addition of glucose or an acid to your fondant, and cooking and cooling to right temperature may not save it from graining. There are other precautions that must be taken in the making. The sides of the kettle should be kept free from crystals, for if even one drops into the kettle it may cause the whole batch to become unruly and form a crystalline mass. Stir the sirup only until it begins to boil, and then put on the cover for three or four minutes. The steam should wash away any of the crystals that tend to form on the sides of the saucepan. After the cover is removed keep the sides of the kettle washed off and free from crystals with a piece of damp cheese-cloth wrapped around a fork.

Stirring sirup while it is cooking may cause it to grain. This is why directions for fondant and clear candies are so emphatic in stating that the sirup must not be stirred after it begins to boil. The milk, cream, and butter in candies also help to prevent crystallization, and so fudge may safely be stirred to keep it from sticking. But if fondant which is made of water should be handled in the same casual fashion it might grain, and so waste materials and time.

JUST the right temperature in candy-making is of paramount importance. Most of the fudges and penuchis are cooked to 236 degrees F., and you should watch the thermometer carefully to see that it does not go above this point if you want a soft, creamy candy. If you are using a "cold-water" test, cook to the soft-ball stage. Occasionally fudge or penuchi has a slightly curdled appearance when it first begins to cook. This is due to the action of the acid in the brown sugar or the chocolate on the milk. If this does happen begin to stir immediately to break up these curds and keep others from forming. But curdling can be prevented by stirring the mixture when it is *first* put on the stove.

If your fondant is to be a "soft" one—for mint patties, icing for cake, or for any other use where the fondant is melted in a double boiler and then dropped—cook to 238 degrees F. But if the fondant is to be molded cook to 240 degrees F.

We sometimes think of caramels as a great undertaking, but they can be made at home very successfully. But you must have courage to cook them long enough and patience to stir from start to finish to prevent curdling and scorching. Caramels are usually cooked to 248 degrees F. This candy calls for a large amount of cream, which should not be curtailed, as it is the cream which gives it that delightful smooth chewy consistency.

As youngsters we were only too ready to blame the weather, the sugar, or the kettle when our taffy was so soft or so hard or so grainy that it just wouldn't pull. But as a matter of fact we were in such a rush that we didn't usually allow it to cook long enough.

We have not been able to tell you nearly all we should like about the possibilities of home-made candy, and we have ignored such achievements as glacéd nuts and fruits, apple on the stick (which the children love), marzipan, the brittle family, and stuffed fruits. *So we suggest that if you wish any special recipes you write to us for them, sending a self-addressed stamped envelop.*

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COTY

PRESENTS HIS ORIGINAL PERFUME COMPOSITIONS EACH CREATED TO EMPHASIZE A LOVELY PERSONALITY

L'Origan—Radiating the compelling allure of women of delicate sophistication and exquisite elegance, perfect in poise and graciously imperious.

"Paris"—Entrancing, beguiling—giving fragrant expression to the woman of gay audacity and provoking contrasts, ever-challenging.

Chypre—Mystery of the east—disturbing, strange—accenting the allure of exotic temperaments of swift moods and limitless diversity.

Rose Jacqueminot—Tantalizing, alluring—drifting in fragrance the spell of delicious coquetry and playful mischief.

Ambre Antique—For women of intriguing aloofness—expressing the inscrutable fascination of the unattainable.

Jasmin—Pale flower of romance—enchanting perfume of the elusive woman, of intangible, wistful charm.

Lilas Blanc—Breathing the charm of pale blonde women, sensitive, unapproachable, with unstirred fires beneath the snow.

Violette—Sweet hidden treasures—expressing the indescribable charms of the shy, sensitive child-woman—exquisitely tender and fragile.

Styx—Irresistible fragrance of the unknown—subtle expression of the enigmatic personality, serene, tranquil, of incomprehensible depths.

Lilas Pourpre—Thrill of life and mad, sweet gayety—for the joyous temperament—with dancing feet and laughing mouth.

Oeillet—Translating in ever fresh perfume the woman of infinite complexity and many, changing personalities.

Muguet—Exquisite scent of Lilies of the Valley—magic of youth and spring—for the slender debutante, lovely in her delicate freshness.

Ambrine—A touch of the bizarre—a hint of the barbaric—accenting the woman of vivid intensity.

Heliotrope—Sweetness of old fashioned gardens—essence of warmth of gentle softness and lasting sentiment.

Violette Pourpre—Fire and dew—fragrance of elf women, fugitive, untaught, half pagan, wholly alluring.

Iris—Melancholy, minor music—voicing for the idealistic temperament, the unattainable beauty of its illusions, its undying dreams.

L'Effleurt—Dream gardens—breath of 9 hundred blossoms under the sun of summer—intensifying the charm of fair flower women.

Jacinthe—Scent of hyacinths, recalling the classic goddesses of Greece—for women, divinely tall and fair.

L'Or—Preciousness of gold—ever alluring—inspiring fragrance of the golden blends of sunset hair and clear eyes.

Cyclamen—Vivid threads of fleeting moods in the grey web of life—expressing women of volatile, changeful nature.

Emeraude—Mystery of the Emerald in perfume—inspiring and ever new—differing subtly with each woman who wears it—giving its loveliest fragrance when mingled with the soft warmth of flesh.

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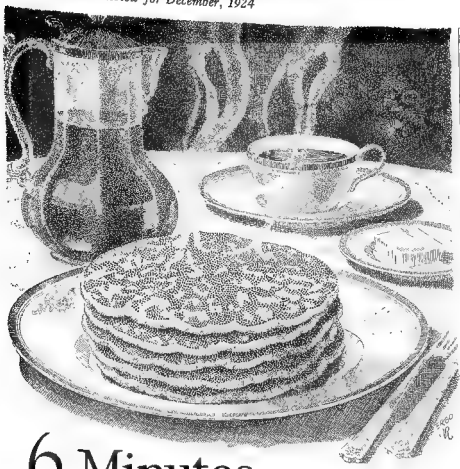

6 Minutes *from package to table*

If everyone knew how quickly a delicious breakfast can be prepared with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, pancakes would soon become the national breakfast.

First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's, and you have a rich, smooth, creamy batter. Grease your hot pan a bit and pour it in. Let the heat brown the batter into fluffy cakes and, six minutes in all, they're ready to serve.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains only highest-grade Pillsbury-standard ingredients mixed and sifted to powder-fineness by the Pillsbury process. Light-textured and tender as they are, Pillsbury Pancakes are wholesome, substantial.

Have these delicious pancakes for breakfast tomorrow!

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

Make This Test Yourself
Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Buckwheat | Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Rye Flour | Pancake Flour, Health Bran, Graham Flour | Wheat Cereal, Farina

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family

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THE HOME BUREAU

The Goody Christmas Tree

By Hetty Lovejoy Sorden

THE realization of the brightest dream of your childhood—a Christmas tree all shimmering in loveliness! Trimmed in beauty that is tempting alike to the eye and to the palate—good enough to eat, and wholly eatable!

Would you taste a bonbon? Just remove the silver-foil covering from that lightly swaying, shimmering "ball." Snip the thread by which it hangs and let its lusciousness melt in your mouth.

That shining star way up at the top of the tree with its gold-foil dress removed is one of mother's thin, crispy cookies. Small candy bells that all but tinkle are happy deceivers. They never could peal forth with a merry Christmas chime, but their sugared-almond clappers, sunk deep down in rich fondant, are excuse enough for their being.

Those glistening, varicolored festoons, without which no goody Christmas tree could be complete, are rosaries of spiced gum-drops—mint, lemon, violet, orange, and cinnamon—each one adding a sugar-coated radiance to the tree's adornment.

In like manner every other ornament on the tree is a goody, disguised more often than not in gay Christmas armors that compare favorably in beauty and luster with all of the tinsel and fragile balls of the ordinary Christmas tree.

As a novel center decoration for Christmas holiday parties nothing can be more appropriate than the goody Christmas tree. Children will be enchanted by its uniqueness, and adults will long carry its happy image in their hearts as an inwardly grown smile.

Sweets of almost any variety, a needle and thread, and pieces of gold, silver, and other fancy foils such as are used so profusely as linings for candy-boxes and as individual bonbon wrappings, or around milk-chocolate bars, chewing-gum, and many articles used in a household, are all the equipment that you will need. Bits of foil that have already been used are quite satisfactory for a second use. If you can not collect as much of this foil as you will need, your confectioner or a confectioners' supply company will probably sell you enough to dress your Christmas tree. Gilded or silvered paper will not prove satisfactory because it is not soft and malleable, as is the foil.

Round, hard candies, such as are put up in jars, make excellent balls. This type of candy is particularly good for a tree trimmed for a children's party. Tie a piece of sewing-silk or sewing-thread (dark-green preferably) tightly about the candy, leaving two ends at least four inches long. Fancy foil-paper, such as comes about an individual bonbon or chocolate candy, is usually large enough to cover two medium-sized hard candies. Cut the foil into halves.

Thread a needle with the ends of the silk or cotton left tied about the candy, and draw the thread through the center of the piece of foil. Unless it is too large, you need not cut the foil at all; it is so soft that by folding in darts you can shape it snugly about the candy. Then press between your thumb and first finger until the coating stays in place. You will not need either paste or mucilage, for the thread through the center will make it impossible for the wrapping to fall off. Tie the threads together to form a loop by which to hang the candy to the tree.

This is the simple principle by which all of the tree's ornaments can be made, with any type of candy for the center.

In using Jordan, sugared, or salted almonds, or other oval candies, such as long, narrow spiced gum-drops or chocolate-coated crackers, tie the thread about the candy above the center, near the top. When the wrapping is put on snugly, and twisted about both top and bottom, the candy will hang perfectly balanced. For nougats or other oblong candies tie the thread in the middle of the small surface. Caramels or square pieces of fudge will look well suspended, diamond-shape, from the edge.

One or two candied lemon-peel baskets, filled with brightly colored candies, will add to the dressiness of the tree.

Spiced gum-drop festoons are by all odds the most colorful trimming for the goody Christmas tree. Buy the assorted small gum-drops. It is effective to make short chains of one solid color and longer chains of variegated colors.

String the gum-drops, as you would beads, on a darning-needle threaded with a piece of cord. Have a bowl of clear water close beside you, and wash off the needle as often as it gets sticky. If you keep the needle smooth and free from bits of the gum from the inside of the candies, the gum-drops will not lose their shape and will slip over the cord easily.

In some varieties of boxed candy fluted metal cups are used instead of the usual fluted paper cups. If you will save these you will have the makings of dainty little candy bells and candle-holders for your tree.

Sugared almonds make delectable pendants to hang from tiny end branches that will not bear the weight of heavier decorations. They may be left uncovered and suspended by a piece of silk thread tied close around the almond, or they may be wrapped in fancy foil-paper. Directions for making the candy bells, candle-holders, and sugared almonds will be sent on request.

If a comic mood is desired small candy figures or animals can be made from gum-drops, or cut from fudge with a cooky cutter.

One joy of the goody Christmas tree is that it lends itself to endless variation in decoration. Nuts, shelled or unshelled, may be hung on the tree, covered or uncovered. Pop-corn strings may be used with or without the spiced gum-drop chains. One inspiration will follow quickly on another from the moment you begin planning your tree.

A goody Christmas tree may be as simple or as elaborate as you have time to make it. But even the simplest of these trees makes a novel decoration for a Christmas holiday party.

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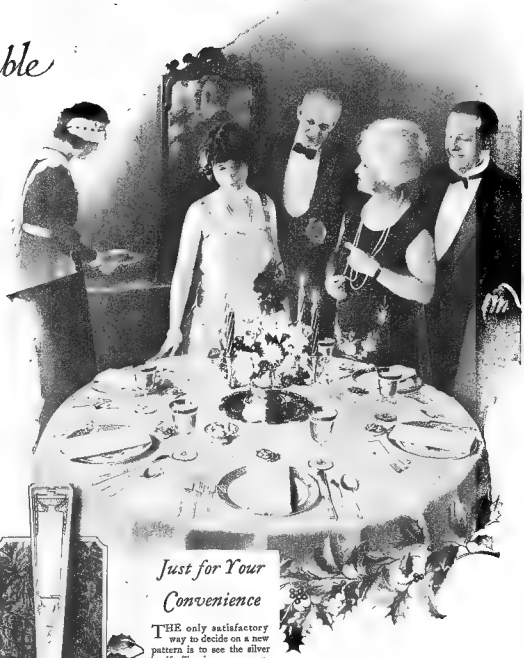
You, too, can be proud of your exquisite table



AND who wouldn't be proud of owning an exclusive kind of silver and in knowing how to arrange her table appointments correctly?

The Buckingham design was made to appeal especially to young women of unfaltering taste. Its delicately hammered background and the ornamental group are indicative of the luxury and refinement which cultivated women desire. The graceful motif of the Georgian period harmonizes with the Colonial decorative schemes so popular today. The finest quality of stainless steel blades is used in the knives. This is the Buckingham: a beautiful design, made in the best Wallace Plate!

We feel that after getting your own teaspoon, you will not be content until you possess at least a 26-piece dinner set. Go to your local dealer and buy it for only $32.10. Be sure you receive it in the Blue Bird Box which goes to you with his and our compliments.

And now about the Hostess Book. The Wallace Hostess Book will help you in countless ways. It contains practical etiquette suggestions as well as information about various kinds of entertainments. You may have a copy for only 25c.

THE R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.,
Dept. 12 R., Wallingford, Conn.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing:

☐ 25c For one Buckingham teaspoon
☐ 25c For one Hostess Book

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name .....

The Blue Bird Box

Patents Pending

This is a handsome blue keratol covered, velveteen lined *wooden* box—not a flimsy pasteboard one. It is so made that it slips easily into any buffet drawer.

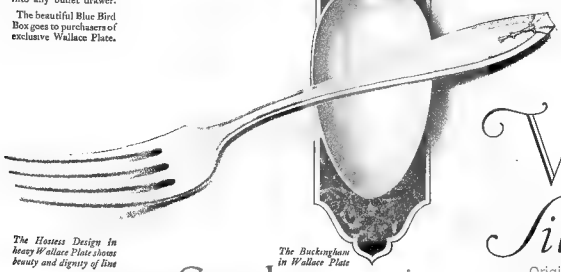
The beautiful Blue Bird Box goes to purchasers of exclusive Wallace Plate.

Just for Your Convenience

THE only satisfactory way to decide on a new pattern is to see the silver itself. To give you an opportunity to study at your leisure, the real beauty of design and rich quality of this new pattern in Wallace silver plate, we will send you a Buckingham teaspoon.

Send the coupon today and you will receive the Buckingham teaspoon immediately. Only one, of course, to each person. It is because we are confident it is just the beautiful design you will want that we make this unusual offer.

Send your dealer's name and 25 cents to partially cover the expense. Address R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Dept. 12 R., Wallingford, Conn.



The Hostess Design in heavy Wallace Plate shows beauty and dignity of line

The Buckingham in Wallace Plate

WALLACE *Silver* STERLING AND PLATE

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For the Holiday Table

DO NOT spend all Christmas morning in the kitchen. Make your Dessert and Salad with Knox Sparkling Gelatine the day before and be free to enjoy the day. Also make your candies a few days ahead, pack in attractive boxes tied with ribbon and send to your friends as Christmas gifts; you may also tie them on the Christmas tree, or give them as favors at the Christmas dinner. Special recipes for these candies will be sent you upon request.

Christmas Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup seeded raisins
1 pint milk
1 cup sugar
½ cup dates
1½ squares chocolate
½ cup nuts
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup currants
2 egg whites
Salt

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler, add chopped fruit. When boiling, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold to serve; dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Cranberry Salad

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 pint cranberries
1½ cups cold water
¾ cup celery, diced
1 cup sugar
½ cup nut meats, chopped
Salt

Cook the cranberries in one cup water twenty minutes. Stir in the sugar and cook for five minutes. Add the gelatine, which has been softened in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and stir until dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken, add celery and nuts, and turn into pan, which has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. When firm, cut in squares, place a whole nut meat on top of each square, and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of salad dressing.

Other Holiday Recipes—Free

For every home meal—every social occasion—there are many original and delightful recipes in Mrs. Knox's books. Sent free with a book on "The Health Value of Gelatine" for your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

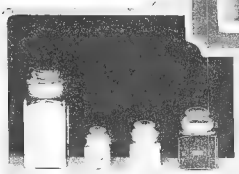
Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.

THE HOME BUREAU

Tools for Women

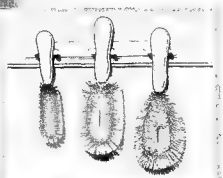
Practical Gifts for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

EVERY housekeeper needs a library with the best of the works on her profession. We can think of no more appropriate Christmas present than one or more books and a bookshelf for the kitchen or the home office. Any carpenter can make a simple case such as shown here, and it takes up very little room. For a newly-wed we suggest a reliable cook-book, a good book on nutrition, and one on household management.



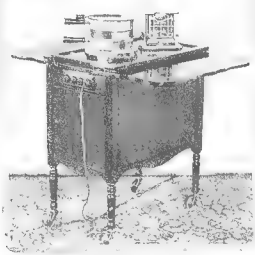
A SET of utility-jars for the current supply of flour, sugar, coffee, tea, baking-powder, and spices is another Christmas suggestion. These jars are made of a good glass and have ground-glass stoppers.

THESE brushes are most attractive and come in a set of three, with a holder which can be fastened on the wall. The handles are of a celluloid-like composition and the bristles are white. The largest brush, which is very easily cleaned, is for the hair; the other two have just the right bristles for the nails and flesh.



STAINLESS steel is every woman's friend. Its use saves time and labor. There are ten pieces and a holder which belong to this particular family of kitchen utensils, and room is left to hold two more

THIS practical tea-wagon is especially planned for the family that enjoys cooking electrically, for in the front there is a panel with four electrical connections, one for the main feed-line, the other three for the cooking-devices. Another special feature of the wagon is the cupboard, which is convenient for holding dishes and supplies. When the drop-leaves are up, the wagon is made into a real table, which is very comfortable for two. It may be bought in both mahogany and walnut finishes.



How they have grown

STEADY, sturdy growth is possible only to children who are both *well fed* and *well nourished*. Many a child suffers from malnutrition because he *assimilates* only a small portion of the food he eats.

Milk should play a prominent part in the diet of the healthy child, and scientific research has discovered that Knox Sparkling Gelatine properly dissolved and added to cow's milk increases by about 23% the amount of nourishment obtainable from that milk.

Growing children need Knox Gelatine in their every day diet, and fortunately there is no end to the delicious and different ways it can be introduced.

The busy housewife will realize that one of the great advantages in gelatine dishes is that they delight the *whole* family—there is no need to prepare special portions for the children—*everyone* is benefited by the addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to the dietary.

For 4c in stamps to cover mailing, we will, send free upon request "The Health Value of Gelatine"—filled with valuable suggestions for all mothers who want to increase the vitality of their children.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.

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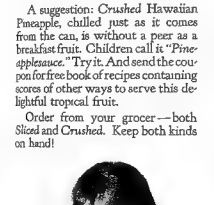
Where Good Health meets with appetite

"Fruit every day for growing children," isn't always as easy as it sounds.

How fortunate that one of Nature's most healthful fruits—luscious, sun-ripened Hawaiian Pineapple—should at the same time be a fruit that everyone likes! And how fortunate that it should be available at all seasons—packed in two convenient, economical forms, *Crushed* and *Sliced!*

A suggestion: *Crushed* Hawaiian Pineapple, chilled just as it comes from the can, is without a peer as a breakfast fruit. Children call it *"Pineappleasure."* Try it. And send the coupon for free book of recipes containing scores of other ways to serve this delightful tropical fruit.

Order from your grocer—both *Sliced* and *Crushed*. Keep both kinds on hand!



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED 2 WAYS

Sliced Crushed

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 129, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 671 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Thirty-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

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Astrid and the Hill Folk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

her, alive and quivering, was hurt more at the beatings than her arms and legs and back. She couldn't bear for this quivering thing to be hurt. "I had it here—in my hand, all the way. I never stopped to play with Redwings or with Nicken in the forest! Even when I saw them and heard them call me! And the Indians did come, and they're lying there on the ground with red flowing—"

"Will you stop?" said her father, biting the words out, and she felt his hand dig into her shoulder. Her fingers wound themselves about each other in entreaty, but as she looked at him his face turned dark and the cheek-bones came out high. Yes, he was a stranger she had never seen before.

Silver Man had risen. He came forward now, dragging one foot after the other hopelessly across the floor.

"Aaron," he said, and his voice was so shrill it hurt your ears like a saw being sharpened, "do not punish the child. Long ago there was such a——"

"You'll stay away from her with your nonsense," said Aaron sternly. "You'll go now, and never ill her head with such talk again. Matilda can have the ship you made for her."

Matilda, the oldest sister, sprang up from the floor with a cry of joy.

Silver Man paused. He made a movement as tho to take Astrid's hand, then shuffled to the door with his head bent forward on his long white beard. Her father half carried her into the lean-to.

"NOW was it a lie you told?" asked Aaron, his face swollen and the veins on his forehead standing out high and angry. Astrid had not answered yet. It was the third time he had asked the question. After each time there had been a beating.

She looked down at the lines forming thick and red on her arms, and then at the strap he still held in his hand. On her back she felt welts rising in running paths of pain. Inside, the quivering thing rose up now to defy him. But Astrid's body could bear no more.

"I—was a lie," she said, and her voice was low and ashamed.

"You didn't see those Indians?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"And you'll never talk like this again?"

"No."

She went out slowly, hoping that he did not notice that she could not walk straight. She looked around, but Silver Man was gone. She walked to the two maples that swung and sang in the breeze, that waved their cool fans toward her. She sat down on the ground, and then turned over and lay, face down, feeling the strong comfort of the earth.

She lay very still, and the grass cupped itself around her hot face like a hand. A humming was in her head, but she guessed it was from some bush near by, trying to sing a tune for her.

"Did he hit hard?" It was Edgar, and she sat up, to find the children gathered about her, inspecting her curiously.

"Why'd you tell such crazy things anyway?" asked Matilda.

"If you just gotta lie," said the youngest of the sisters, standing before Astrid with her flying hair loose, and making a ring around her head, like the picture of an angel, "why'n't you wait till he's gone, and just tell us, huh? We'd know 'twas only stories like you told about the writing on the tree-tops, and you'd not get into trouble."

The two girls stood over her. They were like beautiful strangers dropped down from heaven, thought Astrid, with their gold hair and their large blue eyes. It always made Astrid ashamed to be near them; she felt so dark and ugly.

"If you just gotta lie," said Edgar, "if you just can't stop——"

Astrid jumped to her feet.

"I can show you," she cried, "it was no lie! It was no lie!"

The children laughed.

"Ye-ah!" shrieked Edgar, "an' the crooked man you found livin' in a underground place was no lie, an' the cross of stars in the sky was no lie, an' Nicken and Redwings is no lie!"

"Indians!" sniffed the older boy "They hasn't been Indians around here for about—well, for about fifty years, I guess."

"You come along," said Astrid, "come with me, and I'll show you where they lie dead in the meadow! They're lying there, and there's grass growing where it was plowed!"

Fires of conviction flashed from Astrid's face. The children were swept away. In spite of previous numerous disappointments they followed her as she led the way through the yard, past the red wagon and the barns, and on toward the meadow.

The shadows were playing with deeper colors now. They came out and met you, they brought you a darkness, and ran away, to leave you in a pool of light. The hill in the west toward which Astrid's face was turned grew into a dark house where the little people lived. There were many doors to the house, each with a sign you had to know before you could enter. The dark roof of this hill house had openings where the fairies from the moon could come down and slip through at night. And in the floor were many secret cellar doors where the small dark people of the earth came up to watch the others at play. Sometimes at midnight these dark folk dared venture forth to show their magic chains to the wood people and the moon people. Then the huge troll whose arms reached over the whole house would come tramping, tramping, until all the small folk would grow still in terror, so still that—

"Well, where's the Indians?" Her sister's words cut into Astrid's thoughts. "Where are they? Where are they lying all dead and everything?"

"Ye-ah, where?" There was a hard, laughing sound in her brother's voice.

The plowed meadow lay at her feet. Not a grass-blade was on it, and no mark even to show where the terrible battle had taken place. She looked bewilderedly about, her eyes running over the meadow, searching wildly for what she had known was there.

"Haw, haw, where?" cried Edgar.

"I don't blame father for lickin' you," said Matilda scornfully.

"I thought they'd be at least one dead man, maybe," said her older brother, "tho it wouldn't 'a' been an Indian. But I might 'a' known better. You're a liar; that's what you are!"

"Liar, liar!" they shouted at her.

A STORM of grief came over Astrid. She didn't want to live. She guessed she couldn't live. They would never believe her again. Maybe even Silver Man would never believe her again. Maybe some day when she went to the forest to play with Redwings *he* wouldn't be there at all. In her despair she fell, face down, into the plowed field. She dug her fingers into the loam, she clutched at it, and her body shook with weeping. They would never believe her again.

"Aw, come on," said Matilda; "don't go and cry like that. We were only fooling. Come on home."

Astrid did not move, only lay there, and under her she felt the earth beat with a strong pulse against her side, and heard that it, too, wept with her. It cried and cried, and the big tears went with her tears and formed a river that was dark with pain, that flowed past

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

WHEN you sniff the savor of flaky, golden brown crust and real old-fashioned mince meat, you know it must be delicious. And, when you bite into it—"Um-m-m"! Then you know, beyond question, that here is the perfect dessert.

Everyone likes good mince pie, particularly when it's made of

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

It's so easy to make, too, the None Such way, for a few minutes' time and a package of None Such produce a filling of that goodness which assures a mince pie of unsurpassing deliciousness.

Buy None Such from your grocer—he is anxious to serve you.

FREE Lessons in Pie Making

Send for this book today. It teaches pie making to the novice—and suggests short cuts for the expert. Just mail the coupon.

Dept. Dietetics and Cookery
Merrell-Soule Company
Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me FREE and without obligation a copy of the book, "Good Pies—Easy to Make."

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How could you choose a lovelier gift?

NOT though you searched the whole world through, could you find a gift with more of the qualities gifts should have! Here is beauty absolute and enduring; itself suggestive of friendship, affection or love. Christmas can come and go a hundred times but the loveliness and usefulness of this gift will not pass away.

At your jeweler's Literature upon request

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD. Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation

Astrid and the Hill Folk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

her, that flowed over her, drowning her.

"Come on now," said her sister. "I guess—I guess you just fell asleep and dreamt the fight, maybe."

"And maybe you thought it was real," said her brother. "Maybe you did now."

"Mother's fixin' a cake for supper," said Edgar, "so le's go home."

"And anyway," said Matilda, "you can have that ship. I don't want it. I don't want it at all."

THEY helped her to her feet. She stood before them, stiff and sore. They were like beautiful, kind strangers. They brushed the soil from her dress, and patted her head, and her younger sister kissed her.

"What you got your hands full o' dirt for?" asked Edgar.

She unclasped her stiff fingers and let the soil sift from them.

"Oh, lookit!" cried Matilda.

In the palm of her hand lay a white shining arrow-head.

"Gee whiz!" said her brother. "An arrow-head! An Indian arrow head! Well, gee whiz!"

Astrid looked at it, and a curious feeling came over her. The arrow-head seemed to talk to her. "I came here," it said, "to be your friend. You are not a liar. You are not a liar." Her heart beat in queer sharp leaps that choked her, that struck away her pain, leaving her white and shining as the polished flint.

The children were burrowing in the plowed field. Cries of joy came from them now and then. They flocked around Astrid to show other arrow-heads, some beautifully white, some whose crotches were filled with mud.

Now her sisters and brothers were romping ahead of her on the way home. They were talking loudly. Many stories were being told. Each had read something different in his history book. Each had heard Silver Man tell exciting happenings of the old days. Each was talking about Indians.

Astrid went slowly behind, watching them. Matilda's hair gleamed in the sun, like flying wheat. Anna's was more like moonlight. Edgar's ears stuck out like a gnome's. Astrid hummed a little tune that nobody heard except the wind and the playing shadows. *They* heard because it was the same tune they were singing. It went in funny leaping tingles through her body.

She was singing for many reasons. To-morrow she would explain to Redwings and to Nicken. She would tell them why she had not stopped when they called her. She would tell them all about the fight on the meadow, and they would know she was speaking the truth, every word. To-morrow she would see Silver Man, and take the thorn out of his coat, and mend it, and scold him in a grown-up way, she being ten. And he would listen to all this that she had seen and heard, with his old eyes opening wider and wider. And her mind would go with his mind that went like the wind to all places, and that had no roof over its head.

THE children were ahead of her. She did not care. She did not run to catch up with them, or call to them to wait for her. They thought she was alone, but she was not at all alone. She had her hand firmly clasped in a strong, kind, comforting hand. Another hand was on her shoulder where it was bruised with deep bruises, but the hand was not laid heavily. It had a soothing feel that took away the hurt of the bruises. Astrid's feet were on the high places where you couldn't see. They didn't go in steps, but had wings that swung her up from one mountain top to another. She was walking with God.

The Enchanted Christmas Tree

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

name in his receipt-book]: This where Mister Brumma-Wumma lives?

FREDERICKA: Yes.

THE EXPRESSMAN: Sign here! [*He thrusts his book at her violently.*] Where yuh wanna put?

FREDERICKA: What?

THE EXPRESSMAN: 'S package. Where yuh wan' 's package?

FREDERICKA: In here, please. Right in this room.

THE EXPRESSMAN [*in a thunderous voice to some person outside*]: Bring 'er in here, Mike! In here! [*A second Expressman helps him to carry in a huge box which they place between the windows.*] 'S where yuh wan' it?

FREDERICKA: Yes; I guess so.

THE EXPRESSMAN: Tha's right. Stan' 'er up on end. Tha's right. [*He goes to Fredericka.*] Yuh signed? Gimme the book. [*He takes it.*] Come on, Mike. [*Mike precedes him out. The Expressman stops at the door; speaks in a thunderous voice.*] Merry Christmas!

FREDERICKA: Shh!

THE EXPRESSMAN: Wha's the matter?

FREDERICKA: Mister and missis is coming. Go away! They ain't in good humor.

THE EXPRESSMAN: Go away? Sure. Glad to oblige! [*Somewhere near his feet there is a flash and a puff of smoke—no report. When the cloud dies away the Expressman has vanished.*]

FREDERICKA [*very much startled*]: Land's sake! [*The Bentons enter.*]

ELLA [*sternly*]: Fredericka!

FREDERICKA: Yes, Mrs. Benton?

ELLA: Have you been smoking?

FREDERICKA [*eagerly*]: No, ma'am. It wasn't me. It was the expressman—him who brought the package. He stood in the doorway, right there, and he says "Merry Christmas," just like that, an' I says to him, I says——

ELLA [*interrupting*]: I am not interested in what you "says" to him, Fredericka, nor am I interested in what he "says" to you. "Says!" Fancy that! How vulgar! You may go.

FREDERICKA [*earnestly*]: Mrs. Benton, there was something queer about that man——

ELLA [*interrupting again*]: I said you might go.

FREDERICKA [*crestfallen*]: Yes'm. [*She goes.*]

JOSIAH [*closing the French windows*]: I stopped them. I stopped their singing in short order. The idea of it—singing—on my lawn—singing! [*He notices the box.*] Ah! the express package!

ELLA: The "No Trespassing" signs.

JOSIAH: Delivered right on time. [*He proceeds to the box. It turns out to be a most conveniently built affair, for when Josiah presses back a hook or two the top lifts off in one piece. Inside is a splendidly trimmed Christmas tree. Josiah gasps.*]

ELLA: It isn't the signs.

JOSIAH: No—it isn't.

ELLA: It seems to be—it seems to be a Christmas tree.

JOSIAH: That's what it is—a Christmas tree.

ELLA: That fool of an expressman must have made a mistake.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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A housekeeper doesn't have to have work-worn hands

Work will not spoil your hands if you use the right care; it is neglect that does the damage

THE smooth, slim hands of a girl, with their rose-white skin, delicate and beautiful—

Do they have to become harsh and work-worn, when they take on a woman's tasks?

Women today are learning that housework doesn't necessarily mean ugly hands.

Even washing, cleaning, kitchen-work, which used to be thought of as mercilessly hard on the skin, can be done without roughening or chapping the hands, provided the right safeguards are used.

No more chapped hands

Today there is a preparation especially made to protect the skin from the drying, chapping effect of housework. Thousands of women are using it as they go about their household tasks and it is a real revelation to them to see how smooth and white it keeps their hands in spite of their being constantly used.

This preparation is Jergens Lotion, a product containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known.

Benzoin has been used in medicine from time immemorial because of its peculiar effect in healing the skin and stimulating skin repair. Almond softens and whitens the skin. In Jergens Lotion, benzoin and almond, together with other healing ingredients, form a clouded, silvery liquid—deliciously fragrant—which overcomes almost at once any chapping, dryness or irritation of the skin.

It leaves not a trace of disagreeable stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

Use Jergens Lotion *every time you have had your hands in water*—and see what a difference it makes! You will take pride in having hands that are always smooth and soft—lovely to touch and look at.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Get two bottles at a time and keep one on the bath-room shelf to use for the face—keep another above the kitchen sink, for convenience when you are using your hands for housework.

HOUSEWORK *is hard on the hands chiefly in being hard on the skin. Frequent washing and hasty drying dry out the natural oil of the skin so that it breaks and cracks, grows rough and hard. A chapped skin cannot be got white even with scrubbing.*

Use Jergens Lotion to counteract the wear and tear of housework. It will be a revelation to you to see how smooth and white this healing, soothing preparation will keep your hands.

Free Offer *Send this coupon today and get a trial-size bottle—FREE!*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
426 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me FREE a trial-size bottle of Jergens Lotion and the booklet "Skin Care."

Name _____

Address _____

If you live in Canada send to The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 426 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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The very GIFTS
you would buy on the Champs-Élysées

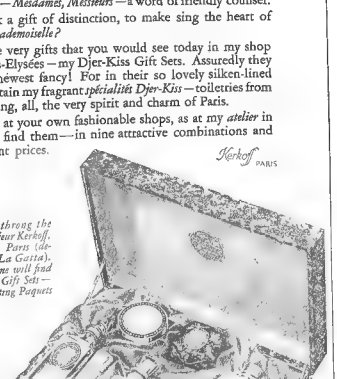
ENCORE LA FÊTE DE NOËL! Once more Christmas awaits us, that joyous season when hearts are gay! Now to you, *mes amis Américains*—*Mesdames, Messieurs*—a word of friendly counsel:

Do you seek a gift of distinction, to make sing the heart of *Madame*, of *Mademoiselle?*

Here are the very gifts that you would see today in my shop on the Champs-Elysées—my Djer-Kiss Gift Sets. Assuredly they are Fashion's newest fancy! For in their so lovely silken-lined boxes they contain my fragrant *spécialités Djer-Kiss*—toiletries from France, breathing, all, the very spirit and charm of Paris.

In America, at your own fashionable shops, as at my *atelier* in Paris, will you find them—in nine attractive combinations and at nine different prices.

Kerkoff PARIS



Holiday crowds now throng the Djer-Kiss Shop of Monsieur Kerkoff, at 63 Champs-Elysées, Paris (depicted above by John La Gatta). Here, as in America, one will find the exquisite Djer-Kiss Gift Sets—for example, the fascinating Paquets shown on this page.

Djer-Kiss
GIFT SETS

The Enchanted Christmas Tree

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

JOSIAH: It wasn't meant for us.

ELLA [*ringing a bell*]: No; most decidedly not. Don't excite yourself, Josiah, dear. I'll dispose of it quickly enough. [*Fredericka enters.*] Fredericka, take that tree down into the cellar and chop it up into firewood.

FREDERICKA [*protesting*]: Oh, ma'am!

ELLA: Chop it up! Right away!

FREDERICKA: It's such a pretty tree! If you don't want it, somebody'd like to have it! I'd like to have it for myself.

JOSIAH: You heard what Mrs. Benton said.

FREDERICKA: Yes, sir.

JOSIAH: Follow your orders! [*Thoroughly cowed, Fredericka proceeds to the tree—and with the idea, perhaps, of sparing it a few minutes longer, takes the top to the side of the room, near the door, first. She turns appealingly to Mrs. Benton.*]

FREDERICKA: Ma'am!

ELLA: Firewood! [*Shaking her head sadly, Fredericka goes to the tree and seizes its trunk. The lights in the room quiver perceptibly. Fredericka starts and screams.*]

ELLA [*impatiently*]: Well?

FREDERICKA [*touches the tree again. As before, the lights quiver. Again Fredericka screams*]: Mrs. Benton, there's something funny about that tree!

ELLA [*scornfully*]: Something funny?

FREDERICKA: Yes'm! Like there was about that expressman—the one that brought it, I mean. I touched the tree—you seen me do it—and something funny happened.

JOSIAH [*incredulously*]: What do you mean?

FREDERICKA: It wasn't a shock—no, m'm—no, sir. It wasn't a 'lectric shock. But it was something funny; I felt it in my fingers.

ELLA: How absurd! How utterly ridiculous! Are you going to do as you were told?

FREDERICKA [*resolutely*]: No, ma'am. I ain't agoing to touch that tree again. I'm scared.

ELLA [*to Josiah*]: The quaint superstitions of the lower classes! [*She turns to the tree.*] I'm not afraid. Watch me. [*She grasps the tree. The lights dim nearly out. Ella removes her hand hastily. The lights rise again.*] Josiah, dear—Josiah, dear—there *is* something unusual!

JOSIAH: Nonsense! [*But Josiah must be wrong, for as he lays hand on the tree the lights go out completely. They are out for only an instant; then they relight again. But a change has taken place, for the room, as we saw it in the beginning, was illuminated by a cold, unfriendly light, while it is now suffused with a warm, reddish glow. Josiah and Ella look at each other in astonishment.*]

FREDERICKA [*triumphantly*]: I said there was something funny!

A CHILD [*appearing from behind one of the sofas*]: Hello! [*The child places a sign lettered* "No Trespassing" *in the center of the room.*]

A SECOND CHILD [*popping up from behind another sofa*]: Hello! [*The child places a sign lettered* "Keep Off" *on the sofa.*]

A THIRD CHILD [*entering through the French windows*]: Hello! [*The child hangs a sign lettered* "No Admittance" *on the windows.*]

A FOURTH CHILD [*entering at the inner door*]: Hello! [*The child hangs a sign lettered* "No Thoroughfare" *on the door.*]

FIFTH, SIXTH, SEVENTH, and EIGHTH CHILDREN [*appearing from behind curio-cabinets, swarming in through doors and windows*]: Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! [*They place signs lettered* "Private Property," "Keep Off the Grass," "No Parking," *and* "Do Not Loiter" *on the furniture.*]

MORE CHILDREN [*emerging from half a dozen different places at a time*]: Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! [*To the collection they add signs lettered* "Keep Off the Earth," "Strictly Private," "Move On," "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," "No Trespassing," "Don't!"]

JOSIAH [*in consternation*]: Trespa—[*somehow he can not finish the word*] Tresp— Tres— Tr— Tr— [*Something must be the matter, for his voice fails him.*]

ELLA: You—who are you?

THE OLDEST BOY: We—all of us—are the child you might have had.

A CHILD: It might have been a boy like me!

ANOTHER: It might have been a girl—like me!

ANOTHER: It might have had golden hair—like me!

ANOTHER: Or it might have been dark—like me!

ANOTHER: It might have been tall—like me!

ANOTHER: Or short—like me!

ANOTHER: Or plump—like me!

ANOTHER: Or slender—like me!

ANOTHER: It might have been pretty—like me!

ANOTHER: Or it might have been just cute—like me!

A GIRL: But we are all in the never-never land—waiting—waiting! And now we know that we shall wait forever!

THE OLDEST BOY [*seating himself at a table, rapping upon it with a gavel*]: Order in the court-room! [*He puts on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.*] The Jury will take their seats. [*There is a rush. A single large sofa suffices for the Jury, for one row of six sits upon the seat, while the second row of six perches itself airily upon the back. It is a little crowded, to be sure, but the Jury seems to like it.*] Prisoners into the dock!

JOSIAH: I protest! I protest!

THE JUDGE: Sergeant-at-Arms!

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS [*a very small person with a very large club*]: Did you hear what the Judge said? Follow your orders! [*He prods Josiah and Ella with his club. They move toward the dock. They seem to know that the top of the box in which the Christmas tree came, and which is now standing on its head, ready to receive them, is meant for this purpose. But they disregard the* "No Trespassing" *sign which is in their way, and the Sergeant-at-Arms jerks them back angrily.*]

Hey! Can't you read plain English? "No Trespassing"—that isn't hard to understand. This way! [*Doiging around various signs, he leads them into the dock.*] All ready, your Honor.

THE JUDGE: Prisoners at the bar, have you an attorney? If not, the court will assign counsel to defend you.

JOSIAH and ELLA: Ridiculous! Preposterous! Outrageous! Impossible! Unheard of!

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS [*rapping the dock with his club*]: Silence! [*He turns to the Judge.*] Your Honor, they have no lawyer.

THE JUDGE [*to Fredericka*]: Counselor, will you defend these—ahem!—persons?

ELLA [*indignant*]: Persons! Persons! Us!

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS: Silence!

THE JUDGE: Counselor?

FREDERICKA: Meaning me, your Honor?

THE JUDGE: You, Counselor.

FREDERICKA: "Counselor"—ain't that fine! Sure, your Honor; I'll do my best.

THE JUDGE: Thank you. The District Attorney will read the charges.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY [*rising; ruffling his hair dramatically; clearing his throat*]: Ahem! Ahem!

A JURYGIRL [*in the second row, prodding another in the first row with her foot*]: He said "Ahem." That's serious.

THE SECOND JURYGIRL: Very.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your Honor—ladies and gentlemen of the Jury—and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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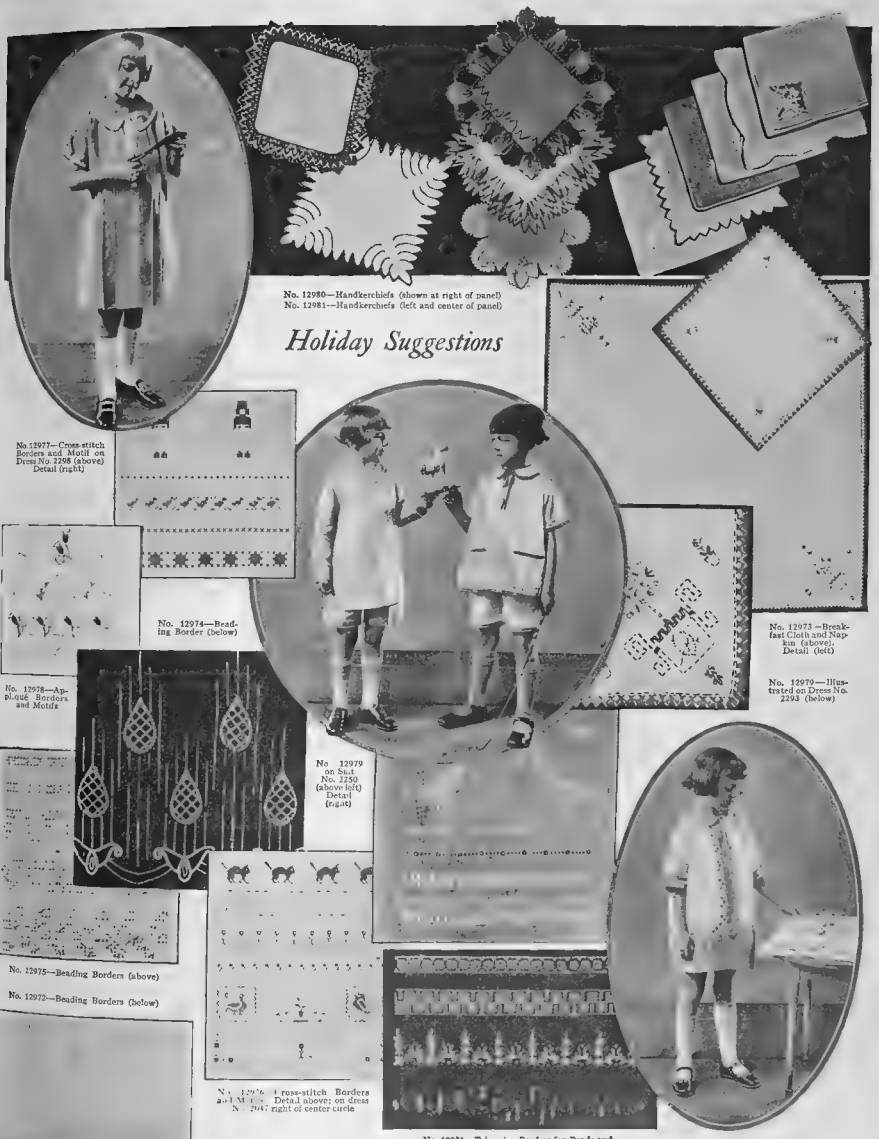

No. 12980—Handkerchiefs (shown at right of panel)
No. 12981—Handkerchiefs (left and center of panel)

Holiday Suggestions

No. 12977—Cross-stitch Borders and Motif on Dress No. 2298 (above) Detail (right)

No. 12974—Beading Border (below)

No. 12978—Applique Borders and Motifs

No. 12973—Breakfast Cloth and Napkin (above). Detail (left)

No. 12979—Illustrated on Dress No. 2293 (below)

No. 12979 on Suit No. 2250 (above left) Detail (right)

No. 12975—Beading Borders (above)

No. 12972—Beading Borders (below)

No. 12976—Cross-stitch Borders and Motifs. Detail above; on dress No. 2647 right of center circle

No. 12971—Trimming Borders for Beads and Embroidery Stitches

Designs Nos. 12977, 12978, and 12979 by Helen Ferry Curtis

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 36

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Just a Few of Dolly Dingle's Christmas Presents

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Dolly Dingle's Christmas Cards

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A PRACTICAL DEPARTMENT OF FURNISHING AND DECORATING

Why Not Give the Home a Christmas Present?

By Winnifred Fales

In 1921, on an evening in the early part of December, a newly promoted assistant sales-manager and his young wife were cozily seated before their living-room fire. She was busy with her needle, he with his evening paper; but from time to time each cast a stealthy and troubled glance at a vacant wall space between the two front windows.

At last the girl dropped her embroidery in her lap and turned a distressed face to her husband.

"Phil," she declared tragically, "I'm so disappointed about your Christmas present I could simply *scream!*"

"Never mind, honey," he comforted. "We're in the same boat. I was just feeling that identical way about mine for you."

"I've saved and saved this entire year," she went on, a suspicious quaver in her voice, "but it's no use. I have only half enough." And again her glance wandered to the eastern wall.

He caught the look and gave vent to an excited whoop. "Do you mean to tell me *you* were saving up for the——?"

"Yes, the Colonial secretary; but the one I had set my heart on getting is $285, and I've only managed to save $138."

"And I was grouching because I had only $150. Tell you what, let's pool our capital and buy the secretary as a Christmas surprize for the house!"

So that was how it came about that on Christmas eve the space between the windows was no longer vacant, and the dancing light of the fire and soft, pale glow of the Christmas candles were reflected from the polished mahogany surface, gleaming brasses, and traceried doors of a tall, beautifully proportioned secretary of ancient lineage, which will be a treasured possession for the lifetime of its owners and a valued heritage for the generations yet to come.

Photo by Dane B. Merrill

THE LOVE-SEAT, RUG, AND CHARMING SMALL ACCESSORIES OFFER HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS-GIVING

Interested friends were told about it, with the result that the following year, in several families, the members clubbed together and bought the *home* a Christmas present. In one case it was a new sofa of luxurious depth and softness, in another a long-desired console for the hall, and in a third a set of painted furniture for the guest-room. Not that the making of individual gifts was omitted, by any means; but the Christmas appropriations were divided, all agreeing to make less costly gifts to one another, and add the remaining money to the common fund.

The idea of including the home in the Christmas-giving is worthy of wider adoption; for in at least one room of the average house there exists some obvious lack which concerted action can easily supply. Perhaps the living-room walls are shabby and defaced, and by joining forces they can be made fresh and immaculate with new paint or paper. Or it may be the hearth appears bare and inhospitable, but the family purse will not quite compass a well-upholstered davenport to be drawn before it. Then why not try a love-seat, with an attendant lamp and table, placed at one side as pict ured?

Again, a distinctive piece of wall-furniture may be precisely what is needed to give balance to the furnishing-scheme; a Hadley chest, for example, or a tall cabinet, secretary, or high-boy; expensive, to be sure, but well worth its cost in satisfaction and enjoyment, and within reach of the combined resources of the average family, if not of an individual member.

It is not always important and expensive articles of furniture of which the home stands most in need, however. Quite as often it is the attractive little occasional pieces which are lacking. To cite an example, every house should have—and seldom does—a profusion of small tables to stand beside chairs and sofas, in corners, or under windows, to hold books, the tea- or coffee-service, lamps, or potted plants. Innumerable charming finishes and styles are obtainable, ranging from the lustrous dark mahogany of the gate-leg table at the bottom of the page to the cheery scarlet lacquer of the tiny octagonal table beside the love-seat at the top; and from tilt-top, pie-crust, and butterfly tables of Colonial ancestry to Italian and Spanish types, and slim-legged little French design with marble tops and pierced brass galleries.

Another very general need which offers holiday possibilities is for odd chairs light enough to be moved here and there about the room as required. Ladder-backs and Windsors are well suited to such use, or it may be that one of the little rush-seated peasant chairs, with its gay primitive coloring, will supply just the right note of decoration.

Or perhaps the room's chief lack is in the matter of lamps for the floor, desk, or table; and here again the variety from which to choose is practically boundless. Wrought iron is always attractive, and for a room with Early English or American furniture an iron lamp may take the form of one of the quaint old candle-stands, like that illustrated beside the love-seat. Lamps with wood or pottery bases are equally in good taste, and just now there is a strong liking for glass lamps, both modern and antique. Crowned with an appropriate shade of harmonious outline and material, the lamp becomes as decorative as it is useful. Shades of glazed chintz or wall-paper, either pleated like the one at the foot of the page or plain like that at the top, are charming with both metal and pottery lamps and for those in brass and wrought iron. Shades of mica, painted tin, and parchment are equally in good taste.

A good picture is one of the best of all gifts for the home. Flower-paintings or their reproductions create stimulating spots of color; silhouettes and block-prints are unusual and delightful; and a choice etching, or one of the excellent and inexpensive modern reproductions of the paintings of the great masters, will be a perpetual source of enjoyment.

Rugs, large or small, offer still another opportunity. For certain rooms the enlivening effect of an old hooked rug is amazingly good, while for others, of different type, a small Oriental may be the better choice. When a room-size rug is needed, and a really fine Oriental is out of the question, there are available domestic reproductions of exquisite color and texture which present all the earmarks of their priceless Persian originals, even down to the little irregularities in detail which mark the hand-woven product; and for still less one may obtain Axminsters and Wiltons of fine quality in authentic Oriental patterns.

Last of all there are the hosts of small but indispensable objects of use and ornament which brighten and individualize the room: book-ends in bronze or painted wood; a pair of creamy Belleek bowls for the mantel, with a clock and prismed candlesticks as shown; colorful jugs and vases of peasant pottery: a brass fire-set and log-basket; a banjo clock for the wall space that nothing else will fit; or a pair of wrought-iron sconces to flank the chimney breast—things unusual and distinctive rather than costly, each selected to fill a special place and with a definite effect in view. Thus will the home grow in beauty and completeness year by year and its furnishing problems become a center of common interest in which all the members of the family may harmoniously unite.

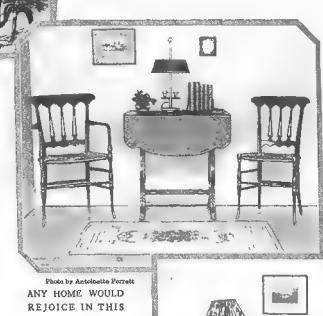

Photo by Antoinette Perrett

ANY HOME WOULD REJOICE IN THIS GROUPING

Photo by Antoinette Perrett

NEARLY EVERY HOME NEEDS A FEW ODD CHAIRS AND TABLES

WROUGHT-IRON SCONCES ARE DELIGHTFUL GIFTS

Photo by Dane B. Merrill

IS YOUR CHOICE A BANJO CLOCK?

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you desire additional information regarding the decorations and furnishings described in this article, or advice in connection with the beautifying of your own home, Mrs. Fales will be glad to help you on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelop.

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Your skin need not fade and grow old as some inanimate substance would do. Each day it renews itself—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition, and you will have through life "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Is the beauty of a woman's skin as frail and fleeting as it seems to be?

ONE thinks of a beautiful skin as something fragile, delicate, easily damaged, quick to fade.

Yet no covering ever made by man has the same wonderful endurance as the human skin.

The skin is a living tissue—this is what gives it its great resistive power. As fast as it wears out it is able to renew itself. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition by giving it the best care you can. Don't grudge the few minutes' time it takes to use the right method of cleansing. You will be a thousand times repaid in seeing how your complexion will gain in freshness and beauty.

The importance of proper cleansing

Nothing is more important to the health of the skin than proper cleansing.

The most dangerous outside enemy the skin has to resist is infection from dust and dirt carried in the air.

The right method of cleansing will not only keep your skin in a healthy condition by protecting it from these infections but will also overcome common skin troubles that arise from them.

To free your skin from blemishes

Blemishes are one of the commonest skin troubles arising from an outside source.

To free your skin from blemishes, use the following treatment every night, and see how helpful it will prove: —

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse thoroughly, first with clear, hot water, then with cold

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face every night a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

Special Woodbury treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin the right treatment for your skin tonight! A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. For convenience' sake—buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

For ten cents—a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.
Name .....
Street .....
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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!

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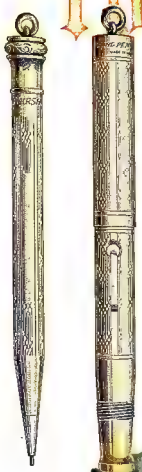
for Christmas



This is the first Christmas for the new, perfected Wahl Eversharp Pencil, the ultimate product of modern mechanical skill and the jeweler's art in pencil making.

Companion to Eversharp is the Wahl All-Metal Pen with its advantages of light weight, strength, fine balance, perfect gold, iridium-tipped point—and beauty.

Never before has it been possible to give such delightfully flawless writing equipment—which not only *is* a real gift but *looks* its part.

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The Enchanted Christmas Tree

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

[looking at the prisoners]—persons— *[Disorder in the dock.]*

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS: Order! Order!

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: I shall now read the charges. *[He takes up a sheet of paper, and reads from it slowly and impressively:]* Whereas, nevertheless, if, therefore, howsoever, whatsoever, wheresoever, whysoever, and—*[a grand crescendo]*—to wit!

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY *[horrified]*: To wit?

A JUROR *[nodding]*: To wit!

THE JUDGE: Did the learned District Attorney say "to wit"?

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Yes, your Honor. To wit.

THE JUDGE: Tst! Tst! That's too bad! I wouldn't have believed it of them. Proceed.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Being duly sworn, saith and deposes, notwithstanding, unless, altho——

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY *[rising]*: Your Honor, the Jury is anxious to dispose of this case. I move that the reading of the charges be dispensed with.

A JUROR: Second the motion.

THE JUDGE: Moved and seconded that the reading of the charges be dispensed with. All in favor say "Aye." *[There is a chorus of "Ayes."]* Those opposed say "No." *[The Benions vote "No."]* The motion is carried—unanimously. Prisoners, you have heard the charges. How do you plead? Guilty or not guilty?

FREDERICKA *[after consulting with her clients]*: Not guilty, in the second degree, your Honor.

THE JUDGE: Not guilty—in the second degree. *[He turns to the Jury as if offering them refreshments.]* Jury, would you now like to hear some evidence?

THE JURY *[with enthusiasm]*: Evidence! That's what we want! Evidence! Bring on the evidence!

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[shouting]*: First witness! First witness! *[There enters a ragged, timid little boy, dragging a sled. He dodges the numerous signs carefully.]* Take the stand. *[The stand is an ordinary chair.]* Address the Jury when you speak, and talk loudly. You may tell your story.

THE FIRST WITNESS *[hesitantly]*: I was sledding down their hill this morning. It's the best hill in town, you know.

THE JURY *[vociferously]*: Yes! That's so! Yes! He knows what he's talking about!

THE FIRST WITNESS: I had only been down a couple of times—not more than two or three times at the most—when she came out of the house——

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[interrupting]*: Who do you mean by "she"?

THE FIRST WITNESS *[pointing]*: Her.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Say "this person." *[Disorder in the dock, subdued by the Sergeant-at-Arms.]*

THE FIRST WITNESS: I had only been down a couple of times when this person came out and ordered me off. An' I wasn't hurting her old lawn any! Why, there's a foot of snow and ice on top of it! *[The Jury agrees loudly as before.]* This person came out and said she'd have me arrested if I didn't stop. *[From the jury-box there are cries of "Shame!" "Oh, shame!"]*

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Does the learned counsel for the defense wish to cross-examine?

FREDERICKA *[who has been much affected by the little boy's story]*: No, sir; not me.

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY *[rising]*: Your Honor, the Jury would like to ask a question.

THE JUDGE: Proceed.

THE FOREMAN *[to the Witness]*: When you were sledding down the hill were you going down head first or were you going down feet first?

THE WITNESS: I was doing bellybumpers.

THE FOREMAN *[nodding approval]*: That's the best way. *[He seats himself.]*

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Second witness! Second witness! *[The First Witness leaves the stand, taking a seat in the section reserved for spectators as the Second Witness, a girl, enters.]* Take the stand. Speak loudly. Address the Jurors—not me.

THE SECOND WITNESS *[tearfully]*: We were singing carols—about a dozen of us, on the lawn in front of their house only a few minutes ago. I knew—I knew they didn't like children, but I hoped that on this eve—Christmas eve—they might be different.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: What happened?

THE SECOND WITNESS: He came out ——

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Say "this person."

THE SECOND WITNESS: This person came out, and called us trespassers, and told us to get off or he'd throw us off. *[Indignation in the jury-box.]* Those were his very words! I didn't expect that. I thought the carols would touch his heart——

FREDERICKA: Your Honor, I object.

THE JUDGE: Objection sustained. The witness is cautioned not to refer to the prisoner's heart unless it is proved that the prisoner has a heart. Proceed.

THE SECOND WITNESS: That's all. He ordered us off. He's done that lots of times. He's done it to you—and you—and you—*[she indicates jurors]*—and he's done it to you! *[She indicates the Judge.]* Do you remember that time you stubbed your toe, and you wanted to sit on his lawn until it stopped hurting? He wouldn't let you do it.

THE JUDGE: That's so.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[to Fredericka]*: Do you wish to cross-examine?

FREDERICKA: No, sir.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Third witness! Third witness! *[A nine-year-old boy in baseball uniform limps in. Under one arm he has a crutch; in the hollow of the other he is carrying a most diminutive and most disreputable mongrel puppy. The Sergeant-at-Arms helps him to the stand.]*

THE THIRD WITNESS *[to the dog]*: Quiet, Prince! Quiet!

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Address the Jury. Speak loudly. Tell your story in your own words.

THE THIRD WITNESS: Well, fellows, you all know how I broke my leg. *[There are murmurs of sympathy from the Jury.]* I did it sliding for the home-plate when there was two out an' the score tied in the ninth inning; an' I brought in the winning run, too.

THE JURY: Good boy! I saw him do it! Regular streak of lightning!

THE THIRD WITNESS: I slid—an' I felt somethin' go smash—gosh, but it hurt! —an' then, next thing you know, I was on my back in a bed with a weight tied on to my foot. An' for three months, while the other fellows was playing baseball, an' going swimming, an' having good times most every afternoon, I was in the hospital—just laying there, an' looking out of the window, an' counting the hours, an' waiting for my leg to get well again. Gee, I thought it would never get well —an' I know that's what the doctors thought, too. Then, by and by, they let me sit up a little, an' one day I said I could go out in the park. I couldn't walk, so they put me in a wheel-chair—me an' Prince—an' they rolled me out where I could watch the fellows play. Gee, that was great!

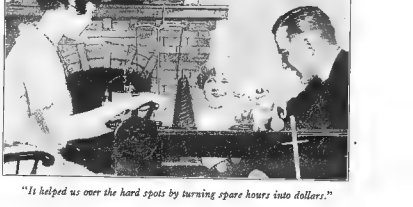
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Go on.

THE THIRD WITNESS: I couldn't play with 'em. I couldn't stand—I didn't have the strength to stand. There was only one thing I could do, an' I was so happy I did it—an' Prince, he did it, too:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

How I Earn Money At Home

And In This Way Make Up For Henry's Shrinking Salary



"I helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars."

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home—in This New Way

By MARY WALDEN

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl —until she married that bank clerk. I should think he'd feel like——"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back my tears.

My husband is one of the "white collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself before we were married and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher, I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously.

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably ensconced and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that *he* had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

I tore my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried, "If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the magazine section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry.

After a while I sat up, and idly began to turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I sent for an Auto Knitter outfit including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

While Henry was at the bank, I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh, joy! the thrill of the sight of that first check!

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in a pretty new accordion-pleated frock. His mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say:

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently but firmly, "don't you think it is getting ridiculous for us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now? You will, of course, in time—but while things are so expensive and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it time that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little luxuries and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Henry thought that over and finally replied:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly dropped out of his head.

"And you say The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to take every standard pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they send me the yarn to replace the amount used in the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything."

Henry was astonished, and not only said he had no objection to my continuing but was secretly proud of my cleverness. So I kept on Auto Knitting, and getting my checks back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without many of the things I needed for myself or little Helen but Fall and Winter and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Spring and Summer. All this without my being obliged to touch a cent of what I call the "family money"—the money that Henry makes.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. I tell her how the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, an old firmly established American Corporation, enters into a five-year agreement to take all the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and sell them. By paying a fixed guaranteed price and replacing without charge all the yarn used in the socks sent to them. This contract does not bind you in any way—you can work as little or as much as you please—spare time or full time—but for every shipment of standard socks you send them you receive your pay check promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter to private trade if you wish, and you can also use your knitter to make the hosiery for your family, besides many other attractive and useful articles of knitted wear.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. Write to The Auto Knitter Company at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts spare time has earned for others

You will never regret writing for this valuable information. Send your name and address now and find out all about this wonderful spare time occupation. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 212, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y. *Pioneers in the Home Knitting Industry—Sole Manufacturers of the genuine Auto Knitter—No Connection with any other Concern.*

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Dept. 212, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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Set of six Iced Tea Spoons	6 00
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Set of six Individual Salad Forks	7 00
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The Enchanted Christmas Tree

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

I hollered, I hollered just as loud as I could, an' Prince, he barked his best. I had to watch the other fellows—I couldn't make a move—but I could make just as much noise as anybody, an' you bet I did! You know, you c'n have a lot of fun just making a noise. Well, I yelled, an' Prince barked—he's got a good big bark for a dog his size—an' then —an' then——

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: What then?

THE THIRD WITNESS *[indicating the Bentons]*: They come out from where they lived right into the park where I was sitting, an' they says *[he imitates an acid voice]*: "Little boy, you're breaking the law." Me breaking the law in a wheel-chair, with a bum leg in a plaster cast! An' he says, "Disorderly conduct —common nuisance—little ruffian—he ought to be arrested for it," and she says, pointing at Prince, mind you, pointing at Prince, "That noisy cur should be sent to the pound." An' there was a look in their eyes that said plainer than anything else they was saying that they'd like to send both of us to the pound! *[He pauses.]* Well, I wouldn't mind going to the pound so much; it ain't much fun going 'round with a bum leg an' this thing under arm when you're a athalete like me. But to send Prince to the pound when he's the best pal I've got in the world; I don't see how anybody could be mean enough to think of that.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[to Fredericka]*: The witness is yours.

FREDERICKA *[weeping]*: I don't want to ask him nothing, but *[and she lowers her voice confidentially]* if he'll come around to the back door some time I'll give him a bit of meat for the dog.

THE THIRD WITNESS: Thanks. That'll be fine. Prince here's got an appetite like a Saint Bernard.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: And now —my last witness. *[He turns to Fredericka.]* Will you please take the stand?

FREDERICKA: Who? Me?

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: If you please.

FREDERICKA *[appealing to the Judge]*: Your Honor, I'm the counselor for the defense.

THE JUDGE: The District Attorney has the right to call you as a witness. Take the stand. *[Much afraid, Fredericka does so.]*

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Counselor, what do you know about this Christmas tree?

FREDERICKA: The tree? I know there's something funny about it.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[laughing]*: You don't have to tell us that! We know that already. *[And, indeed, Judge, Jury, court-room—even the Bentons—are laughing heartily.]*

FREDERICKA: Well, what else do you want to know?

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: When did you first see the tree?

FREDERICKA *[with sad memories]*: Oh, your Honor! *[She appeals to the Judge.]*

THE JUDGE: Answer the question.

FREDERICKA: Well, it come this evening. It was in that big box the expressman brought.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[as she stops]*: Yes?

FREDERICKA *[confidentially]*: Say, did you know there was something funny about that expressman, too?

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Of course! Of course! *[Again Judge, Jury, and spectators join in laughter.]*

FREDERICKA *[a wee bit resentful at being left out of the secret]*: Well, I'm glad if you knew it, because I didn't know nothing until I asked him to go away, an' then he give me quite a turn, he did, he did.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: After you saw the Christmas tree—when the box was open—what happened?

FREDERICKA: Oh, do I have to answer that?

THE JUDGE: The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

FREDERICKA *[reluctantly]*: Missis rang for me, an' when I came *[she bows her head and speaks tearfully]* she told me to take the tree down in the cellar—an'—an' chop it up for firewood. *[Judge, Jury, spectators, are too much shocked to do more than gasp in dismay. Even the Bentons hang their heads.]*

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY *[very quietly]*. That is all. *[Weeping, Fredericka leaves the stand.]*

THE JUDGE *[to Fredericka]*: Counselor, do you wish to call any witness for the defense?

FREDERICKA: No, sir—your Honor.

THE JUDGE *[quietly]*: I shall now charge the Jury. *[He speaks slowly and impressively.]* Jury, you have heard the evidence. It is for you to weigh it—to sift it—to pass upon it. It is for you to say whether the prisoners are guilty as charged, or whether they are not guilty. Treat them with fairness Let no prejudices influence you. Decide their case upon its merits and with even-handed justice. If there is a doubt, give them the benefit of it; but If there is no doubt, do as your consciences command you It is in your power to set them at liberty: to permit them to leave this court-room free persons; and it is in your power to find them guilty—a verdict which carries with it, I need hardly remind you, the sentence that they be abolished.

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY *[rising]*: Your Honor, the Jury has already reached a verdict. *[He pauses.]* Guilty as charged. *[The Bentons have ceased to be aggressive. They hang their heads.]*

THE JUDGE: Is that the verdict of all of you? *[One by one, the Jurors nod solemnly.]* Executioner! *[There enters our old friend the Expressman, masked, and bearing a huge ax.]*

THE EXPRESSMAN: Ready, your Honor.

THE JUDGE: I shall now pronounce sentence. *[The Sergeant-at-Arms prods the Bentons; escorts them to the Judge. The Judge puts on a black cap.]* Prisoners at the bar, is there any reason why sentence shall not be passed upon you?

FREDERICKA: Yes, your Honor.

THE JUDGE: Counselor?

FREDERICKA: Judge, your Honor, give 'em a chance! Oh, give 'em a chance! It ain't that they don't mean well: they're doin' their best, accordin' to their lights. It's just that they don't know no better! That's all. You see, they ain't never been brought up right. They ain't never had nobody to make a fuss about 'em, an' care for 'em, an' love 'em. They ain't never had a child in the house They ain't never, never been real children themselves. *[She pauses.]* They think that when you get to be twenty or thirty or forty you're brought up, an' that's all there's to it. *[She turns to the Bentons.]* Ain't that so? *[The Bentons nod with humility.]* They're wrong! They're wrong, an' they don't know they're wrong! Brought up at twenty or thirty or forty? Why, that's only when the real bringing up begins—when you really begin to learn. *[The scene begins to darken.]* You learn that it ain't the fun you get out of life yourself that counts; you learn that it ain't that that makes for real happiness. It's the fun you see the other fellow getting that matters! Most of all, it's the fun you see the children getting. *[The scene is now quite dark.]*

Judge, your Honor, don't be hard on 'em! Everything's been wrong with 'em from the start. Just think of it: never, never to have a child! You see, they couldn't have children—they didn't love children enough, an' children don't never come to folks that don't love children! That would have made all the difference

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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The Most Exciting Gift That Santa Can Bring Into Any Home

A Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving—Price Only $15

THIRTY-FIVE women were blinded through the use of hot curling irons in 1923, according to a recent publication of the Government Statistical Bureau. What would an investment of $15 for a Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit have *meant* to the lives of these unfortunate ones? Here is a perfectly safe article—an invention sometimes classified as one of the greatest ever made for personal comfort and safety—by the use of which, once or twice a year, a straight-haired woman's troubles are turned into pride and pleasure.

A PERMANENT wave by the Nestle Home Outfit, with the latest "LANOIL" Process, means the transforming of the straightest, lankiest hair—hair which otherwise needs curling daily or nightly, into *naturally* curly hair. You may shampoo it at will, use hair treatments of any kind, dance and perspire, go out into rain and fog, brush and comb it as much as you like—and yet have curly hair just as if you were born with it!

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Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute declared in 1909 that the Nestle discovery of the permanent hair wave was, in his opinion, the greatest step forward ever made in hair science. Since then, the popularity of permanent waving has climbed to unprecedented heights. What it means to the straight-haired girl and matron to have curly, wavy hair under all possible circumstances can be realized only by those who have actually tried the Nestle Outfit, never to give it up again, except perhaps in favor of professional treatment. We recommend this where the money and convenience are available, but millions of girls and women are not so fortunate. And for them the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit is *just the thing*. It lasts forever, and with it, they can, at very little cost, wave not only their own but other heads as well.

The Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Is Safer Than All Other Curling Devices

Although a great many thousands of Nestle Waving Outfits are in homes everywhere in the world, and although in the United States alone, over four thousand hairdressers every day use the large professional Nestle apparatuses for "LANOIL" waving, we have never heard of a single instance of serious mishap. Its perfect safety is a main feature. Its simplicity is another. Children of twelve have successfully waved their elders' hair, while with many high school girls, Nestle waving has become a favorite pastime, because the process is so interesting, and the results so thrilling.

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This is the New CORONA FOUR with standard office keyboard.

The Enchanted Christmas Tree

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

in the world: to them—to us—to everybody! That's what's been the matter from the beginning; they've been un happy, an' they don't know it. Let 'em put up their foolish old signs. Let 'em amuse themselves their own way. It's their fun, because they don't know there's better kinds of fun. It's their fun, so let 'em have it! Judge, your Honor, have a heart!

ELLA [*in the darkness*]: Firewood!

FREDERICKA: Have a heart!

ELLA: Firewood! [*The lights flash on—the same lighting we saw in the beginning. The children have disappeared. The forest of signs about the room has disappeared. The Christmas tree, too, has disappeared—and in its place is a neat bundle of boards, each a foot wide and five feet high. The board nearest us, we notice, is lettered from top to bottom:* "No TRESPASSING."]

ELLA [*indicating the boards*]: Take them into the cellar, and chop them up into firewood! [*It's pretty clear that some one has been dreaming: Fredericka, or Josiah, or Ella, or perhaps all three. And if you ask us, it's our personal opinion that the dream started just about the time that very gruff Expressman vanished in a puff of smoke. But we're not sure.*]

ELLA [*for the fourth time*]: Firewood! Chop them up into firewood!

FREDERICKA [*with a shrill cry of delight*]: Ah, that I will, ma'am! That I will! [*She hurries to the package of "No Trespassing" signs.*]

JOSIAH: Ella!

ELLA [*in an outburst which has been coming for years*]: I think they're the most hideous things I've seen. I won't have them on the place. And let me tell you something more: I don't like signs —any signs—anywhere! And I don't hate children! And I know what I've been saying all these years, and I've been saying it because I thought it would please you, so there!

JOSIAH [*monstrously surprised*]: Because you thought it would please me?

ELLA [*almost weeping*]: Yes, Josiah

JOSIAH: Well, why do you think I've been doing those things? It's because I thought it would please *you!* [*He puts his arm about Ella's shoulders, and turns to the paralyzed Fredericka.*] Fredericka, Mrs. Benton and I have been a couple of old fools!

FREDERICKA [*radiant*]: Yes, sir; yes, ma'am. I mean no, sir——

[*A song is heard outside:*]

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night

ELLA [*defiantly*]: Now, I think that's beautiful!

JOSIAH [*with equal defiance*]: So do I!

[*The song:*]

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

JOSIAH: It's cold outside Do you think we might invite them in?

ELLA: Yes, oh, yes! Josiah, dear. [*Arm in arm, the two old people go out through the French windows. Fredericka, smiling happily, is left in the center of the room.*]

[*The song:*]

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

[*Fredericka takes the bundle of signs, and moves slowly toward the sister door. The carolers appear at the windows.*]

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

THE CURTAIN FALLS

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

invulnerable youthfulness, and, like herself, had looked as primly old-fashioned in its first bloom as in its well-kept maturity.

It was odd that so stable a setting should have produced that hurricane of a Lilla; and Kate smiled at the thought of the satisfaction with which the very armchairs, in their cushioned permanence, would welcome her back to domesticity.

But Mrs. Drover, when she appeared, took it on a higher plane. Had Lilla ever been unstable, or in any way failed to excel? If so, her mother, and her mother's background, showed no signs of remembering. The armchairs stood there stolidly, as if asking what you meant by such ideas. Enid was a little troubled—she confessed—by the fact that Horace Maclew was a widower, and so much older.

"I'm not sure if such a difference of age is not always a risk. But then, Mr. Maclew is a man of such strong character, and has behaved so generously. There will be such opportunities for doing good."

Opportunities for doing good! It was on the tip of Kate's tongue to say: "Ah, that must have been Lilla's reason for accepting him!" But Mrs. Drover was serenely continuing: "He has given her all the pearls already. She is bringing them back to-morrow to be restrung." And Kate understood that, for the present, the opportunities for doing good lay rather with the bridegroom than the bride.

"Of course," Mrs. Drover went on, "it will be a sacrifice for us to let her go; tho luckily Baltimore is not far off. And it will be a serious kind of life; a life full of responsibilities. Hendrik is afraid that, just at first, Lilla may miss the excitements of New York, but I think I know my child better. When Lilla is *really happy* no one cares less than she does for excitement."

The phrase gave Kate's nerves a sudden twist. It was just what Chris used to say when she urged him to settle down to his painting—at least, on the days

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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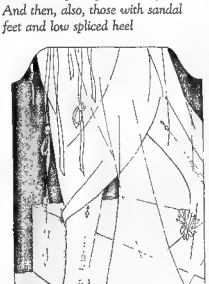

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

when he didn't say that excitement was necessary to the artist. She looked at her sister-in-law's impenetrable pinkness, and thought: "It might be Mrs. Minify speaking."

Fred Landers had telephoned that he had got back and was coming to dine; she fancied he had it on his mind not to let her feel her solitude while Anne was away; and she said to herself that from him at least she would get a glimpse of the truth.

Fred Landers, as became a friend of the family, was also beaming; but he called Lilla's engagement a "solution" and not a "sacrifice"; and this made it easier for Kate at last to put her question: "How did it happen?"

He leaned back, pulling placidly at his after-dinner cigar, his old-fashioned square-toed pumps comfortably stretched to the fire; and for an instant Kate thought: "It might be pleasant to have him in that armchair every evening." It was the first time such a possibility had occurred to her.

"How did she pull it off, you mean?" He screwed up his friendly blue eyes in a confidential grin. "Well, I'm naturally not initiated; but I suppose in one of the good old ways, Lilla probably knows most of the tricks—and I rather think Nollie Tresselton's been abetting and abetting her. It's been going on for the last six months, I know, and a shooting-box in South Carolina is mixed up with it. Of course they all have a theory that Lilla need only be happy to be good."

"And what do you think about it?"

He shrugged. "Why, I think it's an experiment for which Maclew is to furnish the *corpus vile*. But he's a thick-skinned subject, and it may not hurt him much, and may help Lilla. We can only look on and hope."

Kate sat pondering her next question. At length she said: "Was Mr. Maclew's private secretary there?"

"That fellow Fenno? Yes; he was on duty." She fancied he frowned a little. "Why do you call him 'that fellow'?"

He turned toward her, and she saw that his friendly brows were beetling. "Is it necessary to speak of him more respectfully? The fact is, I don't fancy him—never did."

"You knew him before, then?" She felt the blood creeping to her forehead, and reached out for a painted hand-screen that she might seem to hold between her eyes and the fire.

Landers reflected. "Oh, yes. I've run across him now and then. I rather fancy he's been mixed up in this too; stirring the brew with the others. That's my impression."

"Yes. I wonder why," said Kate suddenly.

Landers smiled a little, tho his brows continued to jut. "To please Anne, perhaps."

"Anne—*Anne?*"

THE name, after she had uttered it, continued to ring on between them, and she leaned back, pressing the screen against her closed lids. "Why?" she managed to question.

"Well—a good many people have wanted to please Anne, first and last. I simply conjectured that Fenno might be among them."

"Oh, no; I'm sure you're quite wrong. I wonder—" She hesitated, and then went on with a rush: "The fact is, I wonder you haven't noticed that he and Lilla—"

Landers sat up and flung his cigar-end into the embers. "He and Lilla? By Jove—you might be right! I hadn't thought of it—"

"Well, I have; I've met them together; when they didn't expect to be met—" She hurried it out with a kind of violence. Her heart was beating to suffocation; she had to utter her suspicion, to give it life and substance.

"The idea sheds floods of light—no doubt of that. Poor Maclew! I'm beginning to be sorry for him. But I think the lot of them are capable of taking pretty good care of themselves. On the whole," Landers added with a sudden sigh of relief, "I'm jolly glad it's Lilla, if it's anybody."

"I *know* it's Lilla." Kate spoke with a passionate emphasis. She had to prove to some one that Chris was Lilla's lover in order to believe it herself, and she had to believe it herself in order to dispel the dreadful supposition raised by Landers's careless word. She found herself, now, able to smile his suggestion away quite easily, to understand that he had meant it only as a haphazard joke. People in America were always making jokes of that kind about flirtations and engagements; they were the staple topic of the comic papers. But the shock of finding herself, for a second, over that abyss sent her reeling back half dazed to the safe footing of reality. If she were going to let her imagination run away at any random word, what peace would there ever be for her?

THE next day Nollie Tresselton reappeared, smiling and fresh, like a sick-nurse whose patient has "turned the corner." With Lilla off her hands her keen, boyish face had lost its expression of premature vigilance, and she looked positively rejuvenated. She was more outspoken than Landers.

"At last we can talk about it—thank goodness!" And she began. Horace Maclew and Lilla had met the previous Autumn, duck-shooting in South Carolina. Lilla was a wonderful shot when she wasn't—well, when she was in training—and Maclew, like most heavy, solemn men of his type, who theoretically admire helpless feminine women, had been bowled over by the sight of this bold huntress, who damned up and down the birds she missed, and smoked and drank with the men, and in the evening lay back silent, with lids half dropped over smoldering, sullen eyes, and didn't bore one with sporting chatter or sentimental airs.

It had been a revelation; the traditional thunderbolt; only, once back in Baltimore, Maclew had been caught in the usual network of habits and associations; or perhaps other influences had intervened. No doubt, with a man like that, there would be a "settled attachment" in the background. Then Lilla, for a while, was more outrageous than ever, and when he came to New York to see her, dragged him to one of her rowdiest parties, and went away from it in the small hours with another man, leaving Maclew and his super-car to find their way home uncompanioned. After that the suitor had vanished, and it had taken the combined efforts of all the family, and the family's friends, to draw him back. ("And no one helped us more than Major Fenno," Nollie added with a grateful sigh.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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Cut this out and paste it in your cook book!

A noted Chef's recipes for making savory soups, stews, gravies, sauces and other tempting and delicious dishes.

Meatless Gravy

1 tablespoonful Kitchen Bouquet; 1 small onion, 1 small carrot; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 1 bouillon cube; 2 cup boiling water; salt and pepper. Cut onion and carrot into thin slices and brown in the butter. Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water, add to vegetables and simmer for five minutes. Strain, add Kitchen Bouquet and seasonings and use whenever a thin gravy is quickly needed. If desired thick, add one teaspoonful flour to browned vegetable and stir a minute over the fire, then continue as directed.

Onion Soup

1 tablespoonful Kitchen Bouquet; 5 large onions; 1 tablespoonful finely minced carrot; 3 tablespoonfuls butter; 5 tablespoonfuls flour; 3½ pints boiling water; salt and pepper to taste; 3 bouillon cubes; ½ cup thin cream. Peel and parboil onions for 3 minutes, drain and chop fine, place in saucepan with carrot and butter and simmer 5 minutes. Add flour, stir and add boiling water, salt and pepper and cook slowly a half hour. Strain, add bouillon cubes and stir until dissolved. Add Kitchen Bouquet and cream. Place several pieces toast in tureen, pour over soup and serve at once.

Cream Sauce

Cook together ¼ cup, each, of butter and flour, and add gradually one pint of milk; let simmer ten minutes after all the liquid has been added, season with salt and pepper and add Kitchen Bouquet to taste.

Economical Stew

1 teaspoonful Kitchen Bouquet, 1 lb beefsteak, 3 carrots; 2 raw potatoes, 1 qt. water, 2 tablespoonfuls rice; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 tablespoonfuls flour. Melt butter and brown meat in this. When nicely browned add flour and water. Cook from ½ to ¾ of an hour before adding vegetables and rice. Vegetables should be diced. Season to taste and add Kitchen Bouquet. To be served with mashed potatoes

Chicken Curry

2 tablespoonfuls Kitchen Bouquet; 2 cups chicken, cut small; 2 large onion, sliced; 2 teaspoonful sugar, 2 sour apple, peeled and chopped; 1 cup cream, 3 tablespoonfuls flour; 2 tablespoonful curry powder; 4 tablespoonfuls butter; salt and pepper, 2½ cups water or stock. Melt butter, add onion and cook tender, add flour, sugar and curry powder and stir over fire for two minutes; then add apple, liquid and chicken, and cook slowly for half hour. Then add cream, Kitchen Bouquet, salt and pepper, and serve with border of boiled rice.

Macaroni Supreme

2 teaspoonfuls Kitchen Bouquet; ½ package Fould's Macaroni, 2 large tablespoonful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls onion chopped fine, 2 cups milk, cheese. Break macaroni in inch pieces, throw into boiling salted water enough to cover well, and cook until tender. Rinse well in cold water. *Prepare a sauce as follows:* Into a saucepan place the butter and onions and let simmer, but not brown, for ten minutes; then add flour, stirring well Add the milk gradually and stir until smooth Put cheese to make one cupful through the food chopper, add the Kitchen Bouquet, and mix well, then add to the sauce Mix sauce and macaroni together, reheat and serve.

Chop Suey

3 tablespoonfuls Kitchen Bouquet, 1 pound veal steak cut in cubes, 2 cupfuls celery, diced; 1 cupful chopped Spanish onions, 1 large can mushrooms; 1 tablespoonful chopped peanuts; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 teaspoonful salt; ½ teaspoonful pepper. Melt the butter in frying pan, add the veal and cook until seared, or white all over, turn in the celery and onions and cook gently until the onions and celery are tender; then add the mushrooms with their liquor and a third cupful of water, together with the nuts, salt, pepper and Kitchen Bouquet. Cover and simmer for twenty minutes. Place in a mound on a chop platter, surround with boiled rice sprinkled with paprika, and serve very hot.

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

The name, dropping suddenly into their talk, made Lilla and her wooer and all the other figures in the tale shrivel up like toy balloons. Kate Clephane felt her blood rising again; would she never be able to hear Chris mentioned without this rush of the pulses?

"He was so clever and tactful about it," Nollie was going on. "And he really *believes* in Lilla, just as I do. Otherwise, of course, he couldn't have done what he did—when Horace Maclew has been such a friend to him. He believes she'll keep straight, and that they'll be awfully happy. I fancy he knows a good deal about women, don't you?"

"About women like Lilla, perhaps." The words had flashed out before Kate even knew she thought had formed itself. It must have welled up from some depth of bitterness she had thought long dry.

Nollie's eyes looked grieved. "Oh—you don't like him?"

"I haven't seen him for years," Kate answered lifelessly.

"He admires you so much; he says he used to look up to you when he was a boy. But I dare say he wasn't half as interesting then; he says himself he was a sort of intellectual rolling stone, and always hurting and offending people in his perpetual efforts to find himself. That's how he puts it."

Look up to her when he was a boy! Yes, that's how he *would* put it. And the rest, too: how she had heard that old analogy of the rolling stone and its victims!

"I think the War transformed him; made a man of him. He says so himself. And now he believes he's really found his vocation; he doesn't think of anything but his writing, and some of his poetry seems to me very beautiful. I'm only sorry," Nollie continued thoughtfully, "that he feels obliged to give up his present job. It seems a pity, when he has been looking so long for a post of the sort."

"Ah—he's giving it up?"

"Well, yes; he says he must have more mental elbow-room, for his writing, I mean. He can't be tied down to hours and places."

"Ah, no; he never could—" Again the words had nearly slipped out. The effort to suppress them left Kate dumb for a moment or two, tho she felt that Nollie was waiting for her to speak.

"Then of course he must go," she assented Inwardly she was thinking: "After all, if I'm right—and this seems to prove I'm right—about him and Lilla, it's only decent of him to give up his job." And her eyes suddenly filled with tears at the thought of his making a sacrifice, behaving at a crucial moment as her old ideal of him would have had him behave. After all, he was perhaps right in saying that the War had made a man of him.

"Yes; but it's a pity. And not only for him, I mean. I think he had a good influence on Lilla," Nollie went on.

Ah, no, really they were too simple—even Nollie was! Kate could hardly keep from shouting it at her: "But don't you see, you simpleton, that they're lovers, the two of them, and have cooked up this match for their own convenience, and that your stupid Maclew is their dupe, as all the rest of you are?"

BUT something in her—was it pride or prudence?—recoiled from such an outburst and from the need of justifying it. In God's name, what did it matter to her—what did it matter? The risk was removed; she was safe again—as safe as she would ever be—unless some suicidal madness drove her to self-betrayal.

With dry lips and an aching smile she said: "You must help me to choose my wedding-present for Lilla."

Anne's sojourn in Washington prolonged itself for a fortnight. Her letters to her mother, tho punctual, were inexpressive; but that was not her fault, Kate knew. She had inherited from her father a certain heaviness of pen, an inability to convey on paper shades of meaning or of feeling, and having said: "Isn't it splendid about Lilla?" had evidently exhausted the subject, or rather her power of developing it.

At length she returned, bringing with her some studies of magnolias that were freer and more vigorous than any of her previous work. She greeted her mother with her usual tenderness, and to Kate her coming was like a lifting of clouds and opening of windows; the mother had never supposed that anything in her life could ever again strike such deep roots as this passion for her daughter. *Perfect love casteth out fear!* "Does it? *How does any one know?*" she had often incredulously asked herself. But now, for the first time, love and security dwelt together in her in a kind of millennial quiet.

SHE grudged having to dine out on the evening of Anne's return; but Mrs. Porter Lanfrey was celebrating Lilla's betrothal by a big dinner, with music afterward, and Anne, arriving by a late train, had barely time to dress before the motor was announced. There was no way of avoiding the festivity; its social significance was immeasurable. Mrs. Lanfrey was one of the hostesses who had dropped Lilla from their lists after the divorce, and Mrs. Lanfrey's yea or nay was almost the last survival of the old social code in New York. Those she invited, at any rate, said that hers was the only house where there was a "tradition" left; and the Lilla, at this, used to growl: "Yes, the tradition of how to bore people," her reinstatement visibly elated her as much as it did her family.

To Enid Drover—resplendent in all her jewels—the event had already reversed the parts in her daughter's matrimonial drama, and relegated all the obloquy to the outraged Gates. "Of course this evening shows what Jessie Lanfrey really thinks of Phil Gates," Enid whispered to Mrs. Clephane as the sisters-in-law took off their cloaks in the marble hall; and Kate inwardly emended, with a faint smile: "Or what she really thinks of Horace Maclew."

Mrs. Clephane had entered the vast Lanfrey drawing-room with a shrinking not produced by the presence of most of her own former censors and judges—now transformed into staunch champions or carelessly benevolent acquaintances—but by the dread of seeing behind Mr. Maclew's impressive bulk, a slighter figure and more vivid face. But the moment of suspense was not long; Chris was not there; nor was his name announced after her entrance. The guests were all assembled; the dining-room doors were thrown open, and Mrs. Lanfrey, taking Mr. Maclew's arm, majestically closed the procession from walnut-and-gold to gold-and-marble—for the Lanfrey house was "tradition" made visible, and even the menu was exactly what a previous transmitter of the faith had thought a menu ought to be when Mrs. Lanfrey gave her first dinner

For a moment Kate Clephane felt herself in the faint, bewildered world between waking and sleeping. There they all were, the faces that had walled in her youth; she was not sure, at first, if they belonged to the same persons, or had been handed on, as part of the tradition, to a new generation. It even occurred to her that, by the mere act of entering Mrs. Lanfrey's drawing-room, the latter's guests acquired a facial conformity that belonged to the Lanfrey plan as much as the fat prima donna islanded in a sea of Aubusson who warbled an air from "La Tosca" exactly as a previous fat prima donna had warbled it on the same spot years before.

It seemed as if even Lilla, seated beside

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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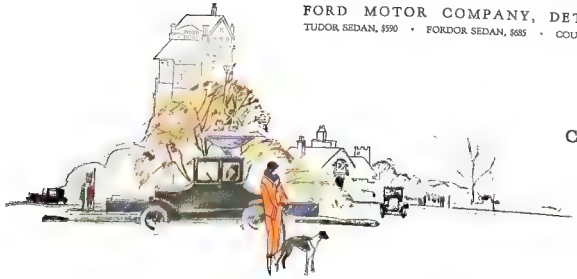

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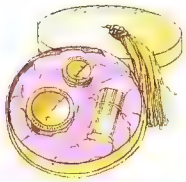
Cashmere Bouquet Perfume—for the woman whose goal is distinction. In a bottle of finest French crystal. $1.50.

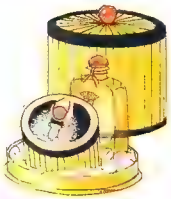
(Left) Colgate's Florient Petite Combination: Perfume, lipstick and a compact that is small enough to slip into the glove. $1.00.

Slim, trim, smartly black. Shaped like a watch. Contains powder, rouge and two mirrors. It is Colgate's Watch-Case Compact. $1.50.

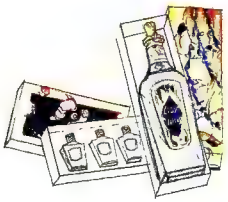


Colgate's Orchis Gift Box: Compacts of powder and rouge and a purse-size flacon of perfume. For the girl with a flair for the rare. $3.00.

Colgate's Florient Combination: Black enameled compacts of face powder and rouge—Florient (Flowers-of-the-Orient) perfume in a crystal flacon—nestling in rich gold satin. $2.50.

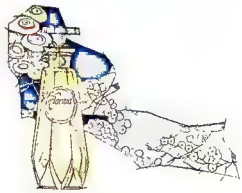


Different, daring, delightful is Colgate's Piquante Combination. A fragrance as gay as the spirit of carnival. Perfume and silky face powder in a unique setting $3.00.



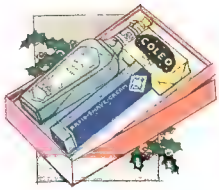
To delight a child—Colgate's Miniature Perfumes. Three different scents. 25 cents. For the grown-up —man or woman—Colgate's Toilet Water in a holiday box. $1.00.

(Right) Because of its fine quality, its matchless perfume and the prestige of its name, Cashmere Bouquet Soap is always a delightful gift. 3-cake box. 70 cents.



Colgate's Florient Perfume: A charming gift because it holds one of the secrets of charm. $1.00 and $2.00.

(Below) What man could feel neglected if Christmas morning brought him a Colgate Men's Gift Box. Rapid-Shave Cream, Colon Soap and Toilet Water. $1.50.



ONE CAN SHOP FRANTICALLY FOR MANY WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AT GREAT COST OF TIME AND ENERGY, OR

ONE CAN DECIDE TO GIVE COLGATE'S. THESE GIFT SUGGESTIONS ARE VARIED SO AS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE.

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

her betrothed, had smoothed her rebellious countenance to an official smirk. Only Anne and Nollie Tresselton resisted the enveloping conformity: Kate wondered if she herself were not stealthily beginning to resemble Enid Drover. "This is what I ran away from," she thought; and found more reasons than ever for her flight. "And, after all, I have Anne back," she murmured blissfully—for that still justified the rest. Ah, how Fate, in creating Anne, had baffled its own designs against Anne's mother!

ON THE way home the girl was unusually silent. She leaned back against the cushions, and let her lids drop. Was it because she was tired after her long day, or only because she was holding in her vision? Kate could not tell. In the passing flashes of the arc-lights the head as her side, bound about with dark braids, looked as firm and young as a Greek marble; Anne was still at the age when neither weariness nor anxiety mars the surface.

Kate Clephane always respected her daughter's silences, and never felt herself excluded from them; but she was glad when, as they neared their door, Anne's hand stole out to her. How many old bruises the touch healed! It was almost as if the girl had guessed how often Kate had driven up to that door inertly huddled in her corner, with her husband's profile like a wall between her and the world beyond the windows.

"Dear! You seem to have been gone for months," the mother said as they reached her sitting-room.

"Yes. So much has happened." Anne spoke from afar off, as if she were groping through a dream.

"But there'll be time for all that to-morrow. You're dead tired now—you're falling with sleep."

The girl opened her eyes wide, in the way she had when she came out of one of her fits of abstraction. "I'm not tired; I'm not sleepy." She seemed to waver. "Can't I come in and sit with you a little while?"

"Of course, dear." Kate slipped an arm through hers, and they entered the shadowy, welcoming room, lit by one veiled lamp and the faint red of the hearth. "After all, this is the best hour of the twenty-four for a talk," the mother said, throwing herself back luxuriously on her lounge. It was delicious, after her fortnight of solitude, to think of talking things over with Anne. "And now tell me about everything," she said.

"Yes, I want to." Anne stood leaning against the chimney-piece, her head on her lifted arm. "There's so much to say, isn't there? Always, I mean—now that you and I are together. You don't know the difference it makes, coming home to you, instead—" She broke off, and, crossing the hearth, knelt down by her mother. Their hands met, and the girl leaned her forehead against Kate's shoulder.

"I've been lonely too!" The confession sprang to Kate's lips. Oh, if at last she might say it! But she dared not. The bond between her and her daughter was still too fragile; and how would such an avowal sound on her lips? It was better to let Anne guess——

Anne did guess. "You *have* been happy here, haven't you?"

"Happy? Little Anne!"

"And what a beautiful mother you are! Nollie was saying to-night that you're younger-looking every day. And nobody wears her clothes as you do. I knew from that old photograph that you were lovely; but I couldn't guess that you hadn't grown any older since it was taken."

Kate lay still, letting the warmth of the words and the embrace flow through her. What praise had ever seemed as sweet? All the past faded in the sunset radiance of the present. "Little Anne," she sighed again. Those three syllables summed it all up.

Anne was silent for a moment; then she continued, her cheek still pressed against her mother: "I want you to stay here always, you know; I want the house to belong to you."

"The house—?" Kate sat up with such a start that the girl's shoulder slipped from hers, and they remained looking at each other, the space between them abruptly widened. "This house—belong to me? Why, what in the world—" she began.

It was the first time such a question had risen. On her arrival in America, when Landers, at Anne's request, had tentatively broached the matter of financial arrangements, Kate had cut him short with the declaration that she would gladly accept her daughter's hospitality, but preferred not to receive any money beyond the small allowance she had always had from the Clephane estate. After some argument Landers had understood the uselessness of insisting, and had doubtless made Anne understand it; for the girl had never spoken of the subject to her mother.

Kate put out an encircling arm. "What in the world should I do with this house, dear? Besides—need we look so far ahead?"

For a moment Anne remained somewhat passively in her embrace; then she gently freed herself and went back to lean against the mantel. "That's just it, dear; I think we must," she said. "With such years and years before you—and all that lovely hair!" Her eyes still lingered smilingly on her mother.

Kate sat upright again, and brushed back the lovely hair from her bewildered temples. What Anne mean? What was it she was trying to say? The mother began to tremble with an undefined apprehension; then suddenly the truth flashed over her.

"Dearest—you mean you may be married?"

The girl nodded, with the quick drop of the lids that called up such memories to her mother. "I couldn't write it; I'm so bad at writing. I want you to be happy with me, darling. I'm going to marry Major Fenno," she said.

"BALTIMORE" —the conductor called it out as the train groaned its way into the echoing station.

Kate Clephane, standing up in the long swaying Pullman, looked about her at the blank faces of all the people in the other seats—the people *who didn't know.* The whole world was divided, now, between people such as those and the only two who did know: herself and one other. All lesser differences seemed to have been swallowed up in that——

She pushed her way between the seats, in the wake of the other travelers who were getting out—one wondered why!—at Baltimore. No one noticed her; she had not looked at a moment at two she was out of the station. She stood there, staring in a dazed way at the meaningless traffic of the streets. Where were all these people going; what could they possibly want, or hope for, or strive for, in a world such as she now knew it to be?

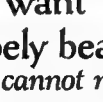
There was a Spring softness in the air, and presently, walking on through the hurrying, purposeful crowd, she found herself in a quiet park-like square, with budding trees, and bulbs pushing up in mounded flower-beds. She sat down on a bench.

Strength had been given her to get through that first hour with Anne—she didn't know how, but somehow, all at once, the shabby years of dissimulation, of maneuvering, of concealing, had leaped to her defense like a mercenary army roused in a patriotic cause. She had to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

Cutex makes the whole hand lovelier

If you want shapely beautiful hands *you cannot neglect the cuticle—*



You may be ever so careful of your hands—wear gloves for your housework and gardening, never skip your favorite cream or lotion.

Yet with all this care they simply will not look groomed and shapely unless you know how to care for your cuticle!

THE cuticle grows just as fast as the nail, the old skin dying as the new grows.

It is just as necessary to get rid of this dead skin and keep the new in a soft unbroken rim as it is to get rid of the nail itself as it grows out beyond the finger tips. This is the reason pushing back the cuticle is unsatisfactory, for when the old dead skin is left the rim is bound to look thick and rough.

There is one quick way to remove the dead skin which does not damage the nail or interfere with the natural growth of the new skin. This is with Cutex Cuticle Remover—an antiseptic liquid that loosens the superfluous cuticle.

Cutex is applied around the base of the nail with the Cutex orange stick. Rinse the finger tips and the superfluous cuticle wipes away leaving a fresh rim of soft skin all around the nail. It is also the very best bleach for the nails themselves, removing stains and leaving the tip snow-white.

If you have never before tried the Cutex manicure you will be delighted with the way it transforms the appearance of the whole hand.

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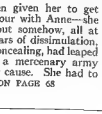
Introductory Set—only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P-12, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



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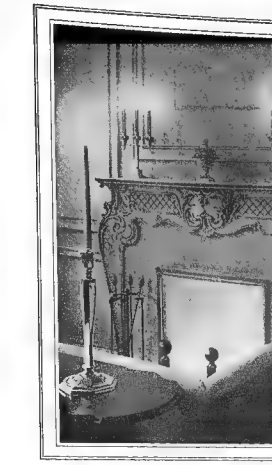

* * * *for the day of*

things that endure

CHRISTMAS . . . old tales that grow the pleasanter in the telling, old customs that have outlived centuries, old friendships becoming brighter as time passes. Gifts at Christmas should have a beauty that is lasting.

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1847 ROGERS BROS.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

deceive Anne, to lull Anne's suspicions, tho she were to die in the attempt. And she had not died—

That was the worst of it.

She had never been more quiveringly, comprehensively alive than as she sat there, in that alien place, staring out alone into an alien future. She felt strong and light enough to jump up and walk for miles and miles—if only she had known where to go! They said grief was aging—well, this agony seemed to have plunged her into a very Fountain of Youth.

No one could possibly know where she was. She had told her daughter that one of the aunts at Meridia was very ill; dying, she believed she had said. To reach Meridia one passed through Baltimore—it had all been simple enough. Luckily she had once or twice talked of the aunts to Anne; had said vaguely: "There was never much intimacy, but some day I ought to go and see them"—so that now it seemed quite natural. and Anne, like all her generation, was too used to sudden comings and goings and violent changes of plan to do more than ring up the motor to take her mother to the first train, and recommend carrying a warm wrap.

The hush, the solitude, the sense of being alone and unknown in a strange place to which no one knew she had gone, gradually steadied Kate Clephane's mind and fragments torn from the last hours began to drift through it, one by one. Curiously enough, it was Anne's awkward little speech about giving her the house that came first—perhaps because it might so easily be the key to the rest.

Kate Clephane had never thought of money since she had been under her daughter's roof, save on the one occasion when she had refused to have her allowance increased. Her disregard of the matter came not so much from conventional scruples as from a natural gay improvidence. If one were poor, and lived from hand to mouth, one had to think about money—worse luck! But once the need of doing so had disappeared, she had dismissed the whole matter from her thoughts. Safely sheltered, becomingly arrayed, she cared no more than a child for the abstract power of possession. And the possession of money, in particular, had always been so associated in her mind with moral and mental dependence that after her break with Hylton Davies poverty had seemed one of the chief attributes of freedom.

IT WAS Anne's suggestion of giving her the house which had flung a sudden revealing glare on the situation. Anne was rich, then—immensely rich! Such a house—one of the few surviving relics of a time when Fifth Avenue had been the fashionable residential quarter—must have grown fabulously in value with the invasion of business. What could it be worth? She couldn't conjecture—could only feel that, to offer it that way (and with it, of course, the means of living in it), Anne, who had none of her mother's improvidence, must be securely and incalculably wealthy. And if she were—

The mother stood up and stared about her. What she was now on the verge of thinking was worse, almost, than all the dreadful things she had thought before. If it were the money she wanted, she might conceivably buy him off that was what she was thinking! And a nausea crept over her as she thought it; for he had never seemed to care any more for money than she did. Yet she *had* to think it of him, to believe it of him if she could, for it held out the one hope in a welter of darkness.

Her mind flagged. She averted her sickened eyes from the thought, and began to turn once more on the racking wheel of reiteration that had carried her from her daughter's side to the place where she now stood. "*I must see him! I must see him! I must see him!*" That was as far as she had got. She looked at her watch, and went up to a policeman to ask the way.

HE WAS not at Horace Maclew's. She turned from the wrought-iron and plate-glass portals that were so exactly what she had known they would be. An assistant secretary, summoned by an obliging footman, said that Major Fenno had telephoned not to expect him that day. The private address? Sorry he didn't know it. But of course they always said that——

She entered a post-office and found his parents' name in the telephone-book. A trolley carried her to a Quakerish quarter of low, plain-faced brick houses; streets and streets of them, exactly alike. Here and there a tree budded in front of one of them; but the house at which she rang had an unbroken view of the row of dispirited duplicates across the way. After some delay an elderly woman came to the door, wiping her perspiring hands on a greasy apron.

Mr. Christopher? Major Fenno? She'd see. His mother, she added gratuitously, was out, but she guessed the lady could step in. Kate followed her into a shabby sitting-room; all she remembered afterward was that there were funny tufted armchairs, blinds half down, a rosewood "what not" in a corner, and on a plush pedestal the sad aspidistra of gentility. Queer to have noticed such things.

She heard a step outside, and Chris came in. As he saw her he closed the door quickly behind him. He was very pale. "Kate!" he said.

She had been standing in the window, and remained there, the width of the little room between them. "Didn't you expect me?" she asked.

He looked at her as if he hardly saw her. "Yes; I suppose I did," he said at length in a slow, dragging voice. As he stood there he seemed like some one suddenly snatched out of a trance. To her surprize, she felt him singularly in her power. Their parts were reversed for the first time, and she said to herself: "I must act quickly, before he can collect himself." Aloud she asked: "What have you got to say to me?"

"To say to you—?" he began; and then, suddenly, with a quick change of voice, and moving toward her, with outstretched hands: "For Heaven's sake don't take that tone with me. It's bad enough——"

She knew every modulation; he had pleaded with her so often before! His trying it now only hardened her mind and cleared her faculties, and with that flash of vision came the sense that she was actually seeing him for the first time. There he stood, stripped of her dreams, while she registered, in a clear objective way, all the strength and weakness, the flaws and graces of his person, marked the premature thinning of his smooth brown hair, the incipient crow's-feet about the lids, their too tender droop over eyes not tender enough, and that slight slackness about the mouth that had once seemed a half-persuasive pout, and was now only a sign of secret uncertainties and indulgences. She saw it all, and even under the rich glaze of a greater prosperity, a harder maturity, a prompter self-assurance and resourcefulness, she reached to some failure of the finer powers.

That was what she became aware of—and aware too that the awful fact of actually seeing another human being might happen to one for the first time only after years of intimacy; how strange that precisely in such cases it *did* most often happen afterward—afterward, that season of all ghostly reckonings!

"It's bad enough——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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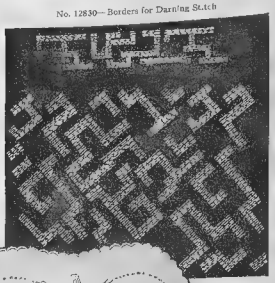
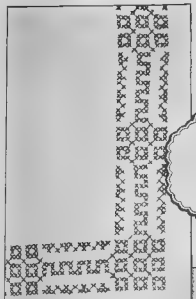
For Varied Uses Are These Effective Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12830, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, supplies 6 yards of 2½-inch border and 2 yards of 13½-inch border to be developed in darning stitch.

No. 12944 Cross-stitch Border on Curtains
Detail of Corner (below)

No. 12830—Borders for Darning Stitch

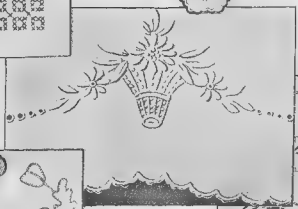




No. 12942 -Luncheon Set of 13 Pieces

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12942, blue only, 40 cents—1/6, supplies the shape and design of a 13-piece luncheon set, including a centerpiece, six tumbler doilies, and six plate doilies

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12944, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-, gives cross-stitch border and motifs.



No. 12942 Showing Motif

No. 12933 (below

No. 12943 -Trimming Borders

No. 12831 Applique Trimming Motifs for the Children's Clothes

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12943 blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, supplies 3 yards each of 4 borders with appliqué guides for one. French knots, lazy-daisy, flat-satin, blanket and outline stitches are employed

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Best Foods

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

She caught up his unfinished phrase. "You realize how bad it is? That's the reason why you've given up your job? Because you see that you must go away? Are you going now—at once?"

"Going—going?" He echoed the word in his flat, sleep-walking voice. "I don't know what I'm going to do." He dropped into an armchair, and cowered there, looking up at her. "For Heaven's sake, help me!" he exclaimed.

She burst out laughing. It was too preposterous! And then, suddenly, her eyes on the huddled misery of his attitude, the weakness of his fallen features, she understood that the cry was real; that he was in agony, and turned to her instinctively for help. She crossed the room, and laid her hand impulsively on his shoulder.

"Chris—rouse yourself! Try to realize— You must go. You must go at once. On any pretext—"

She felt her hand doubtfully taken and laid for a moment against his cheek. The cheek was wet.

"On any pretext," she repeated. "I don't know what madness—" She lowered her voice to add in a whisper: "I won't ask you how it happened. I won't soil my thoughts. But I'll help you in any way—in every way—if you'll only go; go at once; go to-day."

"To-day?" He sat there, seeming to consider it; and she stood above him, her hand resting unawares on his huddled shoulder, all her consciousness filled with a sense of tragedy that silenced her scorn. How she could have pitied him, even, if only the horror had been less!

Abruptly he raised his head and looked at her. "You don't know, I suppose -but I did go, once, before."

"Once before?"

"You didn't suppose, did you, that I'd drifted into this without a fight—a hard fight? Or did you think of me so meanly—?" He broke off and his gaze fell away.

She drew back a step or two. "I'm still waiting to know what to think of you. Don't let it be the worst!" she said.

He made a hopeless gesture. "What *is* the worst? The best's bad enough, I should say."

"The worst is that, having gone away, you should have come back. If you went why didn't you stay?"

He stood up, and this time their eyes met more fully. "You have the right to question me about my own feelings—but not about any one else's," he said.

"Feelings? *Your* feelings?" She laughed again. "And my own daughter's—oh, but I didn't mean to name her even!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I'm glad you've named her. You've answered your own question," he said.

She looked about her vaguely, and put out her hand for something to lean on. The world was yawning at her feet; her head swam. And yet she felt that everything depended on her keeping what little hold she had over him, and what little clearness there was in her own brain.

She rested her hand on a chair-back, and lifted her eyes almost timidly to his. "You said yourself it was no use—our taking that tone— If you'll listen, I'll try to be quiet. I want to spare you —why shouldn't I?"

He made no answer to this, but walked across the room and back, and dropped into his chair again. "I'll listen."

"Well, then; I haven't come to reproach you. I haven't come to argue with you. Why should I," she exclaimed with a flash of inspiration, "when all the power is mine? If I came in anger, in abhorrence—well, I feel only pity now. Don't reject it—don't reject my pity. Let me help you. Let me—make it possible for you to go."

He looked up at her sharply, with an altered face. "You're bribing me? Well —I suppose you've the right to. There's hardly any indignity you haven't the right to lay on me. Only—it's not so simple. I've already told you—"

"Ah, don't name her! Don't make me remember. Chris, I want to help you as if this were—were any other difficulty. Let u look at it together in that way."

But she felt the speciousness of her words. How could one face the Gorgon-image of this difficulty as if it were like any other? His silence seemed to echo her thought. Slowly he rose again from his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, with a gesture she remembered, and went and leaned in the window-frame. What was he thinking, she wondered, as he glanced vacantly up and down the long featureless street? Smiling inwardly, perhaps, at the crudeness of her methods, the emptiness of her threats. For, after all—putting the case at its barest —if the money was what had tempted him, how, with that fortune at his feet, could any offer of hers divert his purpose?

A CLOCK she had not noticed began to tick insistently. It seemed to be measuring out the last seconds before some nightmare crash that she stood there powerless to arrest. Powerless, at least—

She saw his expression change, and he moved back into the room. "There's my mother coming down the street. She's been to market—my mother has to do her own marketing." He said it with a faintly ironic smile. "But you needn't be afraid of meeting her. She won't come in here; she never does at this hour. She'll go straight to the kitchen."

"Afraid? Why should I be afraid of your mother? Or she of me? It's you who are afraid now!" Kate exclaimed.

His face seemed to age as she watched it. "Well, then, I am," he acknowledged, in the voice of a beaten man. "I've been a good deal of a nuisance to her first and last, and she's old and not well. Let's leave her out of this, can't we?"

As he spoke, they heard, through the thin wall, the fumbling of a latch-key in the outer lock. Kate moved toward the door; her decision was taken.

"You want to leave her out? Then promise me—give me your word that you'll go at once. You know you can count on me if you need my help. Only you must promise now. If not, I shall call your mother in—I shall tell her—I shall tell her everything." Her hand was on the door-knob when he caught it back.

"Don't do that!"

They heard the street door open and close again, heard a slow, dragging step pass through the narrow hall, and a door open into the region from which the woman with the greasy apron had emerged to admit Kate.

"Ann Eliza!" they heard Mrs. Fenno call in a tired, elderly voice.

"I promise," her son said; he loosened his hold on Kate's wrist.

The two continued to stand opposite each other with lowered heads. At length Mrs. Clephane moved away a few steps.

"I'm going now. You understand that it must happen before to-morrow—" She paused. "I'll do all I can for you as long as you keep your word; if you break it I won't spare you. I've got the means to beat you in the end; only don't make me use them don't make me!"

He stood a few feet away from her, his eyes on the ground. Decidedly, she had beaten him, and he understood it. The worst of the horror was over.

The fourth instalment of "The Mother's Recompense" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published December 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once

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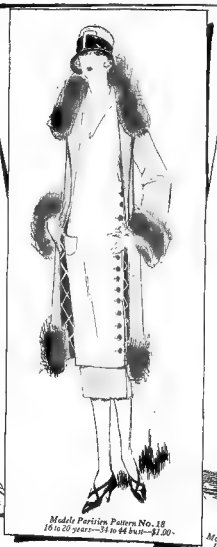

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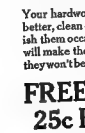

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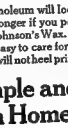

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The Miracle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

"'Did you get cold? You walked pretty fast.'

"'I'm sorry. I was thinking of something else.'

"'I know what that's like. You can do a lot of things when you are thinking and not know about it. Before *he* was born'—she indicated the child by an affectionate note of the voice—'I used to do all my work without knowing I'd done it. I was by myself most of the time.'

BEHIND the leaded glass of the door hung a great wreath of holly crimson with berries. The symbol recalled the significance of the night to the mistress of the house, and it recalled also the venture upon which she was determined. And for a moment she was annoyed by the presence of the mountain woman—unfortunate that she should appear just at this time to require a shelter.

"Still, one could not deny it, on a night of Winter, to a mother with a child.

"Better, of course, if it could have been avoided. It might make matters a trifle more difficult. But such a person could be easily managed. Besides, and she smiled as she opened the door, it would be a subtle touch for her husband to find a mother and child in his house instead of a pagan doll!

"'Come in.'

"She removed the rubbers and the coat, and led the way into the drawing-room.

"'Shall I get you something to eat—tea?'

"'I'm not hungry; we had our supper before we left the town; still, I've got to feed *him*—if you have milk and bread handy——'

"She wondered for a moment if this mountain woman intended to feed a newly born child bread. And there must have been something of the query in her face, for the visitor changed color slightly, and in her own embarrassment, now that she understood, she brought her hand up unconsciously to her own breast, firm, beautifully molded—there was a primitive use for it!

"She took some care in the preparation of the simple food: thin slices of bread with butter, and a bowl of milk.

"It seemed a queer reversal of affairs that she, a pampered exquisite, accustomed to the minutest service, should be, herself, serving this mountain woman. And, out of some perversion in the fancy, she selected the very finest articles for that service: a superb tray, a lustre bowl, very nearly priceless, and a napkin from a Queen's dowry; and to further extend that perversion, she bore them in and presented them to the mountain woman as tho she were a maid in her service.

"SHE was impressed with the changed atmosphere of the room.

"The essence of things there had received something to complete it. That harmony which her faultless taste had ceaselessly endeavored to create had arrived.

"The visitor sat on the divan before the wood-fire, her yellow homespun dress, with its long skirt, fallen into lines of almost classic dignity; the child lay on the silk cushion beside her, and in a mirror directly she could see her own figure, advancing with the service.

"And in spite of this play-acting she felt humbled and put down.

"In what hidden virtue lay the distinction of the scene? A girl from the most primitive life in the crudest clothing with a child!

"And yet the very scents of the room had changed: the perfume, the exotic cigarets had been replaced by the fresh odors of the fields, as when windows are thrown open on a Spring morning.

"She put the tray down on the divan beside her visitor. She indicated the child.

"'Is he asleep?'

"'Yes.'

"'You came from the village?'

"'Yes, we had to go to pay our taxes. If you don't pay your taxes the State sells your land. We didn't want to lose our home—not now.'

"The mountain woman spoke softly, gently. She went on.

"'The sheriff don't come through the mountains to collect the taxes. He sets a day for everybody to come to the town.'

"And you made that journey in Winter, in weather like this, with your child?'

"The mountain woman seemed embarrassed to reply.

"'He—he wasn't born then. He was born in the town. I had to go along when we went to pay the taxes; there was nobody to stay with me.'

"The mistress of the house was amazed at these simple details. But she made no further inquiry. She was seized with a sudden impulse: a longing to uncover the child, handle it, caress it. But instead she made some futile inquiry. Would the child take any injury from its exposure to the cold—the night—the journey? She had heard it cry.

"'No, it won't hurt him.'

"As tho nothing could hurt him; as tho her affection for this child, out of its own virtue, put him beyond injury; was in itself all-protective.

"And then she repeated what she had said at the cow-barn:

"'I don't know what made him cry.'

"THE mistress of the house made some vague apology to cover her absence from the room, and went out. This was madness.. What was happening to her firm fiber. The night was advancing. Matters could be no longer delayed. She must pull herself together. She went over to a closet in the dining-room, poured out a glass of liqueur, and drank it off.

"It had been brewed by the monks of Chartreuse before France doomed them to exile, and given to her as a bit of treasure. The potent liqueur revived her spirit of revolt, her will to adventure. She would pack the articles she required and go. What had a woman of the hills to do with her? She had provided shelter, food, comfort for the night. Her obligations were ended.

"She paused, considering swiftly what articles she should take: gowns—jewels? No, the gowns had been purchased with her husband's money, and the jewels given by him. She smiled, her features tense—honor among thieves—as one would cut a throat and respect the coins in the pocket of the victim. Murder! It might be very nearly that. This man loved her! What would he do?

"She did not permit herself to reflect.

"The gowns, the jewels would remain; she would not need them. Fortunately, the one with whom she went on this adventure had possessions as great as the one she abandoned. What time was it? How still the world was!

"She threw open the French doors of the dining-room and stood out on the terrace.

"It must be approaching midnight. Presently the bells of the village would ring. But how still it was, and how the dome of the stars had closed down, drawn in on the house! That flaming planet: Had it moved?

"She looked up.

"For what mystery did everything wait? What was about to happen?

"Then she stepped back into the dining-room and closed the doors. The wicker flask on the shelf of the closet caught her eye. She swallowed what remained of the liqueur out of the mouth of the flask. It steadied her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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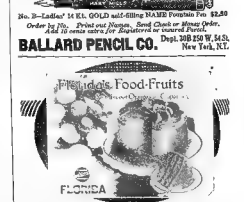

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The Miracle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

"She put up her hands to her hair, to the exquisite gown, to her throat, as tho to tidy her appearance for the decisive act. Then she went into the butler's pantry.

"This was the only telephone in the house connecting directly with the village. It was an instrument for country service. There was a dim light where a tiny gas-jet burned.

"She paused.

"The silence in the house was like a pressure. It deepened and extended itself as with a profound, voiceless expectancy. It was as tho the soul of things inanimate and immovable in the vague light strained toward her—and waited!

"She approached the telephone, took down the receiver, and put out her hand to the button. But her hand remained extended; the receiver slipped down on its cord.

"There was some one behind her!

"She turned slowly as with an immense effort. The mountain woman stood in the door through which she had just entered, and with a cry she flung herself into the woman's arms. With an infinite tenderness the figure gathered her to its bosom, held her close, enveloped her.

"She felt the rough garment against her face, the arms around her. And slowly, as through some subtle distillation, she seemed to flow into this woman, to blend with her—to cease to be—to become by some divine enchantment the one that had received her."

THE man stopped abruptly in his narration, and put a direct, sharp query to the doctor.

"Now what was that?"

Again the doctor was startled. He looked about him in the darkness. He thought the man meant some event happening on the deck of the yacht -some sound, some motion.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the mental conception of the woman, that she flowed into and was enveloped by the figure behind her, becoming a part of it. Now what was that?"

"Good God," said the doctor, "how do I know?"

Presently the man went on.

"I suppose," he said, "no one knows. The human mind itself is as profound a mystery as the moving impulses behind it. It is no use to assemble a lot of names. I know all about it. She went right into events that were as real as any actual events of life. She saw the life that she was going into on this night just as accurately as anything that she had ever lived through. She saw it just as clearly as tho she were looking in through a window upon it.

"She saw a woman hurrying about the tables at Monte Carlo, forcing her way through the crowds of people, searching among the players everywhere, through the gilded saloons, peering into every corner, into every face. Finally at the door to the tables of the *trente-el-quarante* she stopped, as tho stricken rigid. A man, stooping, was putting down some gold pieces beside a girl.

"The girl was young, but the man was older than he was to-night; his dark hair had a tinge of gray in it; his firm, suntanned face showed purple veins; the jaw had grown heavy. That's how she said he looked.

"She saw the opera in Paris. A woman, this same woman, sat in a box. She was alone. About her were the beauty and splendor of Paris; the gorgeous extravaganza of the opera, vast, heavenly music. But she did not regard it. Her eyes wandered, furtively, desperately, everywhere through the immense crowned are beyond her. Then she got up, went out of the box into the foyer, and looked down over the balustrade of the stairs; below a girl, a gamin from Montmartre, was smiling up at that same time-changed man, concealed partly by the screen of a pillar!"

There was a moment of silence.

The doctor was leaning forward in his chair. He was trying to make out the figure before him in the darkness. He was beginning to understand this story. He thought he knew who the man was. He had seen that face below deck when he had been first called on the yacht. That change in the man, at least, was no hallucination. It had happened. What the woman in this story had seen was life; a life she had escaped, but this man had not escaped it. He had lived it. He was here; he sat there in the darkness, with those physical evidences upon him, and now suddenly he went on—a sort of desperate energy in the thick voice.

"God," it said, "no duty, no obligation! When no vow is kept! You can't deny the years their toll of you. License makes way for license. And she saw her own face—what it would have been—peering over the rail of the balustrade. It was awful! The soft, straw-colored hair, harsh with henna; the eyes, crow-footed, rouge, stencil, every futile device."

The voice changed. The heavy emotion slipped out of it. It went on with the narrative.

"The woman in the silence, in the dim light of the butler's pantry, let out her hands in a great gesture of rejection. Then she began to stagger about, groping for the door.

"Something lured her.

"She must find it; it was here; somewhere in this house; but how tired she was! How her knees dragged!

"She came finally into the drawing-room as through heavy water. The child covered with the white lambskin lay asleep on the silk cushions at the end of the blue divan, in the soft glow of the fire. She flung herself down beside it and gathered it up in her arms; and far off the bells of the village began to ring."

Again the man's voice stopped; and again the doctor, listening through every detail of the story, put the query that moved him:

"And what happened?"

For a time there was no reply. Then the voice in the darkness seemed to tail off.

"It was the thing that didn't happen You see, her husband had been warned about it, and he had waited all night at the gate of the grounds with his weapon for the two persons in the motor to come out. He came in at daylight, and found his wife asleep on the divan before the fire, a silk cushion pressed against her bosom!"

"BUT the mountain woman," said the doctor; "the man with the mule, the child, what had become of them? Did not the man watching at the gate see them when they came out? Did he not see them when they entered? What became of them?"

The voice of the dying man became stronger; it took on almost the firmness and the vigor of health.

"It's the Gospel according to St. Luke," he said, "that I wished you to remember. I mean the story of the Nativity according to that Gospel.

"Jesus of Nazareth was born in Bethlehem of Judea when Joseph and Mary journeyed into that village to be taxed. You see, Doctor——"

The voice ceased as tho fingers had closed on the throat.

The doctor knew what had happened, but he did not move. The detached embolus had floated into the heart. He looked up at the cross of stars hanging in the sky. And suddenly far away the great bell of the cathedral began to sound in the still, thick dark.

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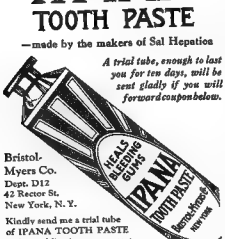

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We Are Four

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

can not conquer a world when a slim little woman is in your way. Get her out of the way and the world opens to you once more! I got Johanna out of the way. I married her.

Perhaps she had reasoned in the same channel. "Once we are married we shall be free," she said. "You, Emanuel, will then be secure and I, Johanna, will then be content. We shall continue in our high effort as if nothing has happened between us, as if you are still Misha Judsini and I Johanna Tinkereska. When at you will have your stupendous début at Carnegie Hall. I shall have mine at the palace Nkerdna Sverde in Norway; when you will travel in Europe, I shall tour the States.

"Once or twice a year we shall meet at some railway-junction, I bound for Canada, you for Panama. When the papers will interview us and cover their pages with our pictures and tell of our climb to fame, you will always be Misha Judsini, solo, and I Johanna Tinkereska, solitaire!"

And Johanna, with her Amati clasped to the left side of her bosom, and Emanuel, his Guarnerius pressed fervently to the left side of his bosom, shook hands like two brave young men and true, and parted. She went next door and imagined it was Asia Minor, and I remained in my room and imagined I would never see her again. So I peeked through the keyhole as if it were a spy-glass focused on Asia, and I could see her bend to get back at me stranded here in America. And we agreed that it was quite foolish to be separated that way as we would do nothing all day but peek at each other. Besides, "Why pay double rent?" queried Johanna quite practically.

SO WE saved a good deal on the rent moving to a single room in 119th Street, a factory of squalling sounds. But do not get the notion that because we moved together we interfered with each other. When I practised she sat at the secretary and did her theory, and when she practised I would compose. Don't think it is simple!

I would rather grind gravel from slabs of granite-stone and crack under a hod of bricks than repeat those early days of tintinnabulating torture to my nerves. Every threnody and rhapsody, sonata and concerto that is born into the vibrant air is the result, not of fiddle-strings, but the nerve-strings of the player squirming through the resonant agony of those training years. But we labored through the jungle depths of sound until our mind and fancy could discern the weirdest, wildest waves of nature's vibratory life and reproduce the tones of unheard-of worlds upon a tiny polished box with strings of gut. And as we relaxed and linked our arms together, we felt all this vista of wild music that swept us through. We spoke a language that others did not know. My Guarnerius rested on the mantelpiece and her Amati on the table still echoed to each other in faint tremors through this wild human wood where men and women were trees with interlocking limbs and their souls were mating birds upon the bough.

One day Johanna came from school and cried. Professor Bauer had not liked her lesson. Her individuality, he said, was being submerged. She was too imitative, he said. It was not Johanna Tinkereska who was playing Bach's "Ciaccona," but Johanna Tinkersmith of Duttonville, Ala.!

"You are submerging my individuality," she sobbed.

"I?" I exclaimed, stupefied. "I submerging you? But, Johanna, how can you say such things? You are practising more than ever and playing better than ever."

"No, no, no!" she fretted and stamped her feet. "You are growing every day bigger and better and you are feeding out of my soul! I am being sucked dry of my spirit in the feeding of yours!"

I was silent. I felt like a thief. I had suspected such a thing. In the grapple of souls, as of nations, one either submerges or is submerged, and despite Johanna's grief and my feeling of infamy, I could not help but say to myself, "Ah, Misha, you are the stronger. In the struggle of subjugation you have conquered."

The next day I played the first movement of the Goldmark "Concerto" for Professor Bauer's approval. I had never played that masterpiece so smoothly, so steadily, so well. When I finished I stood for a moment for the imaginary applause to die down and turned to the aged, bespectacled professor. There was a yellow darkness in his eyes. "Your individuality is being submerged," he said somberly. "Misha, what is the matter with you?"

My soul submerged? My power overpowered, but by whom? Surely not Johanna! I felt as if I would fall. "Professor, what are you saying? I play better than ever," I cried. "That was a masterpiece of rendition!"

"Of perdition," said old Bauer grimly. "Misha, you have gained in complacency what you should gain in skill. The first sign of mediocrity is contentment! You would never have been satisfied with such playing before. I have been watching you. You were my most promising pupil. But you have been too readily deceived by promises!"

The professor was unusually kind in his brutality to me. He seemed to speak as if he had lost something, not I; as if he were to blame.

"I opened the shutter and let out a bird of paradise," he mumbled. Then with a pardonable tenderness in his face he said, "Misha, do not disappoint me. There is technique, there is quality, there is beauty, there is everything in your playing but you. You no longer belong to your violin. Be careful, Misha. I have slated you for the scholarship to the Conservatoire at Paris!"

That night Johanna rested her head on my shoulder and sobbed, and I sat and looked out at the river that trails like a silver adder along the drive.

"Misha, we are both submerged. But surely neither has submerged the other! Each is greater and stronger and better for this beautiful relation of love and art and fellowship! Then what can it be?"

"Is it a third that submerges the two?" I said with a pensive, almost listless look, and Johanna's face suddenly turned to mine with an expression of pain and sorrow. I kissed her tears away as I murmured, "Johanna, forgive me. I have said a sinful thing. I did not mean what I said. I love you."

We sat for a long time looking out at the silver adder that wriggled along the shore. But I could not help repeating in my mind, far beneath the layers of self-reproach and love, that there in the Hindu lands, by the lotus-trees, there are far-seeing people who understand the strange mathematics of the soul, which, once it is split in two, buds of itself to a third. "And is it the third that submerges these two?" And was that what old Bauer had sensed? We shall let you decide.

We Are Three

OF COURSE it was a *he*, and we called him Reginald Judson, in honor of his godfather, Mr. Reginald Duncan of the *Evening Herald*, who jestingly said at the bedside that Reggie would grow up to be a better musician than his father and mother combined. We laughed with Mr. Duncan at his kind jest, and tho it was intended as the nicest sort of compliment, I thought it quite flat. The sensation of fatherhood had not yet subdued me to self-effacement. Reggie would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree. I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be ashamed of her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly overweight or under-weight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. Those startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, blemished face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength, and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, and many other ailments due to physical inefficiency, in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter for my free book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Mail the coupon now, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 1812 225 W. 39th St., N. Y. C.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 1812, 225 W. 39th St., N. Y. C.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in
☐ Reducing Weight ☐ Body Building

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Dress 2436
Beading 12785

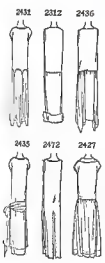
Dress 2435
Beading 12926

Dress 2431
Beading 12270

Dress 2427
Beading 12961

Dress 2312
Beading 12765

Tunic Dress 2472



Metal Laces and Beads for Evening

2436—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch turquoise blue satin—2¼ yards 36-inch gold lace—⅞ yard frilling—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Gold lace fashions the side panels of this stunning evening frock, the bodice and skirt of which are trimmed with design 12785, developed in gold-color beads. All the couturiers of Paris are emphasizing gold and silver laces, frequently combining both in the creation of one model.

2472—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch gold brocade—2½ yards 40-inch gold-color satin for the underslip. From shoulder to hem, this lovely evening frock is straight and slim, thereby winning Fashion's approval. Crystal beads edge the long tunic, slashed at the lower edge to form panels.

2427—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch black chiffon—2¾ yards 40-inch printed chiffon—⅛ yard 40-inch white chiffon. Two beautiful velvet and ribbon ornaments posed at just the right angles lend charm to this youthful tunic frock of chiffon. Like most evening frocks, this one is trimmed with beading, using design 12961 developed in tiny bugles. The frock closes under the left arm and the bodice is open in front, showing a narrow, pointed vestee. Combinations of plain and printed fabrics are very good this season.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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Ensemble Costumes Prevail

Tunic Dress 2476

Dress 2462

Dress 2456
Embroidery 12736

Tunic Dress 2482
Beading 12667

Ensemble Jacket Costume 2392

Ensemble Jacket Costume 2400

Ensemble Jacket Costume 2416

Dress 2452

Tunic Dress 2479
Beading 12939

2482 Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch black bengaline—3 yards 40-inch white satin 2⅓ yards Byzantine ribbon—2⅝ yards deep purple ribbon. Touches of vivid color create a note of intriguing piquancy in this chic tunic frock exploiting black and white. On such a stunning frock a border of beading is essential Design 12667 is effectively developed in tiny glass bugles.

2416 Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch black satin 2⅜ yards 54 inch cranberry red jua na 1½ yard 36 inch white satin for collar 1⅛ yard gray fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch silk lining for jacket. Every winter wardrobe must include an ensemble costume if it is to be complete This one is extremely chic in the popular new shade of cranberry red.

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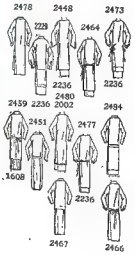
The Tunic Vogue Is Supreme

Tunic Blouse 2229 Bodice Skirt 2236
Tunic Blouse 2448 Bodice Skirt 2236 Beading 12765
Tunic Blouse 2459 Bodice Skirt 1608 Embroidery 12955
Tunic Blouse 2473 Bodice Skirt 2236 Beading 12601
Tunic Blouse 2480 Bodice Skirt 2002
Tunic Blouse 2477 Bodice Skirt 2236



2434—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch white satin —1¾ yard 40-inch black-and-white stripe satin—1⅞ yard 40-inch plain black satin—1¼ yard lace for jabot—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. The striking effectiveness of black and white, the cascade lace jabot, and the all-important tunic combine to make this a creation that is the very essence of smartness.

2467—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Tiber green flannel—¼ yard 36-inch white silk crêpe —1¼ yard radiance ribbon—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for camisole. Black buttons trim the front of this smart two-piece sports frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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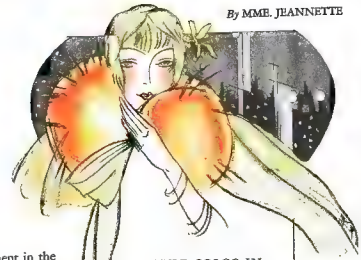
Your skin demands the constant attention of these creams

By MME. JEANNETTE



A DRY skin chaps easily—it needs much Night Cream

Women with the type of skin classified as dry have to be on the alert all the time to preserve the natural beauty of their delicate complexions—and to bring out the charm they have!

The dry skin requires continual nourishment in the form of healing and feeding oils. These fine skin-oils are found in Pompeian Night Cream, and this cream offers great benefits to the dry skin.

The care of skin is not a matter of using Pompeian Night Cream for a few days and nights—and then finding that your skin has become radiantly beautiful! Pompeian Night Cream is a corrective of the abuses you may have subjected your skin to for years, and its excellence is found in its steady, certain power to improve your complexion.

As a treatment: Once a day this skin requires special attention with cream. The skin should be thoroughly covered, then gently wiped off. Next, small quantities of the cream should be applied with the tips of the fingers, working in little circular movements. Be very careful not to press the fingers down hard, for the dry type of skin must be treated very delicately. After some of the cream is absorbed, tap the skin gently with finger-tips till there is only the slightest trace of the cream. Bathe in cold water or rub with a piece of ice and rest for fifteen minutes before going out or putting on powder.

As a cleanser: Pompeian Night Cream should always be used to cleanse a dry skin. Too much water will make this skin harsh. Apply the cream generously and wipe off gently—and repeat the cream-application as many times as the skin shows superfluous soil or grime.

As a powder base: After cleansing the skin add a slight quantity of Pompeian Night Cream, pat into the skin well and wipe off with soft cloth or tissue. This forms an ideal powder base for a dry skin.

Pompeian Night Cream, 60c the jar (slightly higher in Canada).

Pompeian Night Cream
(CLEANSING AND SKIN-NOURISHING)

A LITTLE COLOR IN THE FACE ADDS BEAUTY

The use of a pure, harmless rouge beautifies the skin, and gives it the same sort of protection as a good powder. Pompeian Bloom used with Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a natural color that cannot be detected when used correctly.

No woman, today, wants to be noticeably "made up," and the application of your powder and rouge should be given the same care you accord to dressing your hair. Powder and rouge must be applied as a part of your entire toilette, and must be blended carefully and with discrimination.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

(Top half shown here)

GET 1925 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7¾. Done in color by a famous artist; worth 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

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Shade of powder wanted?_____

An OILY skin may become sluggish—it needs two creams

During the severe weather of winter every woman must pay very special attention to the care of her skin if she wants to have it lovely to look at during the social season. An oily skin may have its drawbacks, but it also has its advantages.

One of its greatest advantages is its ability to keep young-looking. Women with oily skin retain a certain fresh youthfulness in the texture of skin for years—*if they take care of it.*

The very fact of excess oil is an asset to the woman who is particular about her toilette. Yes, it *does* require a little more of your time, for its very activity makes it demand constant attention. The natural oil, if controlled, keeps the skin soft and pliable, and less subject to lines and aging wrinkles. But an oily skin must guard against enlarged pores and a tendency to shine. Cream-cleansing and cream-protection are both essential to this skin. This is generally a healthy skin and can stand frequent treatments.

Pompeian Night Cream has oils in it that dissolve and carry off the excess oil of the skin, with the removing of the superfluous cream. Pompeian Night Cream thus cleanses an oily skin in the most efficient and scientific manner.

Pompeian Day Cream is invaluable for the oily skin, having a slightly astringent quality that makes it especially good for the relaxed pores, gently reducing them to a more normal condition.

Women with an oily skin should always use Pompeian Day Cream as a powder base. It removes oil, and forms a protective base for your powder.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream, and should be applied in very small quantities, going over each little space of skin till the entire surface is covered with a delicate film. Thus it forms a protection to the skin, and an adherent foundation for your powder.

Pompeian Day Cream, 60c the jar (slightly higher in Canada).

Pompeian
Day Cream
(VANISH ME)

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Newest Top-Coats Are Double-Breasted

2481—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch dark satin—¾ yard 40-inch light satin for trimming. The persistent Directoire period creeps into the mode in ever so many ways. Here it is revealed in the double cape collar which is the most important feature of this slim one-piece frock. Long, tight sleeves and button-trimmed patch pockets are further evidences of chic. The attractive border design, 12807, may be developed in beads.

2463—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch light flannel—1⅞ yard 36 inch dark flannel. The woman who likes tailored frocks will appreciate the smart simplicity of this one, distinguished by a narrow scarf collar. Buttons are the only trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Dress 2463

2417

Ensemble Jacket Costume 2417
Beading 12878

2463

2265

Overblouse 2265

Coat 2461

2461

Coat 2439

Dress 2481
Beading 12807

Tunic Blouse 2459

2459

2439 2481 2465

Dress 2465

2386

Overblouse 2386
Cross-stitch 12932

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The Trend of Youthful Winter Modes

2472—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine —2⅝ yards 40-inch satin. Crystal beads, favorite trimming this season for dinner and dance frocks, are used to edge the paneled tunic. Beads are used to develop the bodice motif.

2427—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—2 yards 40-inch lace. This picturesque frock is essentially youthful with its gathered tunic and cape collar. It closes under the left arm and the bodice is open in front, showing a pointed vestee. Taffeta has resumed its place of honor among fashionable silks and is specially attractive combined with lace. The dainty trimming motif is prettily posed on the front of the frock.

2473—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 24 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, size 16, requires 4½ yards 40-inch mirror crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining—3¾ yards novelty ribbon. Design 12704 may be developed in beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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Is Pointed Definitely Toward the Tunic

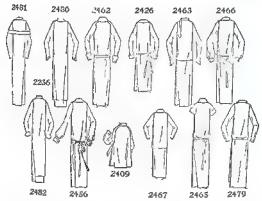
2481—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—4½ yards binding —¾ yard frilling for jabot. A hint of the Directoire in the double cape collar distinguishes this one-piece frock of chic simplicity. Patch pockets are trimmed with embroidery design 12967.

2456—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards wool plaid —½ yard 36-inch silk crêpe for trimming—3¾ yards ribbon. This interesting new version of the one-piece garçonne frock is conclusive evidence of its immense popularity. Such a frock is particularly attractive developed in wool plaid, a fabric used extensively this season for making both frocks and coats.

Tunic Dress 2482

Dress 2481
Embroidery 12967

Tunic Blouse 2480
Bodice Skirt 2236
Beading 12937



2463—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch duvetyn for lower part and collar—1⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe. The attractive design, 12939, which trims the skirt and collar, may be developed in one-stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Dress 2456

Coat 2409

Dress 2426

Dress 2467

Dress 2462

Dress 2463
Embroidery 12939

Dress 2466

Dress 2465
Monogram 567

Tunic Dress 2479
Beading 12785

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What Joy on Christmas Morn When Every One,

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Including Dolly, Has Something New to Wear

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Ribbon Novelties and Motifs Inspired by the Christmas Spirit

By sending ten cents to The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth St., New York, you can secure directions for making the novelties shown on this page.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12978, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes 3 borders, and 1 and 1 reverse of 3 motifs. Shown (upper right) on Dress 2277, 25 cents—1, 2, 4 to 8 years, Ribbon Dress 2310, 25 cents—1, 2 to 6 also on Suit 2085, 20 cents—1/6, 2 to 6 (right).

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

The dainty ribbon novelties shown on this page were designed by Florence L. Dunn

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Cleverly Styled Modes for Juvenile Wardrobes

Coat and Hat 2483 — Dress 2405

2405—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32 inch plain gingham —¾ yard 32-inch check gingham. The open front, trimmed with buttons, shows an inset panel with a straight upper edge. Fronts are turned under to form underfacings.

2404—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch voile —3 yards frilling. Appliqué design 12934 may be cut from sateen in contrasting colors. The dress is gathered at the neck to a narrow binding.

Dress 2404 Appliqué 12934 — Suit 2433

2444—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. The suit consists of a jacket and knickerbocker trousers. Trousers are plaited at lower edges to straight bands.

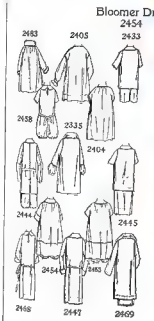
Rompers 2458 Appliqué 12948 — Coat 2335

2335—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 40-inch velvet—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining—2⅝ yards marabou. The fronts of the coat may be closed to the neck or rolled low.

Suit 2444

Dress 2445 — Bloomer Dress 2453 Appliqué 12672

Bloomer Dress 2454



2483 2405 2433 2458 2335 2404 2444 2445 2454 2483 2468 2447 2469

Dress 2468 Initial No. 2 — Dress 2447 — Ensemble Jacket Costume 2469 Embroidery 12939

2445—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool plaid—¾ yard 36 inch contrasting linen—1⅛ yard binding—⅞ yard ribbon for belt. This smart frock is closed at the left side of the inserted front section. Back sections extend over the shoulders in front, forming a yoke effect.

2453—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch silk crêpe—1 yard 36-inch dark satin for trimming. Appliqué motifs, 12672, may be made of satin in contrasting shades. The oval neck is gathered in front and back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

2469—Juniors' Ensemble Jacket Costume. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 3½ yards 54-inch kasha —2⅝ yards 36-inch silk lining—⅝ yard wide fur banding—⅞ yard narrow fur banding. Border design 12939 which trims the lower edge of the frock may be developed in one-stitch and cross-stitch.

Reduced 53 Lbs. in Nine Weeks!

Society Woman Takes Off Every Bit Of Excess Flesh; Mrs. Bayliss Tells Here How She Did It

Mrs. Jessica Penrose Bayliss of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, did not find it hard to go from 191 lbs. down to 138. Do you see a single sign of sagginess, or any flabby look?

"I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr Wallace," wrote this young matron from Philadelphia's smart suburb. Her letter is an eloquent testimonial to the efficiency of Wallace reducing records. A reduction of more than 50 pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs after my *overdue pets* had lowered round the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements —nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'young' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had to forego with my figure what it was. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire."

It's SO Easy To Do!

No Starving, No Punishment

Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort or even convenience. The process is *enjoyable*. You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is its absolutely *natural* reduction and *redistribution* of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford to lose it.

How long will it take? Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first five-days test period; others but two or three. Much depends on the individual constitution. But you *can* and *will* lose *steadily* by this method—as fast as is good for you. And everyone who ever reduced this way will tell you it's downright *fun*.

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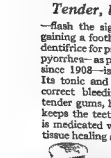
the X-Ray tells if they are in danger

YOUR teeth may be perfect—white and untouched by decay—but unless you keep your gums healthy and firm, pyorrhea is almost certain to develop. The X-Ray reveals how quickly the infection of pyorrhea spreads to the root sockets which support your teeth. If pyorrhea is not checked, the teeth fall out or must be pulled.

Tender, bleeding gums

—flash the signal that pyorrhea is gaining a foothold. A most effective dentifrice for preventing and checking pyorrhea—as proved by dental clinics since 1908—is Pyorrhocide Powder. Its tonic and stimulating qualities correct bleeding gums, strengthen tender gums, harden soft gums. It keeps the teeth white and clean. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.



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Embroideries and Fashions

Embroideries

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 51

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12980, blue only, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes the shape and design of four scalloped handkerchiefs 4-u 8 handkerchief motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12981, blue only, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes the shape and design of five handkerchiefs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12977, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes 2½ yards each of 4 borders from ⅜ to 1⅞ inch wide, and four 4-inch motifs. Shown on Dress No. 2398, 30 cents—1/–, sizes 6 to 14 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12978, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6—, furnishes 1⅜ yard each of 3 borders, 2⅝, 3¼ and 3⅝ inches wide; and 1 and 1 reverse of 3 motifs, 2⅝, 3⅝ and 4⅜ inches high. Both the borders and motifs are to be developed in applique.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12979, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes 2 yards each of 5 borders in ¼-, ⅜-, 1- and 1¾-inch sizes; and 1 and 1 reverse each of 2 motifs for trimming children's clothes. One-stitch, cross-stitch and raised satin stitches are employed. Shown on boys' suit No. 2250, 30 cents—1/–, sizes 1 to 5 years, and Dress No. 2293, 25 cents—1/–, sizes 1 to 6 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12980, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes 1¾ yard each of five trimming borders.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12976, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes 2½ yards each of 4 cross-stitch clothes line borders, 1 and 1 reverse; 2 and 2 reverses each of a 2½-inch motif, and 2 each of a 1¼- and 2-inch motif. The 4 borders are in width from ⅜ to 2 inches. Shown on Dress No. 2047, 30 cents—1/–, sizes 2 to 6 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12982, blue or yellow, 30 cents—2/–, furnishes 2 yards each of 2 trimming borders, 1 and 1 reverse of a 6-inch motif, and 1 and 1 reverse of a panel motif 29 inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12973, blue only, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes a breakfast cloth 36 inches square and six napkins.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12971, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes 3⅜ yards each of 4 borders, 1 and 1 of 2⅜ inches wide.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12974, blue or yellow, 30 cents—2/–, furnishes 2 yards of border.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12831, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse of 6 motifs and 2 of each of 4 motifs with applique guides.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12933, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses each of five different designs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12977, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/–, furnishes 2½ yards each of 4 borders from ⅜ to 1⅜ inch wide, and four 4-inch cross-stitch motifs resembling wooden soldiers. Wooden soldiers are illustrated on Play Suit 1793, 30 cents—1/–, 1 to 4 years.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

2431—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch rose chiffon, 3¼ yards 40-inch paler rose chiffon for panels—2⅝ yards 40-inch rose crêpe de Chine for underslip—⅛ yard gold lace. Crystal beads are used for design 12270.

2312—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 42-inch orchid chiffon velvet—1½ yard 40-inch rose satin for center panel—3⅝ yards white fur banding—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining. Beading design 12765.

2435—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch pale green chiffon—1⅜ yard 24-inch silver lace flouncing. Grape motif 12926.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

2402—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tan and brown wool check—⅝ yard 54-inch tan flannel—3⅜ yards black braid.

2476—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch Gobelin (blue) mirror crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch plaid taffeta—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

2486—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch sage green charmeen. Trimmed with design 12730.

2452—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch brown and tan plaid—2 yards 43-inch green velvet ribbon.

2479—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch rose taupe satin Canton—1¾ yard 40-inch black satin. Bugle beads are used for design 12939.

2392—Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch green and yellow wool plaid—2¼ yards 40-inch black velvet—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for vest—¾ yard brown fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch lining.

2500—Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Kyoto satin Canton—2¾ yards 54-inch brown fawnskin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

2478—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch old lavender kasha—⅛ yard 36-inch Persian blue silk crêpe—2 yards soutache braid.

2451—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch olive green crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 36-inch white satin—⅝ yards black velvet ribbon. Trimmed with beading design 12871.

2229—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 1¾ yard 36-inch green-and-black plaid taffeta—3¼ yards 40-inch Persian blue silk crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2448—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2230—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch white satin Canton—1⅜ yard 3-inch red satin ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Design 12705 is developed in lacquer red beads.

2475—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume, size 36, requires 2½ yards 40-inch Kyoto satin—2¾ yards 40-inch turtle brown velveteen—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Design 12601.

2450—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1606—Ladies' Plaited Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume, size 36, requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch cranberry red crêpe mirror—3½ yards 40-inch black crêpe de Chine—3¼ yards blue braid—1¼ yards white braid—1¾ yard 36-inch silk lining. Design 12955.

2480—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2002—Ladies' Bodice Skirt.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

Be Stunning

With Hair and Complexion. Some Beauty Hints You'll Rave Over—By Mme. Maree.

Girls: I want you to try being stunning and then you will see what the modern and up-to-date cosmetician can do for you. It doesn't stain, isn't oily, and yet it makes blonde, brunette or titian hair look alive, it makes the scalp feed each hair and stand out alone. It makes the hair fluff and keep its curl, or it will lay perfectly straight like silken strands.

You can get an ounce of beta quinol at the drug store for 65 cents, mixed with half a pint of rubbing alcohol and half a pint of water and you have dollars worth of the finest hair dressing I know of.

For the Face

No use having a head of stunning looking hair unless you give your face equal attention so as to erase the crows' feet, bind the wrinkles and tighten up the pores. Get two ounces of epsol from the drug store for 65 cents. Mix it with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once to a rich, heavy cream. Spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples, and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in until absorbed, and instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin disappears, new cells come on once, the lines, crows' feet, wrinkles fade out, the cheeks become smooth, look plump with the appearance of real girlish health. Epsol is certainly the daintiest of skin beautifiers and mixed as above lasts for months.

To Banish Blackheads

The only easy way I have ever found to get rid of blackheads quickly is by thoroughly powdered neroxin on a cloth dipped in hot water, then rub briskly and every last blackhead, big and little, will be dissolved without leaving a trace. Get neroxin at any drug store. An ounce, costing 65 cents, will add immensely to greasy your face that stunning look.

For a Muddy Skin

For muddiness, red spots, sallowness, and the shining, oily skin that makes you think you look like a fright, just mix an ounce of sinlone and two tablespoons of pure orange glycerine and a half pint of water. Rub this on your face, arms, neck and shoulders and it will wage your beauty and know yourself. The effect is stunning. You can get the sinlone at any drug store for 65 cents.

To Cleanse Scalp

Twenty-five cents' worth of eagol, at any drug store, will give you enough for a dozen creamiest, frothiest shampoos you ever had. It dries right away, fluffs out beautifully, and makes your head feel fine.

For the Boudoir

These beauty secrets are so perfectly stunning that I have had prepared one of each ready for use, enough of each article to last several days. Send one 25 cents and I will send you this boudoir beauty outfit by mail, prepaid.

Madame Maree, 746 Thompson Bldg., Chicago

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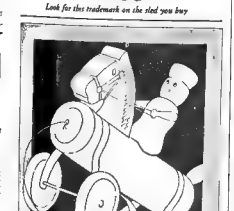

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume, size 36, requires 2¾ yards 40-inch novelty stripe silk crêpe—2¾ yards 40-inch purple satin —2⅛ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2477—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 32 to 48 bust. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, size 36, requires 4½ yards 40-inch black velvet —¾ yard 40-inch figured chiffon—3½ yards rose ribbon—3¾ yards uncut fringe —⅞ yards 36-inch lining.

2465—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch black bengaline—⅜ yard 36-inch Amazon green silk crêpe—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

2466—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Bacchus (red) charmeen —⅜ yard 36-inch zinc silk crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch white satin—1¾ yard black ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

2417—Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch bengaline—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk crêpe for blouse—1¼ yard fur banding —3½ yards 36-inch lining. Design 12878.

2459—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch mirror crêpe.

2285—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch silk broadcloth—2 yards edging.

2461—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch twill—3⅜ yards 36-inch silk lining

2438—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch stripe wool—⅝ yards 36-inch charmella.

2380—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch flat crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch light flat crêpe for vestee and trimming. Trimmed with cross-stitch border 12932.

2468—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch dark faille—1⅝ yard 40-inch light crêpe for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

2447 Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3 yards ribbon.

2408—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch velvet—1⅝ yard 36-inch plaid taffeta.

2469—Juniors' Jacket Costume. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch basha for jacket— 2 yards 54-inch novelty stripe wool for dress —2⅝ yards 36-inch silk lining for jacket—4⅞ yards fur banding.

2450—Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining—⅞ yard frilling. Design 12049.

2451—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch silvetyn —2¾ yards fur banding—2¼ yards novelty ribbon. The bead border is design 12067.

2452—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Estour crêpe—1¾ yard 5-inch ribbon.

2476—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin—1⅝ yards 36-inch lining—1⅝ yard lace—2½ yards ribbon. The border is design 12840.

2401—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch jutna - 3½ yards 36-inch silk lining.

2478—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch repp—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin. Design 12807 may be developed in beads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

2480—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume, size 16, requires 4¾ yards 40-inch velvet—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting satin for trimming—⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining. Design 12937 may be developed in bugle beads.

2462—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool check—⅝ yard 36-inch linen—1⅝ yard binding.

2309—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch charmella—1¼ yard fur banding—2¼ yards 36-inch silk lining.

2426—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch check flannel—⅝ yard 36-inch plain flannel.

2467—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool jersey—¾ yard 36-inch satin for collar—1⅝ yard ribbon.

2482—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch bengaline for tunic—3⅝ yards 40-inch satin for slip—¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar and cuffs—1¼ yard leopard-fur banding.

2483—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch linen—1 yard edging. Monogram No. 567.

2486—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin—⅞ yard 40-inch light contrasting satin.

2479—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch silk faille—⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe for trimming. Design 12785 may be developed in beads.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 82

2455—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch nainsook—1¼ yard 4½-inch lace. Design 12940.

2272—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards beading —1½ yard frilling—1¾ yard insertion.

1702—Ladies' Chemise and Drawers. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch medium silk—7⅛ yards lace—2 yards ribbon. Design 12906.

2929—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch sateen—2⅝ yds frilling.

2342—Infants' Dress in Set. One size. Dress requires 1¾ yard 40-inch nainsook—1⅞ yard frilling. Design 12763.

2303—Child's Apron. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch sateen—½ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen.

2278—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham.

2194—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting linen. Appliqué design 12504.

2114—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards ribbon. Appliqué design 12577.

2470—Dress in Dolls' Set. Designed for dolls 14 to 26 inches high. 16-inch doll requires ⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards frilling—¼ yard allover lace.

2471—Bath-robe in Dolls' Set. Designed for dolls 14 to 26 inches high. 20-inch doll requires ⅞ yard 36-inch swansdown —1¾ yard satin ribbon—1¼ yard cord.

1747—Ladies' Apron. Designed for small, medium and large sizes. Medium size requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch gingham—1½ yards binding. Appliqué design 12904.

2347—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe—3½ yards marabou.

2301—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 7 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch linen—4½ yards braid.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

"Don't let your face touch its pillow until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed"

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

2484—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 27-inch checked flannel—⅝ yard 27-inch contrasting flannel—¼ yard linen.

2477—Ladies' Negligee. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—7¾ yards 9-inch lace—1¾ yard 4-inch ribbon for girdle.

1811—Ladies' Aprons. Designed for small, medium and large sizes. Medium size requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch sateen. Design 12744.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 83

1730—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch longcloth—1¾ yard beading—2¾ yards edging. Embroidery design 12367.

7881—Child's and Girls' Slip. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 6-inch longcloth—1⅜ yard embroidery.

8387—Child's Petticoat. Designed for ⅗ to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch longcloth—3¾ yards insertion—3¾ yards edging.

1454—Hat, Cape and Rompers in Dolls' Set. Designed for 14 to 28 inches high. Size 20 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch flannel for cape and hat—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for bloomers.

1950—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel—⅝ yard 54-inch plaid flannel —1¾ yard cord.

2345—Infants' Coat and Cap. Designed for one size. 2¾ yards 36-inch cashmere is required. Embroidery design 11339 and scallop design 11696.

1928—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3½ yards lace banding—3¼ yards edging. Design 12671.

9730—Men's Bath-robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch flannel—3¾ yards finishing cord—2½ yards cord.

8482—Ladies' and Misses' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, an 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—5⅜ yards frilling—1 yard insertion.

1696—Ladies' Step-in. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch nainsook—1⅝ yard wide lace edging —5 yards narrow edging—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Design 12956.

1149—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 40-inch satin.

9013—Boys' Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch stripe outing flannel.

8447—Santa Claus Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch chambray—3½ yards fur trimming.

1405—Coat and Hat in Dolls' Set. Designed for 14 to 28 inches High. Size 20 requires ⅝ yard 54-inch broadcloth.

8041—Men's Shirt. Designed for sizes 34 to 52 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch stripe percale—¾ yard 36-inch linen for collar.

8809—Man's Smoking Jacket. Designed for 36 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool—⅝ yard 54-inch plaid, wool—4¾ yards cord for trimming.

1958—Boys' and Youths' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—⅝ yard 54-inch plaid—2½ yards cord.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

2483—Child's Coat with Hat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch kasha—⅛ yard 54-inch dark contrasting kasha for trimming hat—1 yard fur banding—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

2433—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool check—⅝ yard 36-inch flannel for trimming—1½ yard 36-inch muslin for lining.

2458—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray. Trimmed with appliqué design 12948.

2454—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—1⅛ yard 36-inch dark contrasting linen.

2468—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch velvet—1⅜ yard 36-inch taffeta for blouse. Initial No. 2 may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

2447—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 2⅜ yard 54-inch wool check—1½ yard 36-inch flannel for trimming—4⅝ yards narrow ribbon—3 yards wider ribbon.

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We Are Four

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

perhaps be a great man, most certainly he would, but he should never become a musician and least of all a violinist. There were too many violinists in this family already. Perhaps I shouldn't have said that to Johanna. How she had suffered!

In the months before Reggie finally came I kept constantly near her, so that the physical suffering of the ordeal was as much mine as hers. Tho she was cruel enough to insist, "Misha, the child is mine, only mine!" She wanted me to compete for the Paris scholarship, and if I had followed her foolhardy advice I might have been carousing somewhere in the Quartier Latin just at the moment that she was undergoing her supreme physical torment.

SOME huge pessimistic philosopher has said, "Genius must never compromise!" But I had to compromise, and between the choice of artist and man I chose the greater! I stuck by her through it all. What was most irritating, however, was the fact that everybody, even Johanna herself, seemed to regard my supreme sacrifice as an excuse to avoid further study in Paris! I seemed to be in the way.

But even then I felt that if not for my presence the new arrival would perhaps have hesitated or turned back—but at last he's here and hail! He has come like the crashing finale of a Beethoven symphony; the work of the Master of masters appears; at last His greatest masterpiece has been performed!

Yet with all my enthusiasm I walked out from the hospital like a guilty thing, as if something had been killed instead of born, while all the time I was telling myself, "You fool, a new life is born to you, a new soul. You were once but one, then you became two, and now you are three! You are a father!" Your first masterpiece is on exhibition!"

And yet after the year how thoroughly the novelty wore off! How many dozens of these masterpieces I've been in other people's homes, each mother telling me, "Now, really, Professor Judson, not because he's my boy, but don't you think he is a truly great player and don't you think he has the gift?" And I murmur politely, "Well, Madam, after a few more lessons I shall be able to tell you more precisely." He undoubtedly has in him a vein of Paganini one that must be rightly prospected for and mined!" And as a final kindness I say, "He looks to be a rather clever chap and resembles his father up there remarkably!"

"Oh, that isn't his father!" returns the mother with ruffled dignity. "That's an etching of Falstaff!" And I bow my confusion out of the house.

Yes, I took to giving lessons for a time. There was no sense in making bones about it. But don't imagine that I lost hope or faltered the crevice of an instant in our firm and first resolve. True, I seldom stepped out upon the promontory now to view my patiently waiting world, waiting for me to conquer it. There seemed too many people blocking my path, and yet on close inspection those throngs reduced to two individuals, and at that, two such small, sweet creatures, Johanna and the weeny one in her arms. And dared I think that those two song-poems of my life were in the very first line of impediments? Rather would I blow up the world that lingered in the background.

I had abandoned a scholarship not through lack of merit but through manhood. I had taken to giving lessons not because I could not give concerts, but because I still cherished the great powers within me. Nothing had gone wrong. I was far from despair. Johanna and I had developed, through this human experience which had ingrained suffering and a profounder joy into the tones of our instruments. I could play better than ever, and Johanna? As soon as she could step off her bed and sit in an armchair begged me to give her her fiddle.

As a singer might test her voice for the first time after an operation, so she drew that first tone from the strings, stopped, and burst into tears. She could play. It was a note so soft, so limpid, so appealing as a shining tear in the dark, that cry from the sad little violin as it lay whimpering in her lap. While over there in the corner in the creamy crib lay another child asleep, a pink, soft, breathing thing, a strange little fellow who had invaded our little world of two, and Johanna and I looked at each other and she smiled so resignedly, so tenderly through her tears as she murmured, "Put Amati away and bring Reginald here." And the fiddle went back into its box, and as I put it into the closet it seemed to me that one of the strings snapped and the sound plunked through the hollow case like the sob of a wounded soul.

But as I told you, I could play as well as ever. In fact, Professor Bauer, from whom I still took postgraduate courses, had on several occasions recanted his harsh judgment of me and had even sent a splendid gift to the child, a delightful little toilet-set to powder it and cleanse it. He had also sent a book to its mother with this inscription on the fly-leaf, "To Johanna, my gifted pupil—Gerhart Bauer."

And we were happy and kissed little Reginald and kissed each other and danced about the room. "Well, perhaps the train-tickets for our concert trips will still be good." The only thing lacking now to the fulfilment of our long-deferred dream was a nurse to care for Reginald.

"A nurse! And what am I? Am I not his mother?" cried Johanna. "Am I to have the sufferings at his birth and a nurse to have all the joys of fondling him?" And I could see a new strange light in Johanna's eyes that I had only observed before when she would master a difficult piece harmonic on her violin. She had found the soul of her violin; its vague essence had taken the form of Reginald! She had been the soul in my violin, and he was the soul in hers.

"Johanna," I warned her, "don't devote yourself too much to the child; your music will suffer by it." But she eyed me as if I were only a brute. I confess that Reginald did not entirely enthrall me, but to Johanna he was the sublime, supreme Reggie of her dreams, the soul of her dark-veined Amati risen to reality, the spirit that had trobbed beneath the sweep of her swan hair bow.

And she had let him come, and he was the soul of music within her. "Misha," she called me Misha of late, "you know what I have been thinking? Reggie is going to be a great artist!"

"What?" I grunted.

"Amati!" You can imagine how I fought the notion, but it was futile.

"But as soon as you admit something greater than yourself, you forfeit your title to immortality," I said. She looked at me in pity. I think in scorn.

"So you are competing with that little fellow already?"

SHE was so superior, so much more woman than I was man, that I bowed to her reproof.

I don't know how these things come about, but one seems to grow more and more satisfied as one gets to have less and less. I know that Michelangelo possessed perhaps more than any other man whom God had ever endowed with His heritage, and yet he was never satisfied and spurned his master creations as worthless attempts.

"I too once been in that condition of affluence. I too had never been satisfied with my work. It was then that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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RAMON NOVARRO, Metro Star, says:

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We Are Four

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

old Bauer held out to me the tantalizing prospect of the world's musical crown. But I had greatly altered since. I was quite a contented man now, the less cock-sure, less conceited. I was modestly proud of my son, proud of my wife, proud of myself. Proud that in spite of being a husband and a father I had not lost the glittering vein of genius first suspected in my being. And now while I was teaching Reggie to be the greatest violinist of all time, still in my subconscious thoughts I reserved the throne-room for myself!

One day when I considered Reggie quite ripe for old Bauer, who seemed to be plugging endlessly through the years, my wife hesitated.

"Misha." I had learned almost to dislike the name. It sounded like a sarcastic thrust. "Misha, we can not leave Reggie alone."

"But he is a big boy now, nearly eight! And he is a genius!"

"Yes, but a child should not grow up alone. I would rather have a happy son than a lonely genius!"

"What are you driving at?" And I sat down beside her, slipping my arm about her waist. She stroked my hair and said earnestly, "Misha, the child needs companionship. One soul craves another."

And so it happened. Yes, of course, you have guessed it.

We Are Four

AND we all play the violin! Johanna's whim.

"Reggie will perpetuate you," she said, "and Floria will perpetuate me!" I feebly protested. "Why not perpetuate ourselves?" But she gave me one of those thin, wan smiles that I had learned to associate with pain. Yet we had in no way despaired or been disappointed. In fact, when I last saw Professor Bauer, who is now a very, very old man, he told me brightly, "Judson, they are remarkable children!"

Naturally I was incredulous. "Now, really, Professor, not because they're mine, but don't you think they are truly great players and have the gift?"

Old Bauer shook his head pensively. "Well, Judson, after a few more lessons I shall be able to tell you more precisely. They undoubtedly have in them a vein of Paganini ore. Everybody has. The problem is to mine it and bring it to the footlights!"

So we jogged along, four gold-mines still in the prospective stage. I often wondered which of the four had the greatest quota of the precious substance, or if in its mercurial, eel-like evanescence it had dissipated at last? I recall the thrill of our first public engagement, Johanna and I. It would have been presumptuous to make my début in such a vast, cold place as Carnegie Hall, and Johanna laughed at the idea of going all the way to Norway to play when there were so many perfectly good halls in our own town.

Mr. Duncan had invited us to play at the popular concert forums conducted by the *Evening Herald* for the Music Lovers' League of the city. Johanna and I decided to drop the affected labels, "Judsini and Tinkereska," so we were announced quite modestly as the unique duet of tone and technique—*Johanna and Judson Duncan*. We had agreed, Johanna and I, to be known from the outset as husband and wife. Why conceal a perfectly honorable relation? Absurd!

We were so well received by the audience that we felt encouraged and began to play at social parties, benefits for charity, convivial housewarmings, until the "Judson Duet" became quite a byword in artistic circles. But you know how these things develop. Half is glory, half is noise, and the rest a dribbly residue of coins that must be heavily multiplied by giving lessons and meaner toil.

Well, when Reggie joined us, the Judson Symphony Trio could no longer afford to donate its services to so many noble causes, and half our work was in our own cause. We accepted engagements to exclusive functions, but we were always careful to preserve the sacred tenor of our art.

And in due time the Trio was enlarged to the Judson String Quartet. Floria had joined us. I had adapted myself to the violoncello. It is quite simple when you have played the violin as long as I. My wife took to the viola without much difficulty. She said it was a pity, after devoting almost an entire lifetime to an instrument, to be obliged to change it in the end. But she turned over her slender Amati to Floria, and I gave Reggie my Guarnerius. And I can tell you the papers did not stint their praise of the high-quality accomplishments of the *Judson String Quartet!*

But praise, as I said, is a strangely inadequate currency. It makes a man foolhardy, proud of poverty, and blind to the solid, practical comforts of life, and so I say I count it quite a stroke of good fortune that Adolph Lehrer, the popular song-writer, came my way, and guided me in the path where I have honor, recognition, and money rolled in one. He told me, "Judson, you will have the privilege of playing my works first upon the stage, while Maria Bella, the sublime syncopating song-bird, has the exclusive right of singing them."

I thanked him for the opportunity, and he was extremely polite and considerate. He had heard so much of the Judsons! He recommended me to his booking-agent and his insurance agent and his publicity agent and his insurance agent. They all proved to be very alert, successful business men and they have done more for me than the Paris conservatory Where I play I am honored. My name is lit up in brilliant electric lights on the sign-boards of excellent vaudeville houses. My booking-agent just told me that if we continue in our spectacular manner we shall soon get a contract with a first-class vaudeville circuit. With such an ideal in view we are trying, Johanna and I, to improve our little act daily.

We no longer see much of the Duncans. Reginald Duncan says I have prostituted my art and I for one am relieved of his idle twaddle about highbrow music! Instead we are frequent visitors at the bachelor quarters of Adolph Lehrer. He always entertains delightful and exclusive company.

AND so we advance. My booking-agent Berkley likes our new act immensely and promised at our first try-out to bring down the moguls of the Big Booking Offices. You can imagine how nervous we were on that night of supreme trial. As a back-drop for our act we had ordered a specially designed canvas that resembled a huge violin in the hazy shadow of a concert hall. Behind in front of that we had constructed four instruments of wood and burlap painted to resemble a violoncello, a viola, a first and second violins, all ranged in size-place, prettily banked with flowers. When the act began the orchestra played a medley overture, and the stage was covered in mellow darkness, while the spotlight shifted to the violoncello, out of which I emerged; next to the viola, from which Johanna stepped with her thin, wan smile; then Reggie bowed out of his violin, and lastly little Floria came like a doll out of her box. That brought the first sun-shower of applause.

Then taking our instruments from a velvet-topped, marble-papered table, we seated ourselves on wooden benches skilfully painted to resemble genuine Carrara—all our own props. Johanna and I on the bench right-stage, Reggie and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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We Are Four

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Floria on the bench left-stage, but all grouped down-stage center in a cozy circle as we strike together into a potpourri of melody, like an Italian shawl of multicolored titbits, old and new scraps of song, opera, and light comics intertwined. After that my wife and I have some clever repartee that Adolph has interspersed. Something about what I'd do if she and the kids up and left me, and I show them that I could easily be all four at once, and play the different instruments to convince them, and the effect on the audience is uproarious.

Then I am left alone, solo. I can see that the public nestles down to something exceptional after my unique exhibition, and it gets it. I have it fixed with every electrical engineer of the different show-houses to spread at this moment a rainbow of lights over the audience, enveloping them in a kaleidoscope of color as my old-time Guarnerius bursts into an aura of tones. I play as if it is my opening night at Carnegie Hall, and I play the piece I had planned to render then —the Medelssohn "Concerto." Often while playing it I have seen Johanna in the wings, watching me, and when I am through her eyes are filled with tears.

Memories, no doubt. Well, I just pat her on the back, and then she steps out and plays Schumann's "Traumerei" on the viola, and I lean against the wings and dream and dream. But all that I can see left of that endless world I once had dreamed to conquer is a little dining-table set for four. Four smiling, happy faces, clinking glasses, carving roast, and below through the open casement are heard the starved strains of a beggar's violin. And I can hear Johanna say, "Em, go to the window and throw him down a penny." I go to the window and start back pale with a sudden pang. There under the shadow of the promontory is a ghostly, ragged figure playing into the empty spaces of the night—Misha Judsini, the soul that is no more!

BUT the crash of applause is our signal for the next number. Johanna has scored her usual triumph, and now we must go on in two duets. While the children play "When Youth Is Young" we harmonize with "Memories of Long Ago"—my own idea of composition—and it goes like lightning faster! Usually we wind up with a jazz medley, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" only on holidays and special occasions. Our curtain-calls vary from six to ten times, and sometimes we are applauded more, sometimes the children, but on the whole it's about an even split.

After the first performance we were met by Berkley and two red-faced men who shook our hands and told us we were engaged! So you see, it's not so bad. We have attained the supreme stellar heights of our ambition. The other day Berkley brought me a proof of the new posters my publicity agent had designed and I tell you they stand A in the advertising sublime. "Say, Em," cried Berkley, "your name 'Judson' is about the catchiest name in the vaudeville business! You must have been born for it!" It was something I had discovered beauty in a name I had unjustly regarded through the years as deforming, belittling. I now stood up a half-inch taller under the regal eponym of "Judson." Then Berkley told me he had talked the matter over with Jack, our publicity agent, and Jack had agreed that for a higher circuit the name "Judson String Quartet" would never carry. "It's too tame," argued Jack, "like a Sunday-school choir."

"You want something snappy that'll cop the eye and hit the mark!" Berkley said, and Johanna and I admitted to the logic of his contention. Then Berkley unfolded a large strip of print that bore this catchy title under which we now play:

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"And my touchdown won the game!"

IT all started with Ralph. You know for some reason he would never go to a doctor. But I could always remember how healthy and ambitious he had been when we were first married. It worried me more and more, as years went by, to see the gradual change in his health and spirits. He was not getting ahead in business. He was often cross around the house, too. And it might have been the worry, but I found myself meeting his bad humor at least half way. The whole Burton family, children and all, seemed to be in a slump.

Finally Ralph came home one day with a worse headache than usual. It was so bad that I quietly got the doctor in. It was the luckiest thing I ever did. I want to tell you that the three dollars I paid the doctor that day bought this house and our automobile. More than that, it bought happiness on top of success, for every one of us.

Dr. Harvey asked a good many questions. Finally he said, "Mr. Burton, you've got, and have had for some time, a more or less constant auto-intoxication. In plain English, self-poisoning. This condition is one of the commonest and yet most serious we have to treat. It comes, of course, from chronic sluggishness of the intestines. The blood picks up poisons from the food waste and carries them to every cell in the body.

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"Over seventy-five per cent of human illness originates in the intestinal tract. The way to correct it is to remove the cause, which is merely chronic delay in the passage of the food waste out of the body. You must get clean and stay clean, inside." He warned us against castor oil, pills, salts and mineral waters—and they did more harm than good in the long run—and so on. I took in every word.

"*Lubrication* is the best way to get internal cleanliness," he said. "Take Nujol. Nujol isn't a medicine; it's simply a lubricant. It lubricates and softens the food waste and insures regular and thorough elimination."

So Ralph started to take Nujol. I could see such an improvement that pretty soon I decided to take it myself and give it regularly to the children. I could see that both Junior and Alice, and I even more so, were in danger of this same auto-intoxication. But that was six years ago, and we've hardly had a sick day since.

Nujol made a big difference in the Burton family. Ralph has made good in business, and is in line for even bigger things. Junior picked up in his studies and Alice has had two mid-year promotions since she started in. As for myself, my looks have improved and I certainly am far healthier and happier than I used to be. Housework isn't drudgery to me now and I have lots more time and strength for social affairs.

As Mother said the other day, "You simply can't hold the Burtons back these days."

Mothers

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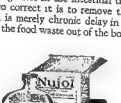

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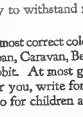

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How Would You Like to Be Motherless on Christmas Day?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

areaway below the boy's window an attendant came upon Henry's lifeless body.

Except that dull submission so frequently walks hand in hand with the suffering of children, there would be more children of institutions seeking Henry's way out.

"Home" is the name often given to such asylums for babies and children, but the title is a mockery. There has never been an institution, and there will never be one, no matter how honest its intentions, that can approximate home in the life of a normal child.

NOT long ago I went to see an orphanage which is conceded to be the model of all that is and can be good in institutions. It lies within a day's journey from New York city. A millionaire could not ask a more favored setting for his own home. The scene is one of unusual natural beauty. The stage is all set for a drama of happy childhood, but the play can not be put on.

Lunch was already being served as, unannounced, I entered the dining-room of one of its cottages and took the place offered me at the staff table. We were seven grown-ups at this table, which was presided over by the matron or cottage-mother. Conversation here was gay and unrestrained. But across the room, at three tables where there was no older person to guide their chatter into happy channels or to make the meal-hour interesting, twenty little girls ate in almost complete silence.

Our appetizing food was served by a forlorn, sad-eyed child. Between hasty swallows of the food on her own plate, she left her table to act as waitress to the staff table. Tho the children's food was nourishing and substantial its extreme plainness was emphasized by the dressiness of the adults' table. We had crispy hot biscuits with real butter and jam; the orphans ate dry bread. Two or three times a week they are given butter substitute, but this was not one of those days. Our potatoes were mashed and served in creamy, fluffy mounds; the children had theirs boiled. For dessert we had berries with cream; the children had not even milk for theirs.

And of all of the grown-ups present I was the only one struck dumb by the inhumanity of eating in the same room with children and consigning them to the cold solitude of segregated tables while we enjoyed food which was denied them. The food which was good enough to serve the children should have been good enough for the table of the employees, the *servants* of the institution.

The cottages were superlatively clean. But their cleanliness is the symbol of the toil of children. One of the cottage-mothers told me she did not mind when there were no older girls to do her cottage. "When they are not here the little ones do the same amount of work," she said. There was little attempt to fit the labors to the years, strength, and endurance of the children.

There is a point beyond which cleanliness is incompatible with hominess. These cottages have gone far beyond that livable mark. The hardwood floors are absolutely unscarred and so highly polished as to make standing dangerous. Homes where children live can not have such floors.

Children need more than to be decently clothed, fed the required number of calories, proteins, and carbohydrates, put to bed between fresh linens.

"Fortunately, I never have to come into direct contact with the children," one cold, aloof superintendent's assistant once told me. "My work brings me in contact with only the cottage-mothers and the other staff members." The mystery that one so close to the pulse of unfortunate children could remain indifferent to their heart-beats became an even greater mystery to me when I later discovered that this same woman had lived most of her girlhood in that very orphanage.

Once I met a cottage-mother who had tried to identify her life with the lives of her charges. But she was discouraged, for she had found the task an impossible one. It is beyond the capacity of most women to infold with mother-love a brood of as many as twenty to fifty children, all dissimilar in heritage, ideals, temperaments, capabilities. Nature provides for small families, and she makes an own mother's job easier by giving into her care children of the same heritage, the identical mental and social background, and many of the same character traits.

I met another sweet-tempered, gentle widow just after she had sent in her resignation as cottage-mother. She was earning forty dollars a month and was having her son cared for in the same orphanage, tho she was not allowed to have him with her in her cottage. She saw him for only a few minutes each day.

"Frankly," she told me, "I am leaving because this is not the kind of place where I want my son brought up."

"Is it then a place you would recommend for other mothers' sons and daughters?" I asked her.

"No, it is not," was her answer.

The cottage-mother is the center of the entire institutional system. Nevertheless she is usually the least trained and the most underpaid member of the staff. She earns from forty to fifty dollars a month with maintenance, less than many families pay their cooks or maids, and for this sum the executives hope to obtain a capable, understanding head of an artificial, miscellaneous, overgrown family. Sometimes this "mother" is but an inexperienced high-school girl; sometimes she is a tottering, old woman. Yet she must take the place of both father and mother in the life of the child. Rarely, even in the best-managed orphanage, does a cottage or dormitory have both a cottage-mother and a cottage-father.

TOO often the cottage-mother is the type of woman who is looking for a "sitting" job. She feathers her nest by making growing boys and girls do all of the work. Her labors become purely those of directing.

Altho there is an immense amount of work to be done in such places, the staff of paid workers is usually extremely limited. There are hundreds of institutional launderings being done, week after week, by children. I have seen rows of young girls bending their backs over ironing-boards in a steaming-hot centralized laundry-plant.

Day after day, in institutions, there are thousands of beds being made, hundreds of meals prepared and cleared away, and hundreds of floors swept, scrubbed, and polished by adolescent boys and girls.

Merely the labor of mending clothing and darning stockings for an institution full of children is a task that would stagger most adults. Yet this burden usually falls upon children. As I walked up on a porch of an orphanage one Spring afternoon I found a group of four boys, whose fingers were probably all they had to surround a baseball bat, sitting dejectedly before as many potato-baskets of stockings to be darned. Awkwardly and silently they wove thread in and out over yawning holes.

Discipline in institutions to-day is not, fortunately, characterized by the brutality with which some of them were credited a decade or more ago. Instances of extreme corporal punishment are rarely heard of.

It is doubtful whether there are many orphans suffering actual physical cruelties, but discipline methods which are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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How Would You Like to Be Motherless on Christmas Day?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

just as stupid, if less cruel physically, are constantly being practised all over the country. A visitor in an orphanage in Ohio came late one afternoon upon a group of boys of about six years lined up in a row of chairs while the rest of their companions were playing out-of-doors. The matron was a woman of nearly seventy. For very slight offenses, which an own mother would have taken no notice of or would have forgiven lightly, she had kept the children sitting in silence since the close of school at 3:30.

The offense of one was that after he had been dressed in the morning he had taken his blouse off and put it on again with his suspenders outside instead of inside, so that he could enjoy looking at and feeling his new braces. The crime of another had been that he had stuck his finger through an unmended hole in the knee of his overalls, thereby making the hole slightly larger.

Frequently the playtime of even the younger children is a lonesome period of having nothing to do. Most of these places can not afford trained play-leaders, and the housemothers have neither the inclination nor the capacities to keep so many children actively happy.

The playing of happy children is a mussy business, and it is to the interests of the matrons to keep their houses in order. The joyful, careless disarray of any real home on Christmas morning is never duplicated there. It would never do there to have scraps of paper littering up the playroom or iron wagons and other dearly loved toys straggling through the house. A chance caller might observe them and condemn the housekeeper.

There is often no lack of toys within institutions, for toys are frequently sent as gifts, especially at holiday seasons, but matrons usually find them troublesome interferers with the asylum's orderly régime. Many times the most interesting mechanical contrivances and the prettiest dolls, generous gifts donated in the belief that they will bring some ray of sunshine to dark little lives, are secreted away by the matron in some closet or put out of children's reach except for special occasions. For she often complains that the children break up their toys if they are allowed to play with them. Yet those who have been mothers and those who understand children at their play realize that a doll's highest play service is achieved only when she may be loved and lugged about and dressed and undressed until her wig is awry and her limbs are dangling. And what peaks of pleasure can be experienced from a mechanical toy if a boy's active mind and fingers must never dare to take it apart to find out what makes the wheels go round?

MOST of these homes (God save the name!) for dependent children have very few children who are both fatherless and motherless. There are far fewer real orphans in the United States than the number of asylums would lead one to suppose. Many children are deprived of home life merely because of the poverty of their families. It is not a lack of parents or kinsfolk, but it is a lack of adequate support for their homes which condemns them to institutional life. Mothers' pensions should be applied with greater universality. Hundreds of children now in orphanages could be much better provided for in their own homes if but a portion of the cost of their orphanage keep were given into the homes as a subsidy or pension. Many others could be cared for in the homes of near relatives. Friendly doors and friendly hearts should open to embrace the rest.

In taking a census of its child population several years ago the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home found that but 1.5 per cent. of its children were full orphans. In Los Angeles in 1921 only three of the children in institutions were full orphans and over half had both parents living. A survey of the entire State of Minnesota in 1921–22 revealed that less than 7 per cent. of the children then in State institutions were full orphans. Thirty-four per cent. had both parents living and 59 per cent. had one parent living. Similarly low percentage of full-orphaned children are to be found in almost every so-called orphanage in the country.

The darkest day is past for children in institutions. The institutions themselves are hastening a happier dawn for dependent children. Each year adds its quota of a few more enlightened orphanages which are ceasing to operate as asylums. Instead they are devoting their talent and resources to the reestablishment of families which have been or would likely be separated because of poverty. Where there is no parent or near relative who could, with or without financial assistance, give a child a real home, they are finding such a haven with friendly strangers.

FIVE hundred permanent homes were offered to the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home for as many of its charges within four years. Six hundred and eighty-eight motherly women took as many children into their homes from the Minnesota State Public School in one year.

The Thomasville Baptist Orphanage in North Carolina last year kept 286 children with their own widowed mothers and paid these mothers a sufficient income to keep the homes going. The cost of maintaining these homes proved to be just one-third the expense of providing for the same number of children in the orphanage.

In the State of Massachusetts foster-mother care has been offered so freely within the last twenty years that as many as twenty-five institutions have been able to close their doors and send their charges out from the shadow of orphanages into the sunshine of happy homes. Here they are discovering, some of them for the first time, the richness of being loved as an own child would be loved, and given the same tender care.

One of the best child-caring agencies in Cleveland is now caring for one thousand dependent children a year in their own or in private boarding-homes. These are children who formerly would have been brought up in institutions. Another agency in the same city last year sold its old building and the site which was to have marked a larger institution, and is finding and supervising family homes for nearly one hundred destitute boys and girls a year.

Three hundred and fifty-two institutions and other child-caring agencies are now engaged in seeking out approved foster-mothers for orphaned and dependent children. They have been instrumental in bringing the blessings of happy home life within the experience of thousands of children.

For these children who have found homes and happiness this Christmas will be a season for rejoicing. But there are still 122,000 homeless ones awaiting their release from the mass existence of institutions.

And yet all over the country orphanages are still being founded and operated as a result of misdirected sentiment. Within the past few months one fortune of $60,000,000 has been turned into a trust fund for a boys' "home"—and this in a State already embarrassed by too many such places so rich and so bound by the restrictions placed upon them by their founders that they are unable to spend their incomes.

One of these owns vast anthracite deposits yielding a capital increase of $1,500,000 a year. It is estimated that in twenty-five years this fund will have reached $100,000,000. This colossal for-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

FREE
$8.50 COMPLETE SET OF ATTACHMENTS
with every Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner purchased between now and Christmas!
Great Special Educational Offer

The gift she will appreciate—

The Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

Why should any wife, mother or daughter wear out her strength with dust cloth and broom when the amazing helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka can be secured so easily?

$8.50 Set of Attachments FREE

Remember that your purchase of the Eureka entitles you to the complete set of attachments (that sell for $8.50 everywhere) with no added cost.

This great offer, good only until Christmas, is made so that new thousands may learn the tremendously increased helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka when used with its instantly applied attachments. Eureka Attachments do away with the dust cloth and broom for all kinds of cleaning, just as the Eureka itself has forever ended rug and carpet cleaning drudgery in more than a million homes. And only $4.75 down and a few cents saved daily will quickly make the Eureka and all attachments yours.

Placed First by World Authorities

Time after time, international authorities have awarded first place to the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner and over a million women have approved the Eureka as the world's best by choosing it for their own use.

Let your Christmas gift to your wife, mother or daughter be more than a mere keepsake. Make this a Eureka Christmas!

Mail the Coupon For Free Trial

Send the coupon now, and we will instruct our dealer to deliver immediately a Grand Prize Eureka with complete attachments to your home for a free trial—with no cost or obligation on your part.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U.S.A.

Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario
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Free Trial Coupon

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At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver to my home a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner with complete set of attachments for free trial.

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Special Christmas Terms
Only $4.75 Down

The Grand Prize
EUREKA
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Or one that GETS THE DIRT

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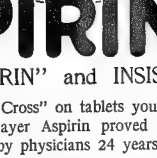

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Easy to Darken Your Gray Hair

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous and you appear years younger.

Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

3 BEAUTIFUL NECKTIES $1

FAMOUS Fisher Ever-wear Neckwear, beautiful fibersilk knitted ties, excellent lustre, three new patterns and colors in attractive holly box $1. Or twelve different patterns and colors in individual holly boxes $3. Check or money order. Postage prepaid. If not satisfactory, return and money refunded. Good Xmas proposition for agents, church fairs, carnivals. Bank reference Marine Trust Co.

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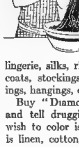

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind and tell druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

30 Christmas Greeting Cards

$1.00 Prepaid

Attractive Christmas Greeting Cards with very newest designs and finest sentiments. Envelopes to match. Nearly all steel die stamped and hand colored. Would cost $3.00 elsewhere. Our special price for 30, only $1.00.

FREE—Beautiful Anniversary Gift Book, showing thousands of moderately priced gift suggestions for every occasion.

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 621 Broad St., Providence, R.I.

How Would You Like to Be Motherless—?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

tune provides for only 1,527 boys. In a city in this same State there are two endowed orphanages for girls with a combined roster of 175 and a combined capital of $8,000,000. On 6 per cent. investments the income would give $2,750 a year for the support of each girl—five times the amount necessary to keep them in comfortable homes.

Fraternal and religious organizations still vie with one another in establishing philanthropies of this sort without giving due thought to the limitations and extravagance of such care. Well-intentioned men and women but with a dominant ego feel that the finest bid for immortality lies in the founding of an orphanage. "If you will help me plan my orphanage," one woman said to a social worker, "I'll put a bronze tablet in the corridor with your name on it." This woman had *not* gone further in her own mind than the thought of the marble statue and oil-portrait of herself which were to blend in with the building's architecture and interior decorations.

Human life and happiness can not be cut to a general pattern. Each human soul has its own identity and can survive normally only if this identity is permitted to develop according to its own design. Institutions deny children this right. They give the homeless a roof over their heads and a place to sleep, food and garments to cover them, but they do not and can not give them the love and care and the chance to live abundantly which is their birthright.

And it could all be done so easily. If the women who are actively interested in the welfare of the homeless child would apply themselves to the situation and study it thoroughly and put the acquired knowledge to a practical test, the orphan asylum would soon be a moribund institution, and hundreds of thousands of children whose hearts and minds are now stunted to unnatural and subnormal patterns would come into the reality and abundance of life at its best. Let us see what can be done—and let us do it. It's a perfect Christmas gift to posterity.

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

equerry, Major the Honorable William Cadogan, of the Tenth Hussars.

This Edward wore no special gown to distinguish him from the common run of students.

For him there was no special meal service. He did just as the other undergraduates did, and was bound to dine at least three times a week in the college hall. At lectures and classes he sat with the other students.

Edward's first term at Oxford was, I have been told, a success, no doubt the most difficult period of his life.

The shyness and diffidence which had taken hold of him at Osborne were more and more aggravated as more and more he became a voyeur.

College boys are not sparing in their criticism. Edward was young, too—only eighteen. The majority of the "freshers" were twenty-one or over. For a boy so sensitive and so shy to run the gamut of such potential and superior criticism was indeed putting an iron in his soul particularly as the situation was not of his own choosing. It made him draw further into himself, and for the first two or three months he passed most of his time outside the halls in the company of Mr. Hansell or of his equerry, Major the Honorable William Cadogan.

Altho eighteen he could easily have passed for three or four years younger. Blond and frail as he was, and shy, he was, at times, fair quarry for the quips of the more sophisticated. He was so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

For Christmas An Ingersoll

The New Yankee
Dependable, as always, but with many new features of grace and beauty.
$1.75

Midget
For women, girls and small boys. Case is solid nickel.
$3.50

The "different" gift for Christmas

—a beautiful parchment shade that's quickly made!

Complete lamps, with shades and bases, decorated to harmonize with draperies, other lamps, etc., ready quickly made at home. You don't need experience, you don't have to be an artist. *We tell you how.*

It's fascinating, too. Our new catalog, 1925, shows over 2000 illustrations of shades, vases, white china, materials, etc., everything you need to make parchment shade lamps at *half price or less!*

Our new book, "How to Make Parchment Shades," with over 150 designs and color combinations, reveals the secret of the new "Lustrecraft" for coloring vases, candlesticks, bowls, etc.—in a firing needed.

Write today. The catalog is FREE; book only 25c. Get them *both*, and make this year's Christmas gifts and unique party prizes—you can easily finish a lamp and shade in two evenings.

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 Van Buren St., Chicago

CHINA PAINTERS, save 20% to 40% by *dealing direct with us—we are America's largest white china importers!*

Big Gift Special

Just think of it! Twelve PURE LINEN handkerchiefs, beautifully made them, large, generous size, with hemstitched hem and dainty embroidered corner design. This is unquestionably one of the greatest values ever offered—each handkerchief guaranteed absolutely new and perfect. In white only. Order now for Christmas delivery. Send no money, just fine name, postage. Money back promptly if not satisfied.

Send no money. Simply write. Are hundred dozen goods forgotten such as Butterfly Dresses, Lingerie at $1. All Wool Dress Serges, 54 in. wide, $1.00. Venise Allover Lace, $1.00. Talking Dolls, $1.00.

W. W. OPPENHEIM, INC.
America's Original and Foremost Fabric House
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Have Shapely Feet Unmarred by BUNIONS

FASHION and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of to-day. There must be no hump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, Pedodyne. Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen burning sensation.

SENT ON TRIAL

Write to-day and I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Pedodyne Solvent for you to try. Simply write and say "I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation.

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Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and does not blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsilitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Make $5000 a year as INTERIOR DECORATOR

High salaried positions open, or go into business for yourself. Learn quickly by mail through simple new system developed by prominent Chicago decorator. First practical course. Gives knowledge for professional or home practice. Special ability not required. FREE BOOK. Post card or letter brings it. Beautifully Illustrated. Explains opportunities. Shows how you can quickly enter profession in new easy way. Write for it NOW.

National School of Interior Decoration
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff — Stops Hair Falling

Has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.

60¢ & $1.20 at Druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

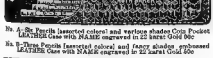
When washing hair always use Florestan Shampoo

DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Name Pencil Sets Please The Children

No. A—Six Pencils (assorted colors) and various shades Coin Pocket LEATHER Case with NAME engraved in 22 karat Gold Size 3½ x 2½ inches.

No. B—Three Pencils (assorted colors) and fancy shades embossed LEATHER Case with NAME engraved in 22 karat Gold Size 3½ x 2½ inches.



No. C—Three Assorted color Pencils, Name in Gold—Holly Box 10c
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TEA ROOM MANAGERS IN BIG DEMAND

Hundreds of new tea rooms, refectories, lunch rooms, tearooms, now opening every week are calling for trained managers, hostesses, waitresses. We recently duty calls for managers, assistant managers, stewards, etc. both men and women. Big salaries paid to trained executives. EARN $5,000 THIS YEAR

Fortunes are being made in this big new industry—fascinating, refined, profitable—whether you open a tea room of your own or manage for others. Let us qualify you in your spare time with the Lewis System of Home-Study Training—and we will soon be ready to help you get a position. Write today for Free Book, "Tea Rooms and Tea Room Managers." State color.

Lewis Tea Room Inst., Dept. A-2301 Washington, D.C.

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

much with his tutor that the two were often spoken of as "Hänsel and Gretel," and the students were prone to remark that there was far too much "Hänsel" and far too little "Gretel."

He looked much younger than he was, and he was yet a bit girlish in his aspect. And yet his sporting instincts bade him try to pass over with a smile the twitting which sometimes took him unaware. He had been at Magdalen but a fortnight or so when one day, in crossing the quadrangle, some lads from an upper window called down to him, in ragging tones, "Oh, beautiful new tea-boy, bring us some muffins!"

The Prince looked up, and when the boys saw who he was they exclaimed, "Good Lord! It's the Prince of Wales!"

He was able to smile back at them and put up a hand, as much as to say, "That's quite all right."

Sometimes they spoke of him as "Little Pretty," and he knew it, and that hurt too, making him keep more and more to himself until there were those who thought of the boy as a prig.

Gradually, however, his smile broke through their critical barrage, and they came to see him for what he wanted to be—just a "fresher" like the rest of them.

Generally he was known as the "Prager-Wagger," that being "Prince of Wales" in a sort of "pig Latin," which is in common use among the students there, who always spoke of Queen Victoria as the "Quagger" and King Edward as the "Kragger."

INSTEAD of following a regular college course a special program of study was arranged for him. It included modern languages—French and German—civics, economics, political science, history, and English literature. Under the direction of Sir Herbert Warren, president of Magdalen, he took a special course called "matters of England." His research into the lives of England's outstanding historic and political figures and their influence upon England's pattern, it began with Alfred the Great and went down the illustrious line through Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, Henry II., Richard Cœur de Lion, King John, Edward I., Henry VII., Cardinal Wolsey, Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, George I., Victoria, Gladstone, and Edward VII.

It was a course which had much to do with Edward's own making as a future ruler of the empire, for he learned through it how much power the personality of a King or a statesman may have for good or evil. He learned of the transient efficacy of intrigue and evil deeds and of the perpetuity of wise and honest judgment.

Every day the Prince went to Sir Herbert Warren's library in "The Lodgings," as the president's house is known, and sat there at his desk, studying and writing essays, pondering between times on the history that had placed him where he was. From the mullioned windows he looked out upon the green whose paths were worn and polished by the feet of the centuries, and across to the Great Tower which had played so great a part in the making of the very pages over which he pored.

Founded in 1457 by William Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester, it was often the hospice of Kings and statesmen. Edward IV. and Henry VII. made it their lodgings on several occasions, and Richard III. once held court there, and, to quote Macaulay, "had mended the cheer of his hosts by a present of fat bucks from his forests." Two Princes of Wales—Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII., and Henry, elder brother of Charles I.—were members of Magdalen. Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Pictorial Review for Dec...

Are you keeping pace with your husband?

The happy, successful wife must keep well and fit—always ready for work or for play

RADIANT health and vitality are the key-notes to the modern woman's happiness. She has learned that she must be continually on the *qui vive*—ready at all times for work or for play. The world has passed on and left the sickly wife to her own futile longings.

The greatest enemy to the preservation of youthful vigor lies in those illnesses that leave their traces in tiny lines on the face—in listlessness and lack of animation. Most of these feminine illnesses are the result of bacterial infection, *which can be prevented.*

Feminine hygiene—a recognized health practice

AN EFFECTIVE preventive for most of these illnesses is regular feminine hygiene. This—in conjunction with regular rest periods, healthful food, exercise—is now recognized as a health measure of vital importance to every woman.

The antiseptic recommended for this purpose by leading physicians is "Lysol" Disinfectant. Even in the mild solution utilized for feminine hygiene, its germicidal strength is more than sufficient to provide rapid and thorough antisepsis. Its regular use forestalls infection.

Because it contains no free alkali nor free acid, "Lysol" does not irritate. It is absolutely safe for the most delicate membranes.

This free booklet gives the facts fully

CORRECT, vital facts about feminine hygiene are given in detail in the free booklet which will be gladly sent you. You will appreciate the complete information and directions which it gives for the many personal and other uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Mail the coupon for your copy.

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution

One-half teaspoonful to one quart water

For feminine hygiene
When baby comes
For wounds
For the sickroom
For the bathroom

"Lysol" Ointment

A new ointment containing the proper amount of "Lysol" Disinfectant to make it peculiarly effective in the treatment of skin diseases and eruptions. In porcelain jars —at your druggist's.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK
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THERE *is only one genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant, packed only in yellow cartons in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in non-breakable traveler's package (50c). Sold by all drug stores.*

Lysol
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Disinfectant

The ideal personal antiseptic

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Mail me, without charge, your booklet which gives complete information about the use of "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

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Discover them in the new Christmas Book (25th edition)

GIFTS wrapped with care are doubly welcome. Decorations instil the holiday spirit. That is the message of the Christmas Book.

Dennison makes plain and printed crepe papers which may be arranged most effectively for decorations; makes all manner of fascinating seals and tags and labels and ribbons for giving a gift *beautifully*. There are many products whichare ideal Christmas gifts. There are so many articles made by Dennison to help you enjoy Christmas that a special book is necessary to tell about them. *Get your copy of*

The Christmas Book

32 pages, profusely illustrated, all with the one idea in mind of making things colorful and beautiful! Some of the subjects treated are: How to wrap Christmas gifts; Home, Church and School Decorations; how to make Christmas gifts—and suggestions for New Year's also.

Stationers, Department stores and many druggists have Dennison's Christmas goods and the book that costs but six cents (15 cents, Canada). Or send money or stamps to us *today*. Clip the coupon now!

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Framingham, Mass.

Enclosed find ten cents to cover cost of my copy of the new Christmas Book.

Name ..... Please write plainly

Address .....

WHAT Dennison's NEXT

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

various times, had visited there. It was also the center of some of the bitterest of those religious conflicts which kept England in a state of civil war for more than a century after the Reformation."

In 1642 King Charles I. made his headquarters at Magdalen, and so "..yal were his followers there that they willingly gave up their silver and plate to be melted into armor. Prince Rupert, too, gathered his henchmen there and was "heard calling to horse through the quiet cloisters."

From behind the Great Bell Tower, Sir John Hampden and his horsemen went "pouncing down" upon the enemies of his King. At the high table in the hall, Oliver Cromwell had sat in conference with Lord Fairfax. And on the turf which the eyes of Edward Albert David Windsor sought as he gazed out the windows of the president's study, Oliver Cromwell had once passed his leisure hours with the bowls.

During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. religious controversies had shaken the college almost to its foundations. Time and time again its presidents, its dons, and its fellows, with that peculiar English stubbornness which does not take defeat, defied their sovereign, stood out for the Reformation. Their resistance to James II. was so determined and their refusal to accept the president and council of his appointing so provoked that he finally sent a commission down, who, in order to get possession, broke open "The Lodgings" with a battering-ram. Shortly after this James, routed, took to exile, and to-day the Great Bell Tower of Magdalen is known as the "tower against which James II. broke his head."

These ghosts of an adolescent England stalked continuously before the inner eyes of the young student striving so zealously to do a work that Fate and not Fortune had put upon him. They followed him from lodging to study, from study to chapel, from chapel to the Water Walk, his recreation leading him by those wooded river-paths where myriad men had found their inspiration, until at last there stirred within him a new and finer realization of the task life had set him. Oxford had got to him—and it made a man of him, as his grandfather had said that it would.

WITH the grinding down of his discontent his first shyness was also worn away. When he had found himself he had found his fellows, too, and he was soon mingling freely with the undergraduates, and they were welcoming him not as the Prince of Wales, but as "Eddie."

Tuft-hunting of any sort was distasteful to him and received always a trifle if tacit rebuke. With a desire either to ingratiate himself or to pay homage where he thought homage was due, a don, who conducted a class at which the Prince was a daily attendant, caused a special chair to be placed beside his own on the platform, and for a few days made the hour an uncomfortable one for the diffident boy by insisting that he occupy it. Edward put an end to it by quietly slipping in after class had begun and sitting on the floor in a corner with a number of other students. After a day or two the chair disappeared from the platform.

Some of the more ambitious students sought to make an impression on him in that way—and this he put down good-naturedly but with none the less certainty. One day a group of the wealthier students had asked him to join them at a picnic supper on the banks of the Thames. They went on ahead in expensive cars and the smartest of sports togs. The Prince rode out on his bicycle, wearing his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

Use Sulphur to Heal Your Skin

The First Application Makes Skin Cool and Comfortable

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows the next day.

Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.

Get a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

Whitehall Pharmacal Co. Inc., New York, N.Y.

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Hundreds of openings in big hotels for women to act as Hostess, Purchasing, Storeroom, Housekeeper, Dietitian, Stewardess, Manager of Cafeteria, Tea Room and Manager of an apartment house at fashionable resorts—salary $1,500 per year, with beautiful apartment for my girls without cost. Write for FREE Book.

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Everybody's, if bought at a store, would cost $150. But, because no profits have to be shared with middlemen, jobbers or retailers, you can make a saving of over $50. What a wonderful family Christmas gift Everybody's makes! Interesting booklet, "*The Happy Solution*", tells whole story about Everybody's—this full size, full capacity washer that washes everything from baby clothes to blankets. Tells about our Free Home Trial Plan, by which you can try Everybody's for *30 days without cost*. Write right off for free booklet. EVERYBODY'S FACTORY, 124 Island St., Bellows Falls, Vt. Shipments made quickly and economically from Bellows Falls, Joliet, Ill., Salt Lake City, Oakland, Cal.

Everybody's
ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

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CREAM SEPARATOR

This everyday necessity is made of aluminum, is simple to use and easy to keep clean. It will be appreciated by the busy housekeeper. Packed as a gift with hand decorated card and directions.

No. 4855, 50 cents

FRAGRANT LAVENDER AND ROSE

Delightfully reminiscent of old time gardens. The lavender bags, carried out in lavender color, are filled with lavender flowers whose fragrance will last indefinitely. The rose bags are made in rose color and filled with selected pink rose buds. Both are tied with imported ribbon. They are packed three rose or three lavender to the box. State fragrance wanted. Number 4716—box of three bags 75 cents.

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"COSTS LESS—WHEN USED"
the standard of excellence
—natural color—unusual strength—*true tropic flavor*. Avoid imitations—insist on Price's.

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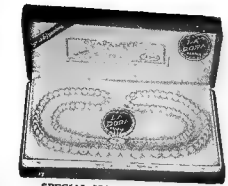

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LIQUID ARVON

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

usual tweed suit and cap, and with his bathing-suit rolled and strapped to the handle.

When he went shopping in Oxford he paid cash for his purchases and took them with him, as he did not want to embarrass the clerks or himself by letting them know who he was. It was not unusual to see the heir to the kingdom riding down the High on his bicycle with parcels dangling from all available angles.

His high regard for the elderly and his courtesy to them has always been one of his endearing qualities. And it applied as well to the humble as to the proud.

While at Magdalen he took part in a cross-country run, finishing second. Afterward he was taken to tea at the cottage of an old lady famous for her crumpets and plum-cake. He chatted for the entire tea-hour with the old lady —and he did not tell her who he was, for he did not wish her to be ill at ease. The next day he wrote her a letter, complimenting her upon her cake and crumpets, and sent with it his autographed photograph.

It was a pal of the Prince's at Magdalen who told me this—one who was there at the time and who lived in Oxford afterward. He told me further that the little old lady was so pleased and flattered that she had the photograph framed and never let it out of her sight.

THERE are vague tales at Magdalen of the royal student being put through a course of rather severe hazing, and that he took it with characteristic grace, coming out of it the fast friend of his inquisitors. He was present at "rags" in the quadrangle not alone as an observer, but as a participant as well.

He met the undergraduates freely in the junior commons room, a sort of clubroom, known as the "gunnery room," which is a gathering-place for the lower classmen.

A cheerful fire burns in the grate and at the counter are cigarets, tobacco, candy, oranges, cake, and sandwiches. On the shelves in a pantry there are beer and wine, so that the boys who wish may regale themselves. The Prince had his favorite cake, and often when he was hurrying from one class to another he would dash in, put an orange or an apple in his pocket, cut a slice of cake, and dash out again. He always joined in the "wines," when the boys gathered around the fire in the commons room, sang college songs, and had a general good time.

"Poor little Eddie," was the manner in which one who was delegated to show me about and answer any questions I might ask, spoke to me about him; "his days here were the happiest of his whole life. He went about as he pleased and he was freer than he has ever been or ever will be again. His was popular, if wistful, personality. People took to him easily. He was so eager to be just an ordinary lad and to lead an ordinary life. If he liked a person there was nothing he would not do for him. He had his dislikes—and they were strong—but he was not aggressive in them. If people were distasteful to him he was civil to them and let them alone. Often, I know, he must wish he could go back to the days when he was here."

On his nineteenth birthday King George gave him a motor-car, and he was often seen driving his friends about the countryside as free and easy as any of them. For the greater part he remained faithful to his bicycle and was a familiar sight riding through the lanes of Oxford, sometimes with others, often alone, singing and whistling to himself as he pedaled along. On one of these rides he passed a group of girls cycling abreast. When they saw him close upon them they got

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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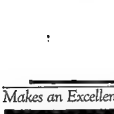

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

endurance putting many a robust and seasoned soldier to a severe test. If there were ever a desolate hour in this lad's life it was five weeks later when his battalion was ordered to France and he was detached and ordered to remain at Worley Barracks.

Upon learning of his detachment he got into his motor-car and drove furiously to London and to Buckingham Palace, where he implored and beseeched his father to see that he was sent over with his battalion. But the King said he was powerless in the face of Lord Kitchener's decision that "as he had not completed his military training it was undesirable that His Royal Highness should proceed on active service."

The boy's pride was deeply hurt—and his faith, too. He knew the excuse for an evasion. He was better trained and had more military learning than many of his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924.

State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William P. Ahnell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—The Pictorial Review Company, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—Arthur T. Vance, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—William P. Ahnell, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Pictorial Review Company, a corporation, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

W. P. Ahnell, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

P. Block, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

H. B. Goodstein, 1457 Broadway, New York City.

R. Lewin, 609 West 114th Street, New York City.

B. A. Mackendrick, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

C. W. Nesbam, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

I. B. Tremaulil, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.

M. Tremaulil, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.

A. T. Vance, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

The Pictorial Review Company has issued and outstanding 8,000 shares of stock, which were sold to Harris, Ayers & Co. and the Manufacturers Trust Company, New York, and resold to a large number of persons whose names and the extent of whose holdings are unknown at the present time.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. P. Ahnell,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of September, 1924.

[Seal] Irving Ditcuk,
Notary Public, Kings County.

Kings Co. Clk's No. 192, Kings Co. Register's No. 6023. New York Co. Clk's No. 572, New York Co. Reg. No. 6368. Term expires March 30, 1926.

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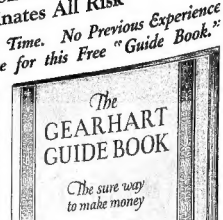

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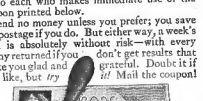

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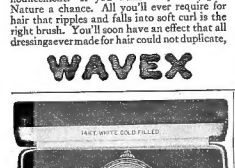

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

age who were going over. From division to division of the War Office the broken-hearted youth made his way, expostulating, begging, exhorting—and in vain. At last he went to Kitchener himself.

"What would it matter if I were to be killed? I have four brothers and any one of them is just as fit as I to fill my place," he declared.

"It is not a question of your being killed," the great war Lord replied. "If that were the only consideration I might not think I had the right to oppose you. You might be taken prisoner." For two months after his battalion crossed the Channel he kept at the War Office with such perseverance that finally he was allowed to go—either, as he has laughingly said, "to be rid of me" or because they thought it would help the morale of the British fighting forces if they knew that he was with them in body as in spirit.

On Saturday, November 18, 1914, the Prince of Wales was made aide-de-camp to Sir John French, afterward created Viscount. On Monday he was at Boulogne on his way to headquarters.

IT HAS been widely circulated that, during the War, the Prince of Wales kept his aide and those in command in constant terror lest something should happen to him; that he slipped away from them, contrary to orders, and went into the most dangerous positions in the front-line trenches, taking risks which only Providence kept from being fatal. I have it from Lord Claud Hamilton, who was his aid and companion for a great part of the War, that this is not so.

"The Prince was too good a soldier," said Lord Claud, "to be insubordinate. He never disobeyed an order. His whereabouts were always known to the command. He *did* take risks—but they were always in line of duty. We *did* worry about him—having to answer to the Crown and to the people for his safety was rather a serious charge—but not because of any insubordination on his part."

What is not generally known is that four times on the French front he came to close grips with death. Once in a quiet part of the line near Levantie he was with General Wardrop in a house when it was hit by a shell from a long-distance German gun. The roof and one side of the house were ripped away. It was only by the merest chance that the shot missed its mark—for without a doubt the Germans, in some mysterious way, had learned that the heir to the British throne was thereabouts.

At Vermelles, during the battle of Loos, one of the great personal griefs of the War befell the Prince. He left his car and his driver back of the lines, while he went into the trenches for a short space of time. When he returned Chauffeur Green was dead, and the car demolished. A German shell had had its way. The Prince took the death of the lad deeply to heart, for he had been chauffeur to His Royal Highness during his last year at Oxford, and a genuine friendship had grown up between them.

At the Duck's Bill near Gavinchy he was but a few feet from a bursting mine; and again in a house at Béthune a long-range shell hit a house where he was billeted; both times, only by Divine Grace or German miscalculation was he spared. At the third battle of Ypres he was around the line at Hooge-Bellewaarde with General Gathorne-Hardy, when the enemy guns sent a fine sleet of bullets falling all about them. How many times he escaped death will never be known, for nobody knows but the Prince himself, and he will never tell.

He became a familiar figure on the road, trudging along, his uniform not always fit and showing hard service, begging a lift from passing lorries, sometimes jumping on and off them without the ceremony of asking the drivers for a lift.

Many wounded soldiers making their painful way on the roads of France and Flanders have blessed memories of the slender blond youth who helped them with careful, kindly hands into his car and drove them to the receiving station.

He liked to visit billets or to join the younger officers in their dugouts unannounced and, if possible, without their knowing who he was.

Many amusing incidents occurred when the Prince was going about this way. An Englishman whom I met in London told me that one night when he and several other young officers were in their dugout, waiting for the "zero" hour to go over the top, they were joined by a lad in a mussy-looking trench coat who sat down to chat with them.

As those about to go over the top were apt to, they all got to talking about their homes and their home folk. The Prince was silent for a time and then, as if anxious to be in the spirit of the conversation, said with quiet earnestness, "I think my mother and father are the most old-fashioned couple in the world."

He stayed in the dugout for an hour or more chatting, and a great part of the time he talked almost exclusively with the lad who told me this. As he was leaving the latter said to him, giving the Prince his name and address, "If I come out of this I'd like to see you again. Maybe we can meet up in London some time or other."

"Indeed we shall," said the Prince. "I shall look you up and you must come and visit me, too."

The boy was wounded, and one day when he was in the hospital the Prince came through the ward and recognized him. The boy did "visit" him in London.

An anecdote His Royal Highness loves to tell on himself is of a day behind the lines when he was practising throwing hand-grenades with his left hand. One fell over a parapet quite close to the rest billets. The Prince ran up to see where it had fallen and he was just in time to hear one Tommy remark to another in tones of deepest disgust, "Wot a bloomer! Who wants one bloody King with one bloody arm?"

Another story he tells on himself was of the day when he went down a line of troops shaking hands. The voice of one Tommy carried to him down the line. "Now has Hi 'ave seen 'is laigs, I know has 'ow 'e can sing."

IN 1916 he was sent out by Lord Kitchener to the Egyptian front near Suez with instructions to make a report on the defenses of the Canal. Here he not only worked out the report but he spent some time getting acquainted with the Australian and Indian troops quartered there. In the fall of 1916 he was sent to Italy, where he was on duty at Vicenza and on and around the Assiago front for a year.

American went into the War during that time, and His Royal Highness was one of the first of the English officers to greet our American boys. He was extremely popular with them, who found his ready wit and easy manner to their liking. He had luncheon with our regiments in that section and was a frequent visitor at the Red Cross huts and canteens, where he had his first taste of dancing with American girls.

At the end of 1917 he returned to France, where he remained until the end of the War.

The last year his activities were confined particularly to frequent visits behind the lines and in the hospitals, where the spirits within the broken bodies flamed to a livelier hope because the lad who would some day be their King and was to them a symbol of the thing for which they had suffered, smiled upon them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

His excellent memory was a boon to many during those days when, far from their homes and those they cared about, they lay struggling for life in the hospitals of France or Flanders. The Prince rarely if ever forgets a face, and often when visiting troops or officers in their billets he stopped to chat with a man here and another there, gaining an interest in them. If he encountered them later in the hospitals he invariably recognized them, and no small number of them had reason to remember his visits because of their aftermath.

Personally, the Prince of Wales took up the worries of many of these boys and did what he could to alleviate them—if it were only to find out why they did not hear from home or to see that they gained some little favor they sought. In several instances he saw that the wounded were placed in happier surroundings. As for his friends—his solicitude for them amounted to real pain on his part. And he could never do enough for them.

A fair example of this was A. A. Ritchie, who had been his close friend at Oxford. Immediately upon England's entrance into the War young Ritchie, who was the Prince's senior by two or three years, applied for enlistment, but was turned down for active service, in spite of his fine rating with the Oxford Training Corps, because he wore eyeglasses. Instead of waiting for a change in regulations, he bolted off for France and joined the Foreign Legion, serving with it for nine months, when he was stricken with typhoid. He awoke out of his delirium to find himself in a hospital somewhere between the French and German lines.

Fortunately, the French made a push past it, but it was in no way a happy place for a convalescent. The boy's father got in touch with Mr. Hansell, who told the Prince. His Royal Highness secured a pass to the hospital for the boy's father and went himself in his car and brought his friend to the Hertford Hospital in Paris. Young Ritchie recovered, joining the Prince's regiment, the Grenadier Guards. He was severely wounded several times, receiving the

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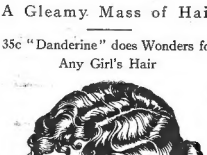

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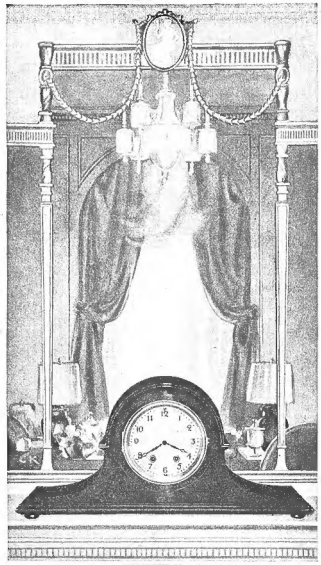

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

Military Cross, and being recommended for the Victoria Cross. The French Government awarded him the Légion d'Honneur. Surviving the War, he is now Government Commissioner for the Protection of Game in Central Africa.

Too numerous to mention are cases of this sort where the British wounded profited by the sympathy and generosity of the Prince. He was lavish in his gifts to the war charities and in private cases. Many of those whom he helped were unknown to him. No plea to him from the wounded ever went unanswered, and it is said that he was often too persistent in his concern for ill or wounded service men to please less solicitous authorities.

He went often to the parts of the front where the American troops were in action and made many friends among the Americans. They liked his democratic manner and his good nature, his ready wit and his ability to shape himself to any mold.

An officer in our army gave me an instance of this. He said that one day he was reconnoitering on a road in the warzone when he met a boy in the uniform of a British subaltern. He did not think the boy had any place there at that particular time, so he asked imperatively, "Who are you?"

"The Prince of Wales," the lad replied.

"Sure," replied the American Colonel, with some derision.

"And who are you?" asked the lad.

"I'm King George of England," said the American, still with derision, as he further advised the lad in true American "to beat it."

A FEW nights later there was a dance in a Red Cross hut, and the Prince of Wales came in with his aids. The American officer was there, and he immediately recognized the Prince as the young man he had so perfunctorily cautioned "to beat it." He was ill at ease until the Prince raised a friendly hand and called out to him with a laugh, "Hello, Pop!"

In telling me this the American officer said: "That kid has the right stuff in him."

THE War did much to educate His Royal Highness in the broader ways of thought. It hurt him deeply, and in the healing of his wound new ideals found their way into his blood. By it he came to know the hearts of men—and he saw that fundamentally a peasant in his hut may have courage and self-sacrifice and fineness as often as a King in his castle. It gave him a higher and wider sense of values. It made him more wistful. Too, I think, it bred in him a new and peculiar recklessness; for it made him more careless of the slight formalities of caste and more alive to the constituents of reality. He refused honors of any kind during the entire War. He went into it as a soldier of the King, joined his regiment as a Second Lieutenant, and came out of it as a simple Captain.

His own words when, in May, 1919, he was accorded the freedom of the city of London by its Mayor at Guildhall, give good expression to his feelings: "The part I played was, I fear, a very insignificant one, but from one point of view I shall never regret my period of service overseas. In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood."

The fourth instalment of "A King in the Making" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published December 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Contents for December, 1924

Art and Poetry

	PAGE
Cover Design . . . . . *S. Gulbransen*	
A Ballad of Christmas . . . . . *Charles Hanson Towne*	5
"Among the Lowly" . . . . . *Léon Augustin Lhermitte*	9
"The Ten Commandments" (Second) . . . . . *M. Leone Bracker*	19

Fiction

The Mother's Recompense (Serial—Third Instalment) . . . . . *Edith Wharton*	21
The Miracle . . . . . *Melville Davisson Post*	6
Astrid and the Hill Folk . . . . . *Geneviève Lorsson*	12
The Thinker . . . . . *Wilbur Daniel Steele*	16
We Are Four . . . . . *David Freedman*	28

Special Articles

A King in the Making (Part Three) . . . . . *Genevieve Parkhurst*	26
World Peace and American Common Sense . . . . . *Ida Clyde Clarke*	2
How Would You Like to Be Motherless on Christmas Day? . . . . . *Hetty Lonejoy Sorden*	11

For the Children

The Enchanted Christmas Tree (a Play for Children) . . . . . *Percival Wilde*	14-15
Just a Few of Dolly Dingle's Christmas Presents . . . . . *Grace G. Drayton*	52
Dolly Dingle's Christmas Cards . . . . . *Grace G. Drayton*	53

Home-Making

	PAGE
Cakes for the Christmas Parties	39
Gifts Without a Stitch . . . . . *Patricia Walsh*	40
The Babies' Health Department . . . . . *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	41
Fill Up the Candy-Boxes . . . . . *Jenosie Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones*	42
The Goody Christmas Tree . . . . . *Hetty Lonejoy Sorden*	44
Tools for Women	46
Why Not Give the House a Christmas Present . . . . . *Winnifred Foles*	54

Embroidery

Holiday Suggestions	51
For Varied Uses Are These Effective Designs	69
Ribbon Novelties and Motifs Inspired by the Christmas Spirit	84

Fashions of the Month

Modèle Parisien	71
Metal Laces and Beads for Evening . . .	75
Ensemble Costumes Prevail	76
The Tunic Vogue Is Supreme	77
Newest Top-Coats Are Double-Breasted .	79
The Trend of Youthful Winter Modes Is Pointed Definitely Toward the Tunic	80-81
What Joy on Christmas Morn When Every One, Including Dolly, Has Something New to Wear	82-83
Cleverly Styled Modes for Juvenile Wardrobes	85

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